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*NEW SERIES.—Issue No. 4.*

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# POEMES

LYRICK AND PASTORALL.

BY

MICHAELL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1891.

# The Spenser Society.

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## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

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# POEMES, LYRICK AND PASTORALL.

BY  
MICHAELL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

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PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1891.  
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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.

*P O E M E S*  
Lyrick and pastorall.

{ *Odes,*  
*Eglogs,*  
*The man in the Moone.*

By MICHAELL DRAYTON  
*Esquier.*



AT LONDON,  
Printed by R.B. for N.L. and I. Flasket.



---



*To the deserving memory of my  
most esteemed Patron and friend,  
Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the ho-  
norable order of the Bath: As before  
other of my labours, so likewise I  
consecrate these my latest  
few Poemes.*

---

(\* \* \*)

---

Michaell Drayton.



## To the Reader.



DES I haue called these  
the first of my fewe Po-  
ems, which how happy  
soeuer they prooue, yet  
*Criticism* it selfe cannot  
saye that the name is  
wrongfully vsurped: For (not to begin with  
definitions against the rule of oratory, nor  
*ab ovo*, against the prescript of Poetry in a  
poeticall argument, but somewhat onely  
to season my pallat with a flight descripti-  
on) an Ode is knowne to haue been pro-  
perly a song moduled to the ancient harp,  
and neither too shourt breathed as hasting  
to the end, nor composed of longest verses  
as vnfitte for the suddaine turnes and lofty  
tricks with which *Apollo* vsed to menage it:  
They are (as the learned say) diuerse, some  
transcendently lofty and farre more high  
then

*The Epistle*

then the Epick (commonly called the Heroique Poeme) witnesse those of the Inimitable *Pindarus*, consecrated to the glory and renown of such as returnd in triumph from *Olimpus*, *Elis*, *Isthmus* or the like : Others among the Greekes are amorous soft and made for chambers, as other for Theaters, as were *Anacreon's* the very delicacies of the Grecian *Erato*, which muse seemed to haue beene the mineon of that Teian oulde man which composed them : of a mixd kind were *Horaces* & may truly therefore be called his mixd, whatsoeuer els are mine little partaking of the hy dialect of the first :

*Though we be all to seeke,  
Of Pindar that great Greek*

Nor altogether of *Anacreon*, the arguments being amorous, morrall, or what els the muse pleaseth : To write much in this kind neither know I how it will relish, nor in so doing cā I but iniuriously presuppose ignorāce or floth in thee, or draw censure vpon my selfe for finning against the *decorum* of a preface , by reading a lecture where it is inough to sum the points : New  
they

*to the Reader.*

they are, and the work of playing howers ;  
but what other commendation is theirs,  
& whether inherēt in the subiect, must be  
thine to iudge: But to act the go-betweene  
of my Poems and thy applause, is neither  
my modesty nor confidence , that oftner  
then once haue acknowledged thee kind,  
and do not doubt hereafter to do somwhat  
in which I shall not feare thee iust. And  
would at this time also gladly let thee vnder-  
stand, what I thinke aboue the rest of  
the last Ode of the twelue, or if thou wilt  
Ballad in my Book; for both the great ma-  
ster of Italian rymes *Petrarch*, & our *Chaw-  
cer* & other of the vper house of the muses,  
haue thought their Canzons honoured in  
the title of a Ballade , whiich for that I la-  
bour to meet truely therein with the ould  
English garb, I hope as able to iustifie as  
the learned *Colin Clout* his Roundelaye :  
Thus requesting thee in thy better iudge-  
ment, to correct such faults as haue esca-  
ped in the printing, I bid thee farewell.



*Ode 1.*

To himselfe and the  
Harp.

**H**N D why not I as hee  
That's greatest : if as free ?  
(in sundry strayns that strieue  
since there so many be)  
Th'ould Lyrick kinde reuiue ?

I wyll, yea, and I may :  
who shall oppofe my waie,  
For what is he alone  
That of himselfe can say  
Hee's heire of *Helicon* ?

*Apollo* and the *Nyne*,  
No man forbide their shryne  
that commeth with hands pure,  
Els they be so diuyne  
They will him not endure.

They be fuch curious things  
that they care not for Kings,  
And dare let them knowe it :  
nor may he tuch their springs  
that is not borne a Poet.

B

the

*Ode 1.*

Pirenæus king  
of Phocis at-  
tempting to  
rauish the mu-  
ses.

The Phocean it did proue,  
Whom when foule lust did moue  
Those maydes vnchaſt to make,  
fell as with them he stroue  
his necke that iustly brake.

That instrument nere heard  
strook by the ſkilfull Bard,  
it strongly to awake :  
but they infernalls ſkard  
and made Olimpus quake.

Sam: lib. 1.  
cap. 16.

As those prophetlike ſtrings  
whofe ſounds with fiery wings  
*Draue* feends from their abode  
by him the beſt of kings  
that fange the holly ode.

Orpheus the  
Thracian  
Poet.  
Caput Hebre  
lyramque Ex-  
eipis &c.  
Ouid, lib: 11.  
Metam.

With his which woemen flue,  
that harpe thofe furyes threwe  
Jnt' *Hebrus* did lament  
the bankes to weepe that drue  
as downe the ſtreame it went,

Mercury iuuē-  
tor of the  
harp, as Ho-  
race ode 10  
lib. 7 curueq;  
lyræ parentē.

Or by the tortoys ſhell  
to *Mayas* fonne it fell  
the moft therof not doubtē  
But ſure ſome power did dwell  
in him firſte found it out.

Theb, eſſay  
ſed to haue  
been rayfed  
by muſicke.

The wildeſt of the field  
and ayre, with Riuers t'yeeld  
that mou'd the ſturdy glebes,  
*And* maſſy oakes coulde welde  
to rayfe the piles of *Thebes*.

And

*Ode I.*

And diuerfly though strunge  
fo aunciently wee fungē  
to it, that now scarce knowne  
if that it did belonȝe  
to Greece, or if our owne.

The *Druydes* imbrew'd  
with gore, on altars rude  
with sacrifices crownd  
in hollowe woods bedew'd  
haue hard the trembling sound,

Though wee be all to feeke  
of *Pindar* that greate *Greece*,  
to finger it arighte,  
the soule with power to strike  
his hand retayn'd such mightyte.

Or him proude Roome did grace  
whose aires we all imbrace  
that scarcely found his peere  
nor giueth *Phebus* place  
for strokes diuinely cleere.

The *Irish* J admire,  
and cleave vnto that lyre,  
as our musicks mother,  
and thinke til J expire  
*Apollos* such an other.

As Britons that so longe  
haue held this antick fonge  
and let all our carpers  
forbear their fame to wronge  
th'are right skilfull harpers.

The auncient  
British Priests  
so called of  
their abode  
in woods.

Pindar prince  
of the Greeke  
lyricks, of  
whom Hor-  
ace: Pindarū  
quicquid stu-  
det &c. ode 2.  
lib. 4.

Horace first of  
the Romās in  
that kinde.

The Irish harp

*Ode I.*

Southerne an  
English ly-  
ricke.

*Southerne* I long thee spare  
yet wish thee well to fare,  
who me pleased'ſt greatly  
as first, therefore more rare,  
handling thy harpe neatly.

To thofe that with despight  
ſhall terme theſe numbers flight,  
tell them their iudgements blynde,  
much erryng from the righte,  
it is a noble kinde.

Nor iſt the verſe doth make,  
that giueth or doth take  
tis poſſible to clyme  
to kindle or to flake  
allthouſe in *Skeltons Ryme*.

*Ode*



**P****E****N****D****R****E****S****T****E****M****P****R****E****S****E**

*Ode 2.*

*To the new yeare :*

**R**ICH statue double faced  
with marble temples graced  
to rayse thy godhead hier,  
where altars euer shining  
vnto thy preefts diuining  
doe od'rous fumes expire.

Greate *Ianus* I thy pleasure  
with all the *Thespian* treasure  
do seriously pursue :  
to'th passed yeare returning  
as though the old adiourning  
yet bringing in the new.

Thy auncient vigils yearly  
that haue obserued cleerely  
thy feasts yet smoking be  
since all thy store abroade is  
giue some thing to my goddesse  
as hath been v'ld by thee.

Giue her'th *Eoan* brightnes  
wing'd with that subtile lightnes  
that doth transperce the aire :  
the roses of the morning  
the rising heauen adorning  
to meshe with flames of haire.

B 3

O rapture

*Ode 2.*

O rapture greate and holly  
do thou transport me wholly  
so well her forme to vary,  
that I aloft may beare her  
whereas I will inspheare her  
in *Regions* high and starry.

Those ceasles sounds aboue all  
made by those orbes that moue all  
and euer swelling there,  
wrap'd vp in numbers flowing  
them actually bestowing  
for iewels at her eare,

Wherein the best composures,  
those soft and easy closures  
so amorously may meet,  
that euery lively ceasure  
may tread a perfect measure  
set on so equall feete,

That spray to fame so fertile  
the louer-crowning Mirtle  
in wreaths of mixed bowes  
within whose shades are dwelling  
those beauties most excelling  
inthron'd vpon her browes.

Those parallels so euen  
drawn on the face of heauen  
that curious art supposes,  
direct those gems, whose cleerenes  
far of amaze by neerenes  
each globe such fier incloses.

her

*Ode* 2.

her bofome full of blisses  
by nature made for kisses  
so pure and wondrous cleere  
whereas a thousand graces  
behold their louely faces  
as they are bathing there.

O thou selfe little blindnes  
the kindest of vnkindnes  
yet one of thofe diuine :  
thy brands to me were leuer  
thy fascie and thy quiuere  
and thou this quill of mine.

This hart so freshly bleeding  
vpon it owne selfe feeding  
whose woũds still dropping be :  
*O* loue thy selfe confounding  
her coldnes so abounding  
and yet such lieate in me.

Yet if I be inspired,  
Ile leauue thee so admired  
to all that shall succeed,  
that were they more thē many  
mongſt all, there is not any  
that timē so oft shall reed.

Nor adamant ingraued  
that haue beene choicelſt faued  
*Idea's* name out'weares.  
ſo large a dower as this is  
the greatest often miffes  
the diadem that bears.



*Ode 3.*

**M**AYDENS why spare ye?  
or whether not dare ye  
correct the blind shooter?  
because wanton *Venus*  
so oft that doth pain vs  
is her scons tutor.

Now in the springe  
he proueth his winge,  
the field is his bower.  
And as the small Bee  
about flieth hee  
from flower to flower.

And wantonly rouses  
abroade in the groues,  
and in the aire houers  
which when it him deweth  
his feathers he meweth  
in sighes of true louers.

And since doom'd by fate  
(that well knew his hate)  
that hee shoulde be blinde,  
for euery despite  
our eyes makes his white  
so wayward his kinde.

If

*Ode 3.*

If his shafts loosing  
(ill his marke chooing)  
or his bow broken :  
The mone *Venus* maketh,  
& care for him taketh.  
canot be spoken.

To *Vulcan* commanding  
hir loue, and straight fending  
her doues and her sparrowes,  
with kisses vnto him,  
and all but to woe him  
to make her sonne arrowes.

Telling what he hath donne,  
(faith she, right myne own sō)  
in her armes she him clofes,  
Sweets on him fans,  
laid in downe of her swans,  
his sheets leaues of Roses,  
and feeds him with kisses,  
which oft when he misses  
he euer is froward :  
The mothers ore'ioying  
makes by much coying  
the child fo vntoward.

Yet in a fine nett  
that a spider sett,  
the maidens had caught him.  
Had she not been neere him  
and chanced to heare him  
more good they had taught him.

*To*



*To my worthy frend ; Master  
John Sauage of the Inner  
Temple.*

*Ode 4 :*

V PPON this sinfull earth  
if man can happy be  
and higher then his birth  
(Frend) take him thus of me :

Whome promise not deceiues  
that he the breach should rue,  
nor constant reason leaues  
opinion to purfue.

To rayse his meane estate  
that foooths no wanton's finne,  
doth that preferment hate  
that virtue doth not winne.

Nor brauery doth admire  
nor doth more loue professe,  
to that he doth desire,  
then that he doth posseffe :

Loofe humor nor to please  
that neither spares nor spends  
by by discretion weyes  
what is to needfull ends.

To him deseruing not  
not yeelding, nor doth hould

what

*Ode 9.*

what is not his, doing what  
he ought, not what he could.

Whome the base tyrants will  
so much could neuer awe  
as him for good or ill  
from honesty to drawe.

whose constancy doth rise  
boue vnderferued spight  
whose valew'rs to despise  
that most doth him delight.

That early leave doth take  
of th' world though to his paine  
for vertues onely fake,  
and not till need constraine.

Noe man can be so free  
though in imperiall seate  
nor Eminent as hee  
that deemeth nothing greate.

*Ode*





*Ode. 2,*

**M**ost good, most faire,  
or thing as rare  
to call yow's lost ;  
for all the cost  
words can bestow,  
so poorely shew  
vpon your praise,  
that all the wayes  
fence hath come short,  
whereby report  
falls them vnder :  
that when wonder  
more hath ceased  
yet not pleased  
that it in kind  
nothing can finde  
you to exprefse :  
Neuertheleſſe,  
as by globes ſmall  
this mighty *all*  
is ſhewd, though far  
from life, each starre  
a world being :  
So wee ſeeing  
yow, like as that

*Ode 5:*

onely trust what  
art doth vs teach :  
and when I reach  
at morall things,  
and that my strings  
grauely shoule strike ;  
straigthe some mislike  
blotteth myne *Ode*.  
as with the loade  
the steele we tuch  
forc'd ne're so much,  
yet still remoues  
to that it loues  
till there it stayes,  
so to your praise  
I turne euer,  
and though neuer,  
from you mouing  
happy so louing.



*Ode 6.*

VVER'T granted me to choose  
How *I* would end my dayes,  
and I this life must loose,  
it should be in your praise,  
For there is no *Bayes*  
can be fett aboue you.

S'mpossibly I loue you  
and for you sit so hie,  
whence none may remoue you  
in my cleere poesie,  
that often I deny  
you so ample merit.

the freedome of my spirit  
manteining (stil) my cause,  
Your sex not to inherit  
vrging the *Salique* lawes,  
but your vertue drawes  
from me euery due.

Thus still you me pursue  
that no where I can dwell,  
by feare made iuste to you  
that naturally rebell,  
of you that excell  
that should J still endyte  
  
yet will you want some ryte,  
that lost in your high praise  
I wander to and fro,  
as seeing fundry waies,  
yet which the right not knowe  
to get out of this maze.

*Ode*



*Ode 7.*

**T**HIS while we are abroade  
shall we not touch our lyre?  
shall we not sing an *Ode*  
shall that holy fire  
That so strongly glow'd,  
iu this cold aire expire?

Long since the summer's laid,  
the heauenly ballance downe  
the ripened *Autumne* wayd,  
And *Boreas* grim doth frowne  
since now J did behold  
greate *Brutes* first-builded towne.

Now in the vtmost *Peake*  
whereas we now remaine  
amongst the mountaines bleake  
expof'd to fleet and rayne:  
no sport our houres shall breake  
to exercise our vaine,

Though bright *Apolloes* beames  
refresh the southerne ground:  
and though the princely *Theams*  
with beauteous nymphs abound  
and by ould *Cambers* streames  
as many wonders found.

yet

*Ode 7.*

Yet many riuers cleere  
here glide in siluer swathes,  
and what of all most deare  
Buckstons delicious bathes,  
strong ale and noble cheere  
t'affwage breeeme winters scathes.

Those grim and horrid caues  
whose lookes affright the daye,  
where shee her secrets faues  
as loth them to bewray,  
our better leasure craues,  
and doth inuite our laye.

*In* places far or neare,  
or famous or obscure,  
where wholesome is the ayre  
or where the most impure,  
all tymes and euery where  
the muse is still in vre.



# PERSPECTIVE

## Ode 8.

S INGE wee the Rose  
then which no flower there growes  
is sweeter:

And aptly her compare  
with what in that is rare  
A parallel none meeter

Or made poses,  
of this that incloses  
fuche blisses,  
that naturally flusheth  
as she blusheth  
When she is robd of kisses,

Or if strew'd  
when with the morning dew'd  
or stilling,  
or howe to fense expos'd  
all which in her inclo'd,  
ech place with sweetnes filling.

That most renown'd  
by Nature ritchly crownd  
with yellow,  
of that delitious layre  
and as pure, her hayre  
vnto the same the fellowe,

C                    fearing

*Ode* 8.

fearing of harme  
nature that flower doth arme  
from danger,  
the touch giues her offence  
but with reuerence  
vnto her selfe a stranger.

That redde, or white,  
or mixt, the fence delyte  
behoulding,  
in her complexion  
all which perfection  
fuch harmony in fouldinge.

That deuyded  
ere it was descided  
which most pure,  
began the greeuous war  
of *York & Lancaster*,  
that did many yeeres indure.

Conflicts as greate  
as were in all that heate  
J sustaine :  
by her, as many harts  
as men on either parts  
that with her eies hath slaine.

the Primrose flower  
the first of *Flora's* bower  
is placed,  
soe is shee first as best  
though excellent the rest,  
all gracing, by none graced.

Ode



*Ode 9.*

THE muse shoulde sprightly  
yet not handling lightly  
things graue ; as much loath  
things that be flight to cloath  
curiously : to retaine  
the comlinesse in meane  
is true knowledge and wit.  
nor me forc'd rage doth fit,  
that *I* thereto shoulde lacke  
Tabacco, or the fack  
which to the colder brayne  
is the true *Hippocrene*.  
nor did *I* euer care  
for greate fooles, nor greate fare,  
vertue though neglected  
is not so dejected  
as viley to descend  
vnto basenes their end ;  
neither each ryming flae  
deserues the name to haue  
of Poet : so the rabble  
of fooles, for the table.

C 2

that

*Ode* 9.

that haue their iests by hart  
as an actor his part,  
might assume them chaires  
amongst the muses heires,  
*Parnassus* is not clome  
by euery such mome.  
vp whose steepe side that swerues,  
it behoues haue strong nerues  
my resolution such,  
how well, and not how much  
*I* write, thus doe I fare  
like some few good that care  
(the euill fort among)  
how well to liue, and not how long.



*Ode*



*Ode* 10.

THE Ryme nor marrs nor makes  
nor addeth it nor takes  
from that which me propose,  
things imaginary  
do so strangely vary,  
that quickly we them lose.

And what's quickly begot  
as foone againe is not,  
this doe J truely know,  
yea, and that borne with paine  
and fence strongly retaine,  
gon with a seconf flow :

yet this *Critick* so sterne,  
but whome, none must discerne  
nor perfectly haue seing,  
strangely layes aboute him,  
as nothing without him  
were worthy of being.

That J my felfe betray,  
into that publique way,  
where the worlds ould bawd  
custome, that doth humor  
and by idle rumor  
her dotages applaud,

C 3

whil'ft

*Ode 10.*

that whilst shee still prefers  
thoſe that be wholly hers  
madnes and Ignorance,  
I creepe behynd the time  
from ſpertling with their crime  
and glad too with my chance.

O wretched world the while  
when the euill moft vile  
beareth the fayreft face,  
and inconstant lightnes  
with a ſcornefull fleightnes,  
the beſt things doth disgrace.

whilst this ſtrange knowing beaſte  
man, of himſelfe the leaſte  
his enuy declaring  
that virtue muſt descend  
her title to defend  
againſt him, muſch preparing.

yet theſe me not delude  
nor from my place extrude  
By theyr refolute hate :  
thei're vilenes that do knowe  
which to my ſelfe *I* ſhow  
to keepe aboue my fate.



*To the Virginian voyage.*

*Ode 11.*

YOV braue Heroyque mynds  
worthy your Countries name  
that honor still pursue  
goe and subdue  
whilst loytering hyndes,  
lurck heere at home with shame.

*Britans* you stay too long  
quickly aboard bestowe you,  
And with a merry gale  
swell your stretch'd sayle  
with vowes as stronge  
as the winds that blow you.

your Course securely steare  
west and by south foorth keep  
Rockt, Lee-shores, nor sholes,  
when *Eolus* scoulds  
you need not feare  
so absolute the deepe.

And cheerefully at sea  
successe you still entise  
to get the pearle and gould,  
and ours to hould  
*Virginia*  
carths onely paradis.

where

*Ode* 11.

where nature hath in store  
fowle, venison and fishe  
and the fruitefull'ft foyle  
without your toyle  
three haruests more  
all greater then your wish.

And the ambitious vine  
Crownes with his purple masse,  
The Cedar reaching hie  
to kisse the sky  
the Cypresse, Pine  
And vsefull Sassafras.

To whome the golden age  
still natures lawes doth giue,  
nor other cares attend  
but them to defend  
from winters rage,  
that long there doth not liue.

when as the lushious smell  
of that delitious land,  
aboue the feas that flowes  
the cleere wind throwes,  
your harts to swell  
approching the deare strand.

*In* kenning of the shore  
(thanks to god first giuen,)  
O you the happy'ft men  
be frolike then,  
let Cannons roare,  
Frighting the wide heauen.

and

*Ode* 11.

And in Regions farre  
such *Heroes* bring yee foorth  
As thofe from whome we came :  
and plant our name,  
vnder the ftarre  
not knowne vnto our North,

& where in plenty growes  
the lawrell euery where,  
*Appollo's* sacred tree  
your dayes may fee,  
A Poets Browes  
to Crowne, that may sing there.

thy voyages attend  
Induſtrious *Hackluit*  
whofe Reading ſhall inflame  
men to feeke fame ;  
and much commend  
to after times thy wit.



*Ode*



*To my frinds the Camber-britans  
and theyr harp.*

*Ode 12.*

**F**AYRE stood the winde for *France*  
when we our failes aduance  
and now to proue our chance  
longer not tarry :

But put vnto the mayne  
at *Kaux* the mouth of *Seine*  
with all his warlike trayne  
landed King *Harry*.

And taking many a forte  
furnish'd in warlike forte  
comming toward *Agincourt*  
(in happy houre)  
skermishing day by day  
with those oppose his vvay,  
whereas the gen'rall laye  
with all his powre :

Which in his height of pride  
as *Henry* to deride,  
his Ransome to prouide  
vnto him fending,  
which he neglects the while  
as from a nation vyle  
yet with an angry smile  
their fall portending,

And

*Ode 12.*

And turning to his men  
quoth famous *Henry* then,  
though they to one be ten  
be not amazed :  
yet haue we well begun  
battailes foe brauely wonne  
euermore to the sonne  
by fame are rayfed.

And for my felse (quoth he)  
This my full rest shall bee  
*England* nere mourne for me  
nor more esteeme me  
victor I will remayne  
or on this earth be slaine  
neuer shall she fustaine  
losse to redeeme me.

*Poyters* and *Cressy* tell  
when moste their pride did swell  
vnder our fwords they fell,  
no lesse our skill is,  
then when our grandfyre greate  
claiming the regall feate  
in many a warlike feate  
lop'd the french lillies.

The duke of *York* foe dread  
the eager vaward led  
with the maine *Henry* sped  
amongst his henchmen  
*Excester* had the rear  
A brauer man not there

and

*Ode 12.*

and now preparing were  
for the false *Frenchmen*,  
and ready to be gone  
armour on armour shone,  
drum vnto drum did grone,  
to heare was woonder,  
that with the cries they make  
the very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet spake  
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became  
*O noble Erpingham*  
thou didst the signall frame  
vnto the forces :  
when from a medow by  
like a storne sodainely  
the English archery  
stuck the French horses.

The Spanish vghe so strong  
arrowes a cloth-yard long,  
that like to serpents stoong  
pearcing the Wether :  
None from his death now starts,  
but playing manly parts  
and like true English harts,  
stuck close together.

when down theyr bowes they threw  
and foorth their bilbowes drewe,  
& on the french they flew  
no man was tardy

armes

*Ode 12.*

arms from the shoulders fent,  
scalpes to the teeth were rent,  
downe the french pesants went,  
These were men hardye.

when now that noble king  
his broade sword brandishing  
into the haost did fling  
as to or'whelme it  
who many a deep wound lent,  
his armes with blood besprent,  
and many a cruell dent  
brusfed his helmett.

*Gloster*, that duke so good  
next of the royall blood,  
for famous *England* stood,  
with his braue brother  
*Clarence*, in steele most bright,  
that yet a maiden knighte  
yet in this furious fighte  
scarce such an other,

*VVarwick* in bloode did wade  
*Oxford* the foes inuade  
and cruel flaughter made  
still as they ran vp,  
*Suffolke* his axe did ply  
*Beaumont* and *Willoughby*  
bare them right doughtyly,  
*Ferrers* and *Fanhope*

On happy *Cryspin* day  
fought was this noble fray,

which

*Ode 12.*

which fame did not delay  
to *England* to carry :  
O when shall *Englishmen*  
with such acts fill a pen ?  
of *England* breed agen  
such a king *Harry* ?



---

*The firste Eglog.*

**P**HÆBVS full out his yearly course had rū,  
whom the long winter labored to outweare,  
& now preuayling prosp'rously begunne  
to rayse himselfe vpon our Hemisphære  
and the pleaf'd heauen this ioysful season neere  
Oreio'yd dissolu's many a siluer teare.

When Philomel true augure of the fpring  
whose tunes expresse a Brothers traiterous fact  
whilst the fresh groues with her cōplaints do ring,  
to *Cinthia* her sad tragedy doth act,

The iocond merle perch'd on the highest spray  
sings his loue forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling Snake against the morning sonne  
like *Iris* shewes his sundry coloured coate,  
the gloomy shades that eniuously doth shunne  
rauish'd to heare the warbling birds to roate,

The buck forsakes the Lawn's wher he hath fed  
fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through

*The first Eglog.*

through eu'ry part dispearsed is the blood  
the lusty spring in fulnes (now) of pride  
man, bird, and beaste, each tree, and euery flood,  
highly reioyeing in this goodly tyde  
faue *Rosaland* leaning on a Ranpick tree  
wasted with age, forlorne with woe was he.

Greate God qd lie, (with hāds reard to the skie)  
thou wyse creator of the starry light,  
whose wondrous works thy essence do impyle  
in the diuiding of the day and nighte

The earth releeuing with the teeming spring  
which the late winter low before did bring.

O thou strong builder of the firmament  
who placed'st *Phebus* in his fiery Carr,  
and for the Planets wisely didst inuent  
their fundry mansions that they should not iarre  
Appointing *Phebe* mistris of the night,  
frō his pure flames to fetch her borrowed light.

Frō that bright pallace where thou raig'nft alone  
which round with starrs is gloriously inchased ;  
before the footstoole of whose glittering throne  
those thy high orders seuerally are placed,

Recciuie my vowes that may thy courte ascend  
where thy cheer presence all the powers attēd

Shepheards greate Soueraigne, graciously receiuie  
those thoughts to thee continually erected,  
nor let the world all comfort me bereaue  
whilste I before it sadly lie deiected,

whose sinnes like fogs that onercloud the aire  
darken those beams once promis'd me so faire.

My

*The first Eglog.*

My hopes are fruiteles, and my fayth is vaine,  
and but meere showes disposed me to mock  
such are exalted basely that can saine,  
and none regards iust *Rowland of the rock*.

To those fat pastures others helthfull keepe  
malice denyes mee entrance with my fleepe.

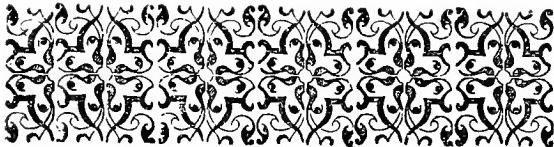
Yet nill J nature eniuiously accuse  
nor blame the heauens thus haples mee to make  
what they impose but vainly we refuse  
when not our power their punishment can flake

*Fortune the world that towses too and fro*  
*Fickle to all yet constant in my woe.*

This onely rests, time shall deuoure my sorrowe  
and to affliction minister relief  
When as there neuer shall succeed a morrow,  
whose laboring howres shal lēgthen out my greef,  
    nor in my brest care sit agayne so deepe :  
    tyring the sad night with distempered sleepe.

And when that time expired hath the date  
what wears out all things lastly perish must  
and that all searching and impartiall fate  
shal take accompte of long-forgotten dust  
    when euery being, silently shall cease  
    lockt in the armes of euerlasting peace.

Now in the Ocean *Titan* quench'd his flame  
that summond *Cinthia* to set vp her light  
when she the neerst of the celestiall frame  
sat the most glorious on the brow of nighte  
    whe the poore Swain vwith heuy hart opprest,  
    to the cold earth fanck sadly downe to rest



## *The second Eglog.*

### *Motto.*

years  
M J G H T my youths mirth become thy aged  
my gentle sheapheard father of vs all,  
wherewith I wonted to delight my feeres  
when to their sports they pleased mee to call :  
now would *I* tune my miskins on the greene  
and frame my verse the vertues to vnfoold,  
of that sole Phoenix bird my liues sole queen  
whose locks do stain the three-tim's burnisht gold  
but melancholy setled in thy spleene,  
my rymes seeme harsh to thy vnrelish't taste,  
thy wits that long replenish't haue not beene :  
Wanting kinde moysture doe vnkindly waste.

### *Winken.*

Well wanton, laugh not my ould age to scorne,  
nor twit me fo my senfes to haue loste,  
the time hath been when as my hopefull morne  
promis'd as much as nowe thy youth can boaste :  
my direfull cares beene drawne vpon my face  
in crooked lynes with ages Jron pen,

D

the

*The second Eglog.*

The morphew quite discolored the place  
Which had the powr t'attract the eyes of men,  
What mock'd the Lilly, bears this Tawny die,  
And this once Crimson, looks thus deadly pale,  
Sorow hath set his foot vpon myne eye,  
And hath for euer perished my sale.  
A cumber-world, yet in the world am left  
A fruitlesse plot with brambles ouergrown :  
Of all thosse joyes, that pleas'd my youth, bereft  
And now too late my folly but bemoane ;  
Thosse daynty straines of my well-tuned reed,  
Which many a time haue pleasd the curious ears,  
To me no more thosse pleasing thoughts do breed  
But tell the errors of my wandring years,  
Thosse poysning pills ben byding at my hart,  
Thosse loathsom drugs vnfeasned youth did chaw,  
Not once so sweet, but now they be as tart,  
Not in the mouth, that they werc in the maw.

*Motto.*

Euen so I ween for thy olld ages feuer,  
Deems sweetest potions, bitter as the gall,  
And thy colld pallet, hauing lost the fauour,  
Receaues no comfort by a cordiall.

*Winken.*

As thou art, once was I a gamefom boy,  
I'll-wintred now, and aged as you see,  
And

*The second Eglog.*

And well I know, that fwallow-winged ioy  
Shall be neglected as it is in me.  
VVhen on the arch of thyne eclipsed eyes,  
Time shall haue deeply charactred thy death,  
And sun-burnt age, thy kindly moisture dries,  
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath ;  
Thy brawn-fallen armes, and thy declining back  
To the fad burthen of thy years shall yeeld  
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,  
Able no more thy wretched Trunck to weeld.  
Now am I like the knotty aged Oak,  
VVhom wasting time hath made a tomb for dust,  
That of his branches reft by tempest stroke,  
His bark consumes with canker worms and rust,  
and though thou seemst like to the bragging bryr  
And spredst thee like the morn-lou'd Marygould  
Yet shall thy fap be shortly dry and seer  
Thy gawdy blossoms blemished with cold.  
Euen fuch a wanton and vnruyl fwayne  
VVas little *Rowland*, when as lately he  
Vpon the verge of yonder neighbouring plaine  
Carued this rime vpon a Bechen tree.

**T**hen this great vniuerse no lesse,  
Can serue her prayses to expresse :  
Betwixt her eies the poles of loue,  
The host of heauenly beautyes moue  
Depainted in their proper storied,  
As well the fixd as wandering glories,  
D 2      Which

*The second Eglog.*

*which from their proper orbes not goe,  
whether they gyre swift or slowe :  
where from their lips, when she doth speake  
the musick of those sphears do breake  
which their harmonius motion breedeth  
from whose cheerfull breath proceedeth :  
that balmy sweetnes that giues birth  
to every offspring of the earth.  
her shape and cariage of which frame  
in forme how well shee beares the same,  
is that proportion heanens best treasure,  
whereby it doth all poysse and measure,  
so that alone her happy sight  
conteynes perfection and delight.*

*Motto.*

O diuine love which so aloft can rayse  
and lift the mind out of this earthly myre,  
and doft inspire vs with so glorious prayfe,  
as with the heauens doth equall man's desire  
who doth not help to deck thy holy shrine  
with *Venus* mirtle and *Apollo's* tree ?  
who will not say that thou art most diuine  
at least confesse a deity in thee ?

*Winken.*

A foolish boy, full ill is he repayed,  
for now the wanton pines in endles paine,  
and

*The second Eglog.*

and fore repents what he before mislaide,  
so may they be, which can so lewdely fayne,  
now hath this yonker torne his tressed locks  
and broke his pipe which was of found so fweet  
forfaking his companions and their flocks,  
and castis his garland loofly at his feete,  
and being shrouded in a homely cote  
and full of sorrow (I him sitting by,)  
he tun'de his rebeck to a mournefull note  
and thereto sang this dolefull elegy.

*V*PPON a bank with roses set about  
where pretty turtles ioyning bil to bill,  
and gentle springs steale softly murmuring out  
washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill:

*there little loue sore wounded lyes,  
his bowe and arrowes broken  
bedewd with teares from Venus eyes  
oh greeuous to be spoken.*

*Beare him my hart slaine with her scornewfull eye  
where sticks the arrowe that poore hart did kill  
with whose sharp pile request him ere he die,  
about the same to write his lateſt will,  
and bid him ſend it back to me  
at instant of his dying,  
that cruell.cruell ſhee may ſee  
my faith and her denying.*

*His chappell be a mournefull Cypreffe ſhade  
and for a chauntry Philomels ſweet lay  
where prayers ſhall continually be made*

D 3

*by*

*The second Eglog.*

*By pilgrim loners passing by that way.  
With Nymphes and shepheards yearly moane  
His timeles death beweeping,  
In telling that my hart alone  
Hath his last will in keeping.*

*Motto.*

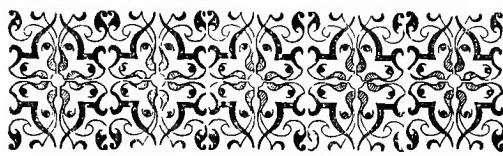
VVoe's me for him that pineth so in paine,  
Alas poore *Rowlan*d how for him I greeue,  
So fayre a bayt should breed so foule a baine,  
Yet she not dayne his sorow to relieue.

*Winken.*

Beware by him thou foolish wanton swaine,  
By others harmes thus maist thou learn to heed :  
Beauty and wealth been fraught with hy disdayn  
The night draws on, com homeward let vs sped.

*The*





*The third Eglog.*

*Perkin.*

*Rowland* for shame awake thy drowsie muse,  
Tyme playes the hunts vp to thy sleepy head;  
VVhy lyest thou here, whilst we are ill beefstead  
Fowle idle swayn?

VWho euer heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine  
And now doth heare this scury minstralcie,  
Tending to naught, but beastly ribauldry  
that doth not muse?

Then flumber not with dull *Endymion*,  
But tune thy reed to dapper virelayes,  
And sing a while, of blessed *Betaes* prayse,  
and none but she:

Aboue the rest so happy maist thou be,  
For learned *Colin* layes his pipes to gage,  
And is to fayrie gon a pilgrimage  
the more our moane.

*Rowl-*

*The third Eglog.*

*Rowland.*

What Beta, shepheard ? she is *Pans* belou'de  
faire Betaes praiſe beyond our strayn doth ſtretch  
a note to hy for my poore pipe to reache,  
an oaten reede,  
The moſt vnfit to ſpeakē of worthies deede  
but ſet my ſong vnto a lower key,  
whereas a hornepipe J may ſafely play  
and vnreproou'd.

With flattery my muſe could neuer ſadg  
nor could this vaine ſcurrillity affeſt  
from looſer youth to win a light reſpect  
too baſe and vile.  
me that doth make that J not care the while  
my ſelſe aboue Tom Piper to aduance  
which ſo beſtirrs him at the morrice daunce  
for penny wage.

*Perkin.*

*Rowland* ſo toyes eſteemed often are  
and faſhions euer vary with the time  
but ſince the ſeaſon doth require ſome rime,  
with luſty glee  
let me then heare that roundelay of thee,  
which once thou ſangſt to me in Ianeuere  
when Robin Redbreſt ſitting on a breere  
the burthen bare.

well

*The third Eglog.*

*Rowland.*

Well needs J must, yet with a lieauy heart  
yet were not Beta, sure I would not sing  
whose praiſe the Echo'ſe ceafe not yet to ring  
vnto the skies.

*Perkin.*

Be blith good Rowland then, & cleer thine eyes,  
and ſince good Robin to his roofte is gone  
ſupply hiſ want, and put two parts in one  
to ſhew thy art.



*Rowland.*

*Stay, Thames to heare my ſong, thou greate & famous flood,  
Beta alone the Phoenix is of all thy vvatry brood,  
the queene of virgins onely ſhee,  
the King of floods alotting thee  
of all the reſt, be ioyfull then to ſee thiſ happy day,  
thy Beta now alone ſhall be the ſubiect of my lay*

*With daynty delight ſome ſtraines of dapper verelayes :  
come louely ſheapheards fit by mee, to tell our Betaes prayſe  
and let vs ſing ſo hie a verſe  
her oueraigne virtues to rehearſe :  
That little birds ſhall ſilent fit to heare vs ſheapheards ſing  
vwhile riuers backvward bend their cours & flovv vnto their  
ſpring*

*Range*

### *The third Eglog.*

Range all thy fvvanns faire Thames together on a ranck  
and place them each in their degree vppo thy vvinding bâck  
and let them set together all  
time keeping vrith the vvaters fall :  
And craue the tuneful nightingale to helpe you vrith her lay  
the vwozell and the throstle cock, chief musick of our May.  
See vvhath a troupe of nymphs, come leading hand in hand  
in such a nomber that vwell neere the take vp all the strand,  
and hark how merrily they singe,  
that makes the neig'bring medowres ring  
and Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall  
and as the Queene of all the rest doth vvere a coronall.  
Trim vp her golden tresses vrith Apolloes sacred tree  
vrhose tutage & especiall care I vvish her still to be  
that for his darling hath prepa'r'd  
a glorious crowne as her revward,  
not such a golden Crovne as haughty Cesar vreares,  
but such a glittering starry one as Ariadne beares.  
Mayds get the choyceſt flovvers a garland and entvrvine  
nor pinks nor panſies let their rvant, be ſure of Eglantine  
ſee that there be ſtore of lyllyes  
(Cald of the Sheapherds daffadillies) (lice  
vrith Roses damask, vrwhite & redd, the deereſt flouver de-  
the Covfliſt of Ierusalem & cloue of Paradice  
O thou greate eie of heauen, the daies moſt deareſt lighte  
vrith thy bright ſiſter Cynthia, the glory of the night  
and thoſe that make thee ſcauen  
to vs the nearſt of heauen,  
And thou O gorgeouſ Iris, vrith all thy Colours died  
vrhen ſhee ſtreames forth her rayes then daſh'tis all your pride  
In thee vrhileſt ſhe behoulds (O flood) her heauenly face  
the feaſods in their vvatry armes vwould gladly hir imbrace  
the intyng Syrens in their layes  
vrith tritons doe refound her praife  
Hafing vrith all the ſpeed they can unto the ſpacious ſea  
& through all Neptunes courte proclaime our Betaes holiday

#### *The fourth Eglog.*

And euermore refresh the roote of the fat olive tree  
in whose dear shadova euer may thy bancks preferued be,  
the Bay that Poets doth adorne  
and mirtle of chaste louers vvorne  
that faire may be the frute, the boughes preseru'd by peace  
and let the mornefull Cipreffe dy, and heere for euer cease.  
We'le streue the shore vwith pearl vwher Beta vwalks alone  
and we'le will pauue her summer bovver vwith richeſt Indian  
perfumé the aire and make it fveete. (Stone  
for ſuch a goddeſſe as is meet,  
For iſ her eies for purity contend vwith Titans light (ſighte  
no maruaile then althoſh thei're beameſ do dazzle humane  
Sould lovvid your trumpets then from Londons loſtiſt towvers  
to beate the ſtormy tempeſts back and calm the raging ſhovurs  
ſet the cornet vwith the flute  
the orpharion to the lute  
Tuning the taber and the pipe to the fveete violons  
and mock the thunder in the aire vwith the lovvide clarions.  
Beta long may thine Altars smoake vwith yearely ſacrifice  
and long thy ſacred temples maye theyre high daies fo-  
thy ſheapherds wreath by day and night lemnize  
thy Maydes attend thy holy light  
And thy large Empire ſtretch her arms frō eaſt unto the vveſt  
And Albyon on the Appenines aduance her conqueſting creſt.

Perken.

Thanks gentle Rowland for my roundelay,  
and as for Beta burthen of thy song  
the shepheards goddesse may she florish long  
and happy be,  
and not disdayne to be belou'd of thee :  
tryumphing Albion clap thy hands for ioy  
that

*the third Eglog.*

that haue so long not tafted of anoy  
not that thou may.

*Rowland.*

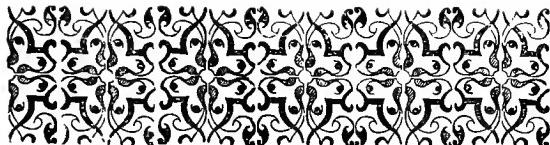
(yeand

Shepheard, & when my milke white eawes haue  
*Beta* shall haue the firstling of the fould  
yea though the horns were of the purest goulde  
& the fine fleece, the richest purple grayn.

*Perken.*

Beleeue me as I am true sheepheards swaine  
then for thy loue all other I forfake  
and vnto thee my selfe I doe betake  
with faith vnfaind.

*The*



## *The fourth Eglog.*

### *Motto.*

**S**Heapheard, why creepe we in this lowly vaine  
as though our store no better vs affoards?  
and in this feason when the stirring swain (words  
makes the wyde fields foûd with great thûdring  
not as twas wont now rurall be our rymes  
Sheapheards of late are waxed wondrous neate,  
though they were richer in the former tymes,  
we be enraged with more kindly heate  
The withered Laurell freshly growes agayne  
which simply shadowed the *Pierian* spring  
which oft invites the solitary swayne  
thether, to heare those sacred virgins sing :  
then if thy muse haue spent her wonted zeale  
with withered twists thy forehead shal be bound  
but if with these she dare aduance her fayle  
amongst the best then may she be renown'd

### *Gorbo.*

Sheapheards, these men at mighty things do aym  
and therefore presse into the learned troope  
with

*The fourth Eglyg.*

VVith filed phraze to dignifie their name,  
Els with the world shut in this shamefull coope.  
But such a subiect ill besemeth me,  
For J must pipe amongst the lowly sort,  
Those silly heardgrooms who haue laught to see,  
VVhen I by moonshine made the fayries sport.  
Who of the toyles of *Hercules* will treat,  
And put his hand to an eternall pen,  
In these hie labours it behoues him sweat,  
To foare beyond the vsuall pitch of men.  
Such monster-tamers who would take in hand,  
As haue tyde vp the triple-headed hound,  
Or of those Gyants which gainst heuen durft stād  
whose strength the gods it troubled to confound ?  
who listeth with so mighty things to mell,  
And dares a taske so great to vndertake,  
Should rayse the black inhabitants of Hell :  
And stir a tempest on the Stygian Lake.  
He that to worlds Pyramides will build  
On those great Heroes got by heauenly powers,  
Should haue a pen most plentifully filld  
In the full streams of learned *Maro's* showers.  
who will foretell mutations, and of men,  
Of future things and wisely will enquire,  
Before should slumber in that shady den  
That often did with prophesie inspyre.  
Southsaying Sybells sleepe long agon  
we haue their reed but few haue cond their art,  
And the welch wifard cleaueth to a stome  
No oracles more wonders shall impart.

when

### *The fourth Eglog-*

when him this round that neerest ouerran,  
His labouring mother to the light did bring,  
The sweat that then from *Orpheus* statue ran,  
Foretould the prophets had whereon to sing,  
when virtue had allotted her a prize,  
The Oaken garlands and the laurell Crown,  
Fame then resumd her lofty wings to rise,  
And plumes wear honored with the purple gown  
Then when religion with a goulden chayne,  
Men vnto fayre ciuility did draw,  
who sent from heauen brought iustice forth again  
to keep the good, the viler fort to awe,  
that simple age as simply sung of loue,  
till thirst of Empire and of earthly swayes  
Drew the good shepheard from his lasses loue,  
to sing of slaughter and tumultuous frayes  
then *Ioues* loue-theft was priuily discri'd,  
How he playd false play in *Amphitrio's* bed,  
And yong *Apollo* in the mount of Ide  
Gau<sup>e</sup> *Oenon* phyfick for her maydenhead :  
the tender grasse was then the softest bed :  
the pleasant shades esteemed stateliest halls,  
No belly churle with *Bacchus* banqueted,  
Nor painted rags then couered rotten walls :  
then simple loue by simple virtue waied,  
Flowrs the fauours equall faith reuealed,  
Kindnes againe with kindnes was repayd,  
And with sweet kisses couenants were fealed.  
then Beauties self by her selfe beautified,  
Scorn'd paintings, pergit and the borowed hayr,

Nor

*The fourth Eglog.*

nor monstrous formes deformities did hide  
the foul to varnish with compounded faire,  
The purest fleece then couered purest skin,  
for pride as then with Lucifer remaynd  
ill fauoured fashions yet did not begin,  
nor wholſoe cloaths with poysoned liquor staynd  
but when the bowels of the earth were fought  
whose golden entrailes mortalls did espy  
into the world all mischiefe then was brought  
this fram'd the mint that coynd our misery.  
The lofty pines then preſently cut downe  
and men ſea-monſters fwam the bracky flood  
in wainſcote tubs to feeke out worlds vnknowne,  
for certain ill to leauē assured good.  
The ſteede was tamde and fitted to the field  
that ferues a ſubieſt to the riders lawes,  
he that before ran in the paſtures wilde  
felt the ſtiffe curb controwle his angry iawes.  
The *Cyclops* then stood sweating to the fire  
the vſe thereof in foſtning mettals found  
that did ſtreight limbs in ſtubborne ſteele attyre  
forging ſharp tooles the tender flesh to wound,  
The Citty-builder then intrencht his towers  
and layd his wealth within the walled towne,  
which after ward in rough and ſtormy ſtowres  
kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks downe.  
This was the ſad beginning of our woes  
that was from hell on wretched mortalls hurld  
& from this fount did all thoſe mischiefes flow  
whofe inundation drowneth all the world.

*Molto*

*The fourth Eglog.*

*Motto.*

Well shepheard well, the golden age is gon,  
Wishes no way reuoketh what is past,  
Small wit there were to make two grieves of one  
And our complaints we vainly should but wast.  
Listen to me then louely shepheard lad,  
And thou shalt heare, attentiuе if thou be,  
A prety tale I of my Grandame had,  
One winters night when there wer none but we.

*Gorbo.*

Shepheard say on, so may we passe the time,  
There is no doubt it is som worthy rime.

*Motto.*

**F***AR in the country of Arden,*  
*There wond a knight hight Cassamen,*  
*as bould as Ifenbras.*  
*Fell was he and eager bent,*  
*In battell and in tournament,*  
*as was the good Sir Topas.*  
*He had as antique stories tell,*  
*A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,*  
*a mayden faire and free.*  
*And for she was her fathers heyr*  
*Ful well she was yeond the leyr,*  
*of mickle curtesie.*

*The fourth Eglog.*

*The filke well couth she twift and twinc,  
And make the fine Marchpine,  
and with the needle werke :  
And she couth helpe the priest to say  
His Mattens on a holyday  
and sing a Psalme in Kirke.  
She ware a frock of frolick green,  
Might well becom a Mayden queen,  
Which seemly was to see.  
A hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the Columbine,  
Ywrought full featuoufy.  
Her feature all as fresh aboue,  
As is the grasse that growes by Doue,  
And lyth as lasse of Kent.  
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,  
As white as snow on Peakish hull  
or swan that swims in Trent.  
This mayden in a morn betime,  
Went foorth when May was in the prime,  
to get sweet Setywall.  
The hony-suckle, the harlock,  
The Lylly and the Lady-smock,  
to deck her summer hall,  
Thus as she wandred here and there  
And picked of the bloomy brier,  
She chanced to espy,  
A shepheard sitting on a banke,  
Like Chantelere he crowed crancke,  
and pip'd full merrily.*

*He*

*The fourth Eglog.*

*He leard his sheep as he him lift,  
When he wold whistle in his fist,  
    to feed about him round.  
Whilst he full many a carroll sang,  
Vntill the fields and meadowes rang,  
    and that the woods did sound.  
In fauour this same shcpheard swayne,  
Was like the bedlam Tamberlayne,  
    which held prounde Kings in awe.  
But mecke as any Lamb mought be,  
And innocent of ill as he,  
    Whom his lewd brother flaw.  
This shpheard ware a sheep gray cloke,  
Which was of the finest loke  
    that could be cut with sheere.  
His mittens were of Bauzens Skin,  
His Cockers were of cordiwin,  
    his hood of Miniueere.  
His aule and lingell in a thong,  
His tarbox on his broad belt hong,  
    his breeche of Cointry blew.  
Full crisper and curled were his locks,  
His browes as white as Albion rocks,  
    so like a louer true.  
And piping still he spent the day,  
So merry as the Popingay,  
    which liked DowfABELL.  
That would she ought or wold she noght,  
this lad woud neuer from her thought,  
She in loue-longing fell.*

*The fourth Eglog.*

*At length she tucked vp her frocke,  
white as the Lilly was her smock,  
she drew the shepheard ny :  
But then the shepheard pip'd a good,  
that all his sheepe forsooke theyr foode,  
to heare his melody.  
Thy sheepe quoth shee, can not be leane,  
that haue a iolly sheepheards swayne,  
the which can pipe so well :  
Yea but (saith he) their shepheard may,  
If piping thus he pine away  
In loue of Dowfabell.  
Of lone fond boy take thou no keepe  
Quoth she, looke wel vnto thy sheepe,  
least they shoule hap to stray :  
Quoth he ; so had I done full well  
Had I not seen faire Dowfabell  
come foorth to gather May.  
With that she gan to vaile her head,  
Her cheekes were like the Roses redde,  
but not a word she said,  
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,  
He threw his prety pipes adown,  
and on the ground him layd.  
Saith she I may not stay till night,  
And leue my summer hall vndight,  
and all for loue of thee :  
My coat saith he, nor yet my fould,  
Shall neither sheep nor shepheard hould  
except thou fauour mee.*

*Saith*

*The fourth Eglog.*

*Saith she, yet leuer I were dead,  
then I shoulde loose my maidenhead  
and all for loue of men :  
Saith he yet are you too vnkind,  
If in your hart you cannot find,  
to loue vs now and then.  
And I to thee will be as kind,  
as Colin was to Rosalind,  
of curtesie the flower :  
Then will I be as true quoth she,  
As euer maiden euer might be,  
vnto her paramour.  
With that she bent her snow-white knee  
Downe by the shpheard kneeled shee,  
and him she sweetlie kist.  
VVith that the shpheard whoop'd for ioy,  
Quoth he ther's neuer shpheards boy,  
that euer was so blist.*

*Gorbo.*

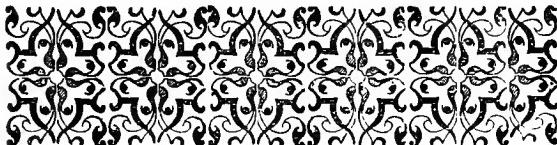
Now by my sheephook, heer's a tale alone,  
Learn me the fame and I wil giue thee hyer,  
This were as good as curds for our *Ione*,  
When at a night we sitten by the fire.

*Motto.*

VVhy gentle *Gorbo* ilc not stick for that,  
when we shall meet vpon som mery day,  
but

*The fift Eglog.*

But fee whilst we haue fet vs downe to chat,  
Yon tykes of myne begin to steale away,  
and if thou please to come vnto our green,  
On Lammas day, when as we haue our feast,  
Thou shalt sit next vnto the shepheardes queene,  
and ther shalt be the only welcom guest.



*The fift Eglog.*

Come let vs frolick merily, my swayne,  
    Lets se what spirit ther quikens yet in thee  
If there so much be left but as a grayne,  
    Of the great stck of antique poesie,  
    Or liuing but one flip of *Phæbus* sacred tre.  
Or if referud from times deuouring rage,  
    with her sad ruins scorning once to fall,  
Memoriall left as a deserued gage :  
    Or the delight of simple pastorall,  
    May thee reuiue, whom care seems to apall.  
To fortunes orphanes nature hath bequeath'd,  
    what mightiest monarchs feldome haue possest,  
From hiest heauen this influence is breath'd,  
    the

*The fift Eglog.*

the most diuine impression of the brest,  
and whom th'one pynes the other oft doth feast  
Nor doth't affect this fond gentility,  
whereon the foole world open mouthed gazes,  
Thinking it selfe of great ability.  
that it a great greate grandfires glorie blazes,  
and paints out fictions in vntimely phrazes.  
Idly we think that honor can inflame,  
these mouing pictures made but for the street,  
(We daily find) that ouerlieue their name,  
and black obliuion is their winding sheet,  
their glory trodden vnder vulgar feet.  
Enuie discharging all her poysoned darts,  
the valiant mind is tempered with that fire,  
at her fierce loose that weakly neuer starts,  
but in despight inforce her to retyre,  
with careles feet that spurnes her in the myre.

*Rowland.*

I may not sing of such as fall nor clime,  
nor chaunt of armes, and of heroique deeds,  
It fitteth not a shepheards rurall rime,  
nor is agreeing with my oaten reeds :  
nor from my song grosse flattery proceedes.  
On the worlds Idolls do I scorne to smile,  
Nor shall theyr names e're in my page appeare,  
To boulster basenes J account it vile,  
tis not their looks nor greatnes that I fear,  
nor shall be known by me that such there were.  
No

### *The fift Eglog.*

No fatall dreads, nor fruitleffe vayne desires,  
Low caps and courtfies to a painted wall,  
Nor heaping rotten sticks on needles fires,  
Ambitious wayes to clime, nor fears to fall,  
Nor things fo base do *I* affect at all.

### *Motto.*

If thiefe, nor these may like thy varying quill,  
as of too hye or of too low a straine  
that doe not aptly paralell thy skill  
nor wel agreeing with a shepheards vaine  
fubiects (fuppop'd) ill to beseeeme a swaine  
Then tune thy pipe vnto *Ideas* praisē,  
and teache the woods to wonder at her name,  
Thy lowly notes so maist thou lightly raise,  
And thereby others happily inflame :  
Yet thou the whilſt stand farthest off from blame.  
Thy temples then with lawrel shall be dight,  
when as thy muse got hy vpon her wing,  
with nimble pineons shall direct her flight  
To th' place from whence all harmonies do spring  
To rape the fields with tuches of her string.

Rowland,

Shepheard since thou so strongly doft perswade,  
And her iuft worth so amply vs affoords,  
O sacred fury all my povvrs inuade,  
All fulnes flowes from thy abundant hoords,

*The fift Eglog.*

Her prayse requires the excellenteſt words :  
Shall I then firſt ſing of her heauenly eie  
To it attracting euery other fight ?  
May a poore ſhepherd then aſpyre fo hy,  
which if the fun ſhould giue vs vp to night,  
The stars from it ſhould fetch a purer light.  
Or that fayr brow, where beawty keeps her ſtate  
There ſtill reſiding as her proper ſpear  
Which when the world ſhe meaneth to amate,  
Wonder invites to ſtand before her there,  
Throughout the world the prayſe thereof to bear,  
Or touch her cheek deare natures treasury,  
whereas ſhe ſtoares th'abundance of her bliſſe,  
where of her ſelfe ſhe'xacts fuch vſury  
That ſhe's els needy by inwealthing this,  
That like a mifer her ritch cheſt doth kiffe.  
Or thoſe pure hands in whole delicious palmes,  
Loue takes delight the palmeſter to play,  
Whoſe christall fingers dealing heauenly almes,  
Giue the whole wealth of all the world avvay,  
O vvho of theſe fuſſiciently can fay !  
Or th'iuory columns, which this fane vpbeare,  
Where *Dianes* Nuns their goddeſſe do adore,  
vnto her, euer ſacrificing there  
Her halowed altars kneeling ſtil before,  
Where more they do perform, their zeal the more:  
vnconning ſhepherd of theſe praife I none,  
Although ſurpaſſing, yet let I them paſſe,  
Nor in this kind her excellence is ſhown,  
To ſing of theſe not my intent it was.

Our

*The fift Eglog.*

Our muse must vndergoe a waightier masse,  
And be directed by a straighter lyne,  
Which me must vnto hyer regions guide,  
That J her vertues rightly may define,  
from me my selfe thatts able to diuide  
Vnles by them my weaknesse be supplide.  
That be the end whereat I only ayme,  
which to performe J faithfully must striue,  
Faire as J can to build this goodly frame  
and euery part with aptnes to contriue  
that time from this example may deriuie.  
In whom, as on som well prepared stage,  
each morall virtue acts a princely part,  
Where euery scene pronounced by a fage  
hath the true fulnes both of wit and art,  
and wisely stealeth the spectators hart.  
That euery censure worthily doth brooke  
and vnto it a great attention drawes  
Jn't which when wisedome doth feuerely looke,  
osten therewith inforced is to pause,  
to yeeld a free and generall applause.  
Who vnto goodnes can she not excite,  
and in the same not teacheth to be wife  
and deeply seen in each obsequious rite  
wherein of that sum mistery there lyes  
which her sole study is and only exercize  
But the great'ſt volume nor exactest comment,  
wherein art euer absoluteſt shined,  
Nor the ſmal'ſt letter filling vp the margent,  
yet euery ſpace with matter interlined

in

*The fift Eglog.*

in the hy'ft knowledge, rightly her defined,  
O ! if but sense effectually could see  
    what is in her t'be worthily admired  
How infinit her excellences be,  
    the date of which can neuer be expired  
    from her hy praise the world could not be hired,  
But since that heauen must onely be the mirror,  
    wherin the world can her perfections viewe,  
and fame is stroken silent with the terror  
    wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,  
    Colours can giue her nothing that is new.  
Then since there wants ability in colors,  
    nor pencil yet sufficiently can blaze her,  
For her ile make a mirror of my dolors  
    and in my tears sheest' look her self & praise her  
    happy were I if such a glasse might please her.  
Go gentle winds and whisper in her eare,  
    and tell *Idea* how much I adore her,  
and you my flockes report vnto my fayre,  
    how far she paffeth all that went before her,  
    and as their goddesse all the playnes adore her.  
And thou cleer brook by whose pure siluer stream  
grow those tall oaks wher J haue caru'd her name  
Conuey her prayse to *Neptunes* watry realme,  
    and bid the Tritons to found foorth her fame,  
vntil wide *Neptune* scarce containe the fame,

*Motto.*

Stay there good *Rowland*, whether art thou rapt,  
    beyond

*The fifth Eglog.*

beyond the moone that striuest thus to strayne :  
Into what phrensy lately art thou hapt ?  
That in this sort intoxicates thy braine,  
Much disagreeing from a shepheards vaine.

*Rowland.*

*Motto*, why me so strangely shouldest thou tempt,  
Aboue my strength with magick of her style,  
The scope of which from limits is exempt,  
as be all they that of it do compile,  
able to lift the sprite that is most vile.  
Didst thou me first vnto her prayses stir,  
And now at last dost thou againe refuse me,  
What if perhaps with too much loue I erre  
And that therein the forward muse abuse me,  
The cause thou gau'st in this alone excuse me.

*Motto.*

*Rowland* then cease, referue thy plentious muse,  
Till future time thy simple oaten reed,  
Shall with a far more glorious rage infuse :  
To sing the glory of some worthies deed,  
For this *I* think but little shall thee steed.

*Rowland.*

Shepheard farewell the skies begin to lower,  
Yon pitchy cloude, that hangeth in the West,  
Shows

*The sixt Eglog.*

Showes vs ere long that we shall haue a shover,  
Come let vs home, for *I* so think it best,  
For to theyr cotes our flocks are gone to rest.

*Motto.*

Content, and if thou'l come vnto my coat,  
Although god knowes my cheere be very small,  
For wealth with me was neuer yet afloat,  
Yet take in gree what euer do befall,  
VVee'l sit & turne a crab, and tune a madrigall.



*The sixth Eglog.*

*Gorbo.*

VVEl met good *Winken*, whither dost thou vvēd  
how hast thou far'd old shepherd many a year  
His dayes in darknesse, thus can *Winken* spend?  
VVho *I* haue knovvn for piping had no peere.  
wher be those fayr floks thou vvert wōt to guide,  
VVhat be they dead, or hapt on some michaunce?  
Or mischiefe thee their master doth betyde?

or

*The sixt Eglog.*

Or lordly loue hath cast thee in a trance.  
What man lets still be merry while we may,  
and take a truce with forow for a time  
the whil'st we passe this weary winters day  
in reading riddles or in making rime.

*Winken,*

A woe's me *Gorbo* mirth is far away,  
Nor may it foiorne with fad malcontent,  
O blame me not (to se this dismall day)  
then though my pore hart it in peeces rent  
my tune is turn'd into a swanlike song,  
that best becomes me drawing to my death,  
till which me thinks that euery howr is long  
my breft becomes a prison to my breath.  
Nothing more loathsom then the cheersfull light,  
Comn is my night, when once appeares the day,  
the blessed sonne is odious to my sight,  
nor found me liketh but the shrech-oules lay,

*Gorbo.*

What maist thou be that ould *Winken de word*,  
that of all shepheards wert the man alone,  
that once with laughter shook'ft the shepheardes  
with thyne own madnes lastly ouerthrown (boord  
*I* think thou dotst in thy declining age,  
Or for the loofnesse of thy youth art sory,

and

### *The sixt Eglog.*

and therfore vowed fom solemn pilgrimage  
to holy *Hayles*, or *Patricks* purgatory,  
Come sit we down vnder this Hawthorn tree,  
the morrows light shall lend vs day enough,  
And let vs tel of *Gawen*, or Sir *Guy*.  
Of *Robin-hood*, or of ould *Clim a Clough*,  
Or els some Romant vnto vs areede,  
By former shepheards taught thee in thy youth,  
Of noble Lords and Ladies gentle deed  
Or of thy Loue or of thy lasses trueth.

An ancien Pilgrimage in  
Gloster-shire, calle  
d the ho  
ly rood of  
*Hayles*.

### *Winken.*

Shepheard no no, that world with me is past,  
Merry was it when we those toys might tell  
But tis not now as when thou sawst me last  
A great mischance me since that time befel,  
*Elphin* is dead, and in his graue is layde,  
O to report it, how my hart it greueth,  
Cruel that fate that so the time betrayd  
And of our ioyes vntimely vs depriueth.

### *Gorbo.*

Is it for him thy tender hart doth bleede ?  
For him that liuing was the shephearde's pride,  
Neuer did death so mercilesse a deede,  
Ill hath he done and ill may him betyde :  
Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boast,  
Nature is payd the vtmost of her due,

*Pan*

*The sixt Eglog.*

*Pan* hath receaud so dearly that him cost  
O heauens his vertues did belong to you,  
Do not thou then vnceffantly complaine,  
Best doth the meane befit the wise in mourning:  
And to recall that, laborst but in vaine,  
which is by fate prohibited retourning.

*Gorbo.*

Wer't for the best this present vworld affordes,  
Shepheard our sorovvs might be easly cast,  
But oh his losse requireth more then vvords,  
Nor it so lightly can be ouerpast :  
when his fayr flocks he sed vpon the dovvns,  
the poorest shepheard suffered not anoy,  
nouv are we subiect to the beastly clowns,  
that all our mirth vwould vtterly destroy.  
Long after he vvas shrowded in the earth,  
the birds for sorovv did forbear to sing,  
Shepheards for vvent their vvonted sumers mirth,  
vvinter therewith outvvare a double spring,  
that had not nature lastly cald to mind,  
the neare approching of her ovvn decay.  
things should haue gon contrary vnto kinde,  
And to the *Chaos* all againe should svvay :  
the nymphes forbare insiluer springs to looke,  
with fundry flowers to brayd their yeellow hayr,  
And to the desarts sadly them betooke,  
So much opprest, and ouercome vvith care.  
And for his sake the early wanton lambs,

that

*The sixt Eglog.*

that mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,  
Sadly runne bleating from their carefull dams  
nor will theire soft lips to the vdders lay.  
The groues, the mountains, and the pleasantheath  
that wonted were with Roundelaies to ring  
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath  
that not a sheephard takes delight to sing.  
who would not die when *Elphine* now is gone ?  
liuing that was the shepheards true delight.  
with whose blest spirit (attending him alone)  
virtue to heauen directly tooke her flight.  
Onely from fooles thou from the world didst fly,  
knowing the earth strange monsters forth should  
that should thy lasting poesy deny      (bring  
thy worth and honour rashly censuring :  
whilst thou aloft with glorious wings art borne  
singing with Angells in the gorgeous sky,  
laughing euen Kings, and their delights to skorn  
and all those sotts them idly deify.  
And learned shepheard thou to time shall liue  
when their greate names are vtterly forgotten  
And fame to thee eternity shall give  
when with their bones their sepulchers are rotte  
Nor mournefull Cipreffe nor sad widow yew  
about thy tombe to prosper shall bee seen  
but bay and mirtle which be euer new  
in spight of winter flourishing and greene.  
Summers longſt day shall shepheards not suffice  
to sit and tell full storyes of thy prayſe  
Nor ſhall the longest winters night comprise

*The sixt Eglog.*

Their sighs for him the subiect of their layes,  
And gentle shepheards (as sure som there be)  
That liuing yet his vertues do inherit,  
Men from base enuy and detraction free,  
Of vpright harts and of as humble spirit :  
Thou that down from the goodly Western waste  
To drink at *Auon* driuest thy sunned sheep,  
Good *Melibeus*, that so wisely hast  
Guided the flocks deliuerner thee to keep ;  
Forget not *Elphin*, and thou gentle swayne,  
That dost thy pipe by siluer *Douen* sound,  
*Alexis* that dost with thy flocks remaine  
Far off within the *Calydonian* grounde,  
Be mindfull of that shepheard that is dead,  
And thou to long that I to pipe haue taught,  
Vnhappy *Rowland* that from me art fled :  
And fetst ould *Winken* and his words at naught ;  
And like a gracelesse and vntutord lad,  
Art now departed from my aged fight,  
And needly to southern fields wilt gad,  
Where thou dost live in thristlesse vayn delight.  
Thou wanton boy, as thou canst pype awell,  
As any he, a bagpipe that doth beare,  
Still let thy *Rownds* of that good shepheard tel,  
To whom thou hast been euermore so deare :  
*Many* you seeming to excell in famie,  
And say as they that none can pipe so hie,  
Scorning welneare a shepheards simple name,  
So puf'd and blown with worldly vanity :  
These if an aged man may vmpire be

Whose

*The sext Eglog.*

Whose pypes are wellneer worn out of his hand,  
For all the skill, that in their songes they see,  
Scarce reach the height wheron his prayses stand  
and all those toyes that vainly you allure,  
Shall in the end no other guerdon haue,  
But liuing shall you mickle woe procure  
And lastly bring you to an vnknown graue.  
Then gentle shepheards where so ere you rest,  
In hill or dale how euer that you be,  
Whether with loue or worldly care opprest,  
Or be you bond, or happily be free :  
The closing euening ginning to be dark,  
When as the small birds sing the Sun to sleepe,  
You fould your lambs : or with the early Larke  
Vnto the fayre fields driue your harmlesse sheep,  
Still let your pipes be busied in his prayse,  
Vntill your flocks be learnt his losse to know,  
And tatling Echo many sundry wayes,  
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

*Winken.*

Cease shepheard cease, frō further plaints refrayn  
See but of one, how many do arise,  
That by the tempest of my troubled braine  
The floods already swelling vp myne eies,  
And now the fun beginneth to decline :  
Whilst we in woes the time away do weare,  
See where yon little moping lamb of myne,  
It selfe hath tangled in a crawling brear.



## *The seauenth Eglog.*

*Batte.*

**B**orrill why sittest thou musing in thy Coate  
like dreaming *Merlin* in his drovvfy cell  
with too much learning doth the shepheard doat?  
or art enchanted with sum magick spel?

*A* hermets life, or meanst thou to professe?  
or to thy beades, fall like an anchoresse?

See how faire *Flora* decks our fields with flowers,  
& cloths our groues in gawdy fumers green  
And wanton *Ver* distils her selfe in showres  
to hasten *Ceres* haruests hallowed Queene,  
far of that in her yellow robe appeares,  
Crowning ful summer with her ripened ears.

now sheepheards lay they r winter weeds awaye  
and in neate Lackkets minsen on the playnes,  
and at the riuers fishen daye by daye  
now who fo frolick as the sheepheards swains  
why listh thou heere then in thy loathsome  
like as a man put quick into his graue? (caue,

*Borrill.*

*Batte* my coate from tempest standeth free  
when stately towers been often shak'd with wind  
and wilt thou Batte come and fit with me  
the happy life heere shalt thou onely find,  
free

*The seuaenth Eglog.*

free from the worlds vile & in constant qualms  
and herry Pan with orizons and almes.

And scorne the crow'd of such as cog for pence  
and waste their wealth in finfull brauerye  
whose gaine is losse, whose thrift is lewd expēce  
content to liue in goulden flauery,

wondring at toyes as foolish worldlings doone  
like to the dog that barketh at the moone.

Heere mayſt thou range the goodly plesant field  
and ſearch out ſimples to procure thy heale,  
what ſundry vertues, fondry hearbs do yeeld,  
gaintſ greefe which may thy ſheep or thee affaile  
heere mayſt thou hunt the little harmleſſe hare  
or laugh t'intrap falſe Raynard in a ſnare,

or if thee pleafe in antique Romants reed  
of gentle Lords and Ladys that of yore  
in forraine lands did many a famous deed  
and beene renown'd from eaſt to westerne ſhore,  
or ſhepheards ſkil i'th course of heauen to know  
whē this starre falls when that it ſelf doth ſhow.

ſhepheards theſ things been al to coy for me  
whoſe youth is ſpent in iolity and mirth,  
ſyke hidden arts been better fitting thee,  
whoſe dayes are fast declyning to the earth,  
mayſt thou ſuppoſe that I ſhall ere endure  
to follow that noe pleasure can procure?

theſe beene for ſuch them votarye doe make  
and do accept the mantle and the ring,  
and the long night continually doe wake  
muſing, thēſelues how they to heauen may bring,  
that

*The seventh Eglog.*

that whisper still of sorow in their bed,  
and do despise both loue and lustyhead.

Like to the cur with anger welnear wood,  
who makes his kennell in the oxes stall,  
and snarleth when he feeth him take his food :  
and yet his chaps can chew no hay at all,  
*Borrill*, euen so it with thy state doth fare,  
and with all those that such like wisards are.

*Borrill.*

Sharp is the thorne, foone I perceue by thee,  
Bitter the blossome when the fruit is sowr,  
and early crookd that will a camock be ;  
Lowd is the wind before a stormy showr  
Pitty thy wit should be so much misled,  
and thus ill guided by a giddy head.

Ah foolish elfe, I at thy madnes greeue,  
That art abus'd by thy lewd braynfick will,  
those hidden bayts that canst not yet perceauue,  
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,  
thou thinkstall gould, that hath a goulden showr  
But art deceau'd, and that J truely know.

Such one art thou, as is the little flie,  
who is so crowfe and gamefom with the flame,  
Till with her busnes and her nicity,  
Her nimble wings are scorched with the same :  
then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,  
and in the fire doth singe her mourning cote.

*Batte*

*The seauenth Eglog.*

*Batle.*

Alas good man, thou now beginst to rauue,  
thy wittes do erre and misse the cushion quite.  
Because thy head is gray, and words be graue,  
thou thinkst thereby to draw me from delight ;

    tush J am young, nor sadly can J sit,  
    But must do all that youth and loue befit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,  
whilst I am swift and nimble as the Roe,  
thou like a bird, art shut vp in a cage,  
and in the fields J wander to and fro ;

    thou must do penance for thy ould misdeedes,  
    on the worlds ioyes, the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let,  
For why my fancy straineth me so sore,  
That day and night my mind is wholly set,  
How to enioy and please my paramore :

    Only on loue, J set my whole delight,  
    the summers day, and all the winters night.

That prety *Cupid* little god of loue,  
whose imped wings with spekled plumes be dight  
who woundeth men below and gods aboue,  
Rouing at randon with his fethered flight ;  
    whilst louely *Venus* stands to gie the aym  
    smiling to see her wanton *Bantlings* game.

Vpon my staffe his statue will I carue,  
His bow and quiver on his winged back,  
His forked heads for such as them deserue,

And

*The seauenth Eglog.*

and not of his one implemet shall lack  
and in her *Coche faire Cypria* set aboue  
*Drawne* with a fwanne, a sparowe, & a douse,  
and vnder them *Thisbe* of Babilon  
with *Cleopatra* Egypts cheeefe renown,  
Phillis that died for loue of *Demophon*  
and louely *Dido* Queene of *Carthage* Town :  
who euer held god *Cupids* lawes so deare  
to whom we offer sacrifice each yeare,

*Borrill.*

A willfull Boy thy folly now J finde  
and it is hard a fooles talk to endure,  
thou art as deafe as thy poore god is blind,  
such as the faintest such is the feruiture  
then of this loue wilt please thee heere a song,  
that's to the purpofe, though it be not longe ?

*Batte.*

Borrill sing on I pray thee let vs heare,  
that J may laughe to see thee shake thy beardē  
But take heed sheperd that thy voice be cleere  
or (by my hood) thou'l make vs all afeard  
or tis a doubt that thou wilt frighte our flockes  
when they shall heare thee bark so like a fox.

*Borrill.*

**N**ow fyē upon thee wayward loue,  
woe to Venus which did nurse thee  
*heauen*

*The seauenth Eglog.*

heauen and earth thy plagues doe proue  
gods and men haue cause to curse thee,  
what art thou but extreamest madnesse  
natures first and only error,  
that consumest our daies in sadnesse  
by the minds Continuall terror :  
walking in Cymerian blindnesse  
in thy courses voy'd of reason.  
Sharp reprooche thy only kindnesse  
in thy trust the highest treason  
both the nymph and ruder fauaine,  
vexing with continuall anguish  
which doft make the ould complaine  
and the young to pyne and languishe,  
who thee keepes his care doth nurse  
that seducest all to folly,  
blessing bitterly doest curse  
tending to destruction wholly.  
Thus of thee as I began  
so againe I make an end  
neither god neither man,  
neither fauery, neither feend.

Batte

*The seauenth Eglog.*

though in thy words therē be noe witte at all  
and for the wronge that thou to loue hast done ]  
I will reuenge it and deferre noe time  
and in this manner as thou haſt begon  
*I will recite thee a substancyall ryme*  
that to thy teeth ſufficiently ſhall prooue  
there is no power to be compard to loue.

*Borrill.*

Come on good Boye I pray thee let vs heare  
much will be faide, and neuer a whitte the neare.

*Batte.*

**W**HAT is Loue but the desire  
of the thing that fancy pleafeth ?  
A holy and refiſleſſe fier  
weake and ſtrong alike that ceaſeth,  
which not heauen hath power to let  
Nor wife nature cannot ſmother,  
whereby Phœbus doth begette  
on the vniuersall mother.  
that the everlasting Chaine  
which together al things tied,  
and unmooued them retayne  
and by which they ſhall abide :  
that conuent we cleerely find  
all things doth together drawe,  
and ſo ſtrong in euyer kinde

*ſubiects*

*The seauenth Eglog.*

*subiects them to natures law.  
whose hie virtue number teaches  
in which cucry thing dooth moone,  
from the lowest depth that reaches  
to the height of heauen aboue :  
harmony that wisely found  
when the cunning hand doth strike  
whereas euery amorous sound  
sweetly marryes with his like.  
the tender cattell scarcely take  
from their damm's the feelds to proue,  
but ech seeketh out a make,  
nothing liues that doth not loue :  
not soe much as but the plant  
as nature every thing doth payre,  
by it if the male it want  
doth dislike and will not beare :  
nothing then is like to loue  
in the which all creatures be  
from it nere let me remooue  
nor let it remooue from me.*

*Borrill.*

Remoue from thee alas poore silly lad  
to soone shalt thou be weary of thy guest,  
For where he rules no reason can be had,  
that is an open enemy to rest,

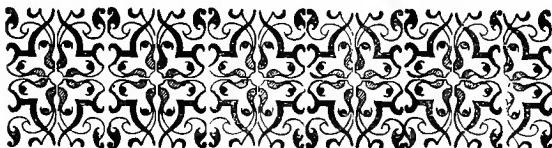
I greeue to thinke ere many years be spent,  
How much thou shalt thy time in loue repent.

*Batte.*

*The seauenth Eglog.*

Battelle

Gramercy *Borrill* for thy compayne  
for al thy Iestes and all thy merry boords,  
vpon thy Judgement much I shall rely,  
because *I* finde fuch wifdome in thy words  
would *J* might watch when euer thou doft warde  
so much thy loue and frindship I regarde.



## *The eight Eglog.*

Perkin.

IT ioyes me *Gorbo* yet we meet at last,  
tis many a month since J the shepheard fawe,  
me thinks thou lookst as thou wert much agast  
what ist so much that should thy courage awe?  
what man haue patience, welth wil come & go  
And to the end the world shall eb and flow.

The valiat man whose thoughts be firmly placed  
and fees somtime how fortune list to rage,  
that by her frownes he would not be disgraced,  
by wisdome his straignt actions so doth gadge  
That when she fawns, & turns her squinting eye  
He laughes to scorne her loose inconstancy.

### *The 8 Eglog:*

that like the swine on drafte sets his desire,  
feeling the tempest, sadly layes him downe  
whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire :  
yet tasting weale the beast will quickly bray,  
but feeling woe as soone consumes away.

Gorbo.

*Perkin J thy Philofophy approue  
and know who well is leard her sacred wayes,  
the stormes of fortune not fo easly mooue  
with her high preceps armd at all affiaies,  
when other folke her force may not endure.  
Becaufe they want that med'cine for their cure  
Yet altogether blamb'd let me not passe  
though often I, and worthily admire,  
wisenemen disgraced, and the barbarous asse  
vnto high place and dignity aspire :  
what should I say ? that fortune is to blame,  
or vnto what should I impute the shame.*

Perkin.

Why she is queene heere of this world belowe  
that at her pleasure all things dooth dispose,  
and blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestowe,  
yet where the rayfes still she ouerthrows  
Therefore her embleme is a turning wheele  
frō whose hy top the hy soonſt downward reel  
Gauē shee her gifts to vertuous mē & wife  
she

### *The Eight Eglog.*

She should confirme this worldly state so sure,  
that very babes her godhead would despise,  
Nor longer here her gouernment endure :  
Besf the may glie from whome the euer takes,  
Fooles she may marre, for fools she euer makes.

For her own sake we wisedom must esteeme,  
And not how other basely her regard,  
For howsoere disgraced she doth seem,  
Yet she her own is able to reward,  
and none are so essentially hie,  
as thofe that on her bounty do relie.

Gorbo.

O but good shepheard tell me where ben they,  
that as a god did vertue so adore ?  
and for her impes did with such care puruey,  
ah but in vaine, their want we do deplorē,  
Long time since swadled in their winding sheet  
and she I thinke is buried at their feete.

Perkin.

Nay stay good *Gorbo* virtue is not dead,  
Nor ben hir friends gon al that wonned here,  
But to a nymph for succour she is fled,  
which her doth cherish, and most holdeth deare,  
In her sweet bosome she hath built her neast,  
And from the world there doth shee liue at rest.  
This is that nymph on that great western VVast,  
her

*The Eight Eglog.*

Her flocks far whiter then the driuen snow,  
Fayrshepherdesse, cleer *Willies* banks that grac'd, A riuere  
Yet she them both for purenes doth outgoe : running  
to whom all Shepheards dedicate their layes, by Wilton  
and on her aultars offer vp their bayes. neere to  
the plaine of Salifbury.

Sister somtime she to that shepheard was,  
that yet for piping neuer had his peere,  
*Elphin* that did all other fwayus furpaffe,  
to whom she was of liuing things most deare,  
and on his deathbed by his lateſt will,  
to her bequeath'd the ſcrets of his ſkill.

*Gorbo.*

May wee yet hope then in their weaker kind,  
that there be ſome, poor ſhepheards that reſpect,  
the world els vniuersally inclind  
to ſuch an incoſiderate neglect,  
and the rude times their ordurous matter fling  
Into their ſacred and once hallowed ſpring.

Women be weake, and ſubieet moſt to chaunge,  
Nor long to any can they ſtedfaſt be,  
and as their eyes their minds do euer range,  
with every obieet varying that they fee :  
thinkſt thou in them that poſſibly can liue,  
which nature moſt denyeth them to giue ?

So once *Selena* ſeemed to regard,  
that faithfull *Rowland* her ſo highly prayfed,  
and did his trauell for a while reward,  
As his estate ſhe purpoſ'd to haue rayfed,

But

*The 8 Eglog.*

But soone she fled him and the swaine defyses,  
Ill is he sted that on such faith relies.

And to deceitefull *Cerberon* she cleaves  
that beastly clowne to vile of to be spoken,  
and that good shepheard wilfully she leavues  
and falsly al her promises hath broken,  
and al those beautyes whilom that her graced,  
with vulgar breath perpetually defaced.

what dainty flower yet euer was there found  
whose smell or beauty mighte the fence delight  
wherewith *Eliza* when she liued was crowned  
in goodly chapplets he for her not dighte (them  
which became withered soone as ere shee ware  
So ill agreeing with the brow that bare them.

Let age sit soone and vgly on her brow,  
no sheepheards prafes liuing let her haue  
to her last end noe creature pay one vow  
nor flower be strew'd on her forgotten graue.

And to the last of all deuouring tyme  
nere be her name remembred more in rime.

Noe other is the stedsastnes of those  
on whome euē nature wills vs to rely  
frayle is it that the Elements compose  
such is the state of all mortality,

That as the humor in the blood doth mooue  
Lastly do hate, what lately they did loue  
So did greate *Olon* which a *Phoebus* seem'd  
whome al good shepheards gladly flockd about  
and as a god of *Rowland* was esteem'd  
vwhich to his prayse drue al the rurall rout

for

*The Eight Eglog.*

For after *Rowland* as it had been *Pan*,  
Onely to *Olcon* euery shepheard ran.

But he forsakes the heardgroom and his flocks,  
Nor of his bagpipes takes at all no keep,  
But to the sterne wolfe and deceitfull fox,  
Leaues the poor shepheard and his harmles sheep  
And all those rymes that he of *Olcon* fung,  
The swayn disgrac'd, participate his wrong.

*Perkin.*

Then since the worlds distemperature is fuch,  
And man made blind with her deceitfull shew,  
Small virtue in their weaker sex is much,  
And to it in them much the Muses owe,  
And praysing some may happily inflame,  
Others in time with liking of the fame.

As those two sisters most discreetly wife,  
That vertues hefts religioufly obey,  
VVhose prayse my skill is wanting to comprize,  
theld'ft of which is that good *Panape*

In shady *Arden* her deare flocke that keepes, A riuer in  
VVher mornfull *Ankor* for her sicknes weepes. the con-  
fines of

The yonger then her sister not leffe good,  
Bred where the other lastly doth abide,  
modest *Idea* flower of womanhood,  
that *Rowland* hath so highly deified :

Whom *Phæbus* daughters worthily prefer,  
And give their gifts abundantly to her.

G

Dri-

Warwike  
& Leffer-  
shire in  
som parts  
deuiding  
the shires.

### *The eigth Eglog.*

A mount-  
tain neer  
Cotswold  
The vale  
of Eufshā,

Driuing her flocks vnto the fruitsfull *Meen*  
which dayly looks vpon the louely *Stower*,  
neer to that vale, which of all vales is queen,  
Lastly forsaking of her former bower :

And of all places houldeth *Cotswold deare*,  
which now is proud, because she liues it neere.

A part of  
Stafford-  
shire fa-  
mous for  
breeding  
chattell.

Then is deare *Siluia* one the best aliue,  
That once in *Moreland* by the siluer *Trent*,  
Her harmlesse flocks as harmlefly did driue,  
But now alured to the fields of *Kent*:

The faithfull nymph where euer that she wonn,  
That at this day, is liuing vnder sunne.

A riuier fal-  
ling at  
Dertford  
into the  
Thames.

Neer *Rauenburne* in Cotage low she lyes,  
There now content her calme repose to take,  
The perfect cleernes of whose louely eies,  
Oft hath inforc'd the shepheards to forfake  
their flocks and foilds, & on her set their keepe,  
yet her chaste thoughts still setled on her sheepe.

A forest  
in Lestfer-  
shire.

Then that deare nymphe that in the muses ioyes,  
By clifffy *Charnwood* with her flocks doth go,  
*Mirtilla*, sister to those hopefull boyes,  
My loued *Thirsis*, and sweet *Palmco*:

That oft to *Soar* the southern shepheards bring,  
Of whose clear waters they diuinely sing.

A riuier vn-  
der the  
fame  
forest.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,  
As none to her might brother be but they,  
Nor none a sister vnto them but she,  
To them for wit few like J dare will say :  
In them as nature trewly ment to shew,

How

*The eight Eglog.*

How neer the first she in the last should go.

*Gorbo.*

Shepheard, their prayse thou doſt ſo cleerly ſing,  
That euen when groues theyr nightingales ſhall  
Nor valleys heard with rurall notes to ring: (wāt,  
And euery where when ſhepheards ſhall be scant:  
Their names ſhall liue from memory vnrayfed,  
Of many a nymph and gentle ſhepherd Praifed



*The ninth Eglog.*

Late t'was in June the fleece whē fully grown  
In the full compaffe of the paſſed year,  
The ſeafon wel by ſkilful ſhepheards known  
That them prouide immeadiatly to ſheare.

Their Lambs late wax'd ſo luſty and ſo ſtrong,  
that time did them theyr mothers teats forbide,  
and in the fields the common flockes among,  
Eat of the ſame graffe that the greater diſ.

Now not a ſhepherd any thing that could,  
G 2   But

*The ninth Eglog.*

But greazd his startvps black as *Autums* floe,  
and for the better credit of the Would  
In their fresh ruffets euery one doth go.

Who now a posie pins not in his cap :  
And not a garland Baldrick wise dooth weare ?  
Some, of such flowers as to his hand dooth hap,  
Others, such as a secret meaning beare :

He from his lasse him Lauander hath sent  
Shewing her Loue, and doth requitall craue  
Him Rosemary his sweethart, whose intent  
Is that he her should in remembrance haue.

Rofes his youth and strong desire expresse,  
her Sage doth shew his souerainty in all,  
the Iuly-flower declares his gentlenes,  
Tyme trueth, the Pansie Hartseas maydens call :

In cotes such simples simply in request,  
Wherwith proude courts in greatnes scorn to mel  
For country toyes become the cuntry best,  
and please poor shepheards and becom them wel

When the new washd flock from the riuers side,  
Comming as white as *Ianuaries* snow,  
the *Ram* with nosegayes beares his horns in pride  
and no lesse braue, the *Belwether* doth go.

After their fayr flocks in a lusty rowte, (blown,  
Came the Gay swayne with Bagpipes strongly  
and busied though this solemn sport about  
yet had eache one an eye vnto his own.

And by the auncient statutes of the field,

*He*

*The ninth Eglog.*

He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring  
(as it fell out now *Rowlands* charge to yeeld)  
Always for that yeare was the shepheards king.

And foon preparing for the shepheards Board,  
Vpon a green that curiouly was sward,  
VVith Country cates that plentifully stoard :  
and gainst their comming hansomly prepard.

New whig, with water from the clereſt ſtreame  
Green plums, and wildings, Cherries chief of eaſt  
Fresh cheſe, & dowſets, Curds & clowted cream  
Spice Syllibubs, and Syder of the beſt :

And to the fame downe ſolemny they ſit,  
In the fresh shadow of their ſummer Bowers,  
With fondry sweets which every way to fit,  
which neighboring vale not ſpoiled of her flowrs

And whilſt together mery thus they make,  
The Sunne to West a little gan to leane,  
Which the late feruor, foon agayn did flake,  
when as the nymphs came forth vpon the plain.

Here might you many a ſhepherdiffe haue ſeenē,  
Of which no place as *Cotwold* ſuch doth yeeld,  
Some of it natvie, ſome for loue I ween,  
Thether were come from many a fertill field.

There was the widows daughter of the *Glen*,  
Deare *Rosalyn*, that ſcarſely brook'd compare,  
The *Moreland* mayden, fo admyr'd of men,  
Bright *Gouldy-locks*, and *Phillida* the fayre.

*Lettice* and *Parnell* prety louely peats,

Cufſe

*The 9 Eglog*

*Cuffe of the Fould, the Virgine of the well  
fayre Anbrie with the alablafter Teats,  
and more whose names were heere to long to tell*

Which now came forward following their sheep  
their Batning flocks on grassy leaes to houlde  
thereby from skathe, and perill them to keepe  
till euening come that it were time to foulde.

when now at last as lik'd the shepheards King  
(at whose commaund they all obedient were)  
was poynted who the Roundelay shouold singe  
and who againe the vndersong should beare

The first whereof he *Batte* doth bequeath  
A wittier wag on all the world's not found  
*Gorbo* the man, that him shouold sing beneath  
which his lowd Bagpipe skilfully should found.

when amongst all the nimphs that wear in sight  
his best beloued Daffadill he mis'd,  
which to enquire of doing all his might  
whome his companyon kindly doth assist.

*Batte.*

**G**O R B O as thou cam'ſt this waye  
by yonder little hill  
or as thou through the fields didſt ſtraye  
ſawſt thou my Daffadill?

*Shee's in a frock of Lincolne greene  
the colour maides delight  
and neuer hath her beauty ſeen*

*but*

*The ninth Eglog.*

*but through a vale of white.*

*Then Roses richer to behold  
that trim vp louers bowers,  
The Pansy and the Marigould  
tho Phcebus Paramours.*

Gorbo. *Thou well describ'st the Daffadill  
it is not full an hower  
since by the spring neare yonder hill  
I saw that louely flower.*

Batte. *Yet my faire flower thou didst not meet,  
Nor news of her didst bring,  
And yet my Daffadill more sweete,  
Then that by yonder spring.*

Gorbo. *I saw a shepheard that doth keepe  
In yonder field of Lillies,  
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)  
A wreathe of Daffadillies.*

Batte. *Yet Gorbo thou delud'st me stil  
My flower thou didst not see,  
For know my pretie Daffadill  
Is worne of none but me.*

*To shew it selfe but neare her seate,  
No Lilly is so bould,  
Except to shade her from the heate,  
Or keepe her from the colde:*

Gorbo. *Through yonder vale as I did passe,  
Descending from the hill,  
I met a smering bony lasse,*

*they*

*The ninth Eglog.*

*They call her Daffadill :  
Whose presence as she went along,  
The pretty flowers did greet,  
As though their heads they downward bent,  
With homage to her feete.*

*And all the shepheards that were nie,  
From toppe of euery hill,  
Unto the vallies lowe did crie,  
There goes sweet Daffadill.*

Gorbo. *I gentle shepheard, now with ioy  
Thou all my flockes dost fill,  
That's she alone, kind shepheards boy,  
Let vs to Daffadill.*

The easie turnes and queyntnes of the song,  
And flight occasion whereupon t'was rayfed  
Not one this iolly company among,  
(as most could well iudge) hiely that not prayfed  
when *Motto* next with *Perkin* pay their debt,  
The *Moreland* maiden *Sylvia* that espied,  
From th'other nymphes a little that was fet,  
In a neer vally by a riuers side :

whose fourain flowers her sweetnes wel exprefd  
And honored sight a little them not mooued :  
To whom their song they reuerently addrefd  
Both as her louing, both of her beloued.

*Motto. Tell me thou skilfull shepheards swayne,  
Who's yonder in the vally set?*

*Perkin. O it is she whose sweets do stayne,  
the Lilly, Rose, or violet.*

*Motto*

*The ninth Eglog.*

Motto. *Why doth the Sunne against his kind  
stay his bright Chariot in the skies,*  
Perken. *He pawseth almost stroken blind,  
with gazing on her heauenly cies :*

Motto. *Why do thy flocks forbear their foode,  
which somtyme was their chiefe delight,*  
Perkin. *Because they neede no other good,  
that liue in presence of her sight :*

Motto. *How com these flowers to florish still,  
Not withering with sharpe winters breath ?*  
Perkin. *She hath robd nature of her skill,  
And comforts all things with her breath :*

Motto. *Why slide these brookes so slow away,  
As swift as the wild Roe that were,*  
Perkin. *O muse not shepheard that they stay,  
when they her heauenly voice do heare.*

Motto. *From whence com all these goodly swayns  
And louely nymphs attir'd in greene,*  
Perkin. *From gathering garlands on the playnes,  
to crowne thy Siluia shepheards queen.*

Motto. *The sun that lights this world below,  
Flocks, Brooks and flowers, can witnesse bear,*  
Perkin. *These shepheards, & these nymphs do know  
thy Sylua is as chaste, as fayre.*

Lastly it came vnto the clownish king,  
VVho to conclude this shepheards yearely feast,  
Bound as the rest his Roundelay to sing  
As all the other him were to assist.

VVhen

*The ninth Eglog.*

VVhen she (whome then, they little did expect,  
The dearest nimphe that euer kept in field)  
*Idea*, did her sober pace direct  
Towards them, with ioy that euery one beheld.

And whereas other draue their carefull keepe,  
Hers did her follow, duly at her will,  
For through her patience she had learnt her sheep  
VVhere ere she vvent to wait vpon her stille.

A milkewhite Doue vpon her hand she brought,  
So tame, t'would go, returning at her call,  
About whose neck, as in a choller wrought,  
Only like me, my mistris hath no gaule.

To whom her swaine (vnworthy though he were)  
Thus vnto her his Roundelay applies,  
to whom the rest the vnder part did beare,  
casting vpon her their still-longing eyes.

Rowland. *Of her pure eyes (that now is seen)*  
Chorus. *Help us to sing that be her faithful swaines*  
Row : *b she alone the shepheards Queen,*  
Cho : *Her flocke that leades,*  
*the goddesse of these medes,*  
*these mountaines and these plaines.*

Row : *Those eyes of hers that are more cleere,*  
Cho : *Then silly shepheards can in song expresse,*  
Row : *Then be his beams that rules the yeare,*  
Cho : *Fy on that prayse,*  
*In stirring things to rayse:*  
*that doth but make them lesse.*

*that*

*The ninth Eglog.*

Row : *That doe the flowery spring prolong,*  
Cho. : *So much the earth doth in her presence ioy,*  
Row : *And keeps the plenteous summer young :*  
Cho : *And doth affwage,*  
*the wrathfull winters rage,*  
*that would our flocks destroy.*

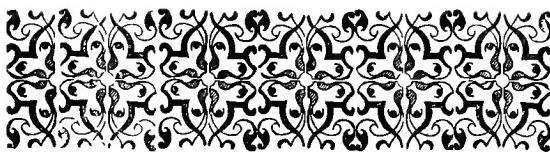
Row : *Ioue saw her brest that naked lay,*  
Cho : *A sight alone was fit for Ioue to see :*  
Row : *And swore it was the milkie way,*  
Cho : *Of all most pure,*  
*The path (we vs assyre)*  
*Vnto Ioues court to be.*

Row : *He saw her tresses hanging downe.*  
Cho : *That too and fro were mooued with the ayre,*  
Row : *And sayd that Ariadnes crowne,*  
Cho : *With thase compar'd :*  
*The gods shoulde not regard*  
*Nor Berenices hayre.*

Row : *When she hath watch'd my flockes by night,*  
Cho : *O happie were the flockes that she did keepe:*  
Row : *They neuer needed Cynthia's light,*  
Cho : *that joone gaue place,*  
*Amazed with her grace :*  
*That did attend thy sheepe.*

Row : *Aboue where heauens lie glorious are,*  
Cho : *When as she shall be placed in the skies,*  
Row : *She shall be calld the shepheards starre,*  
Cho : *And euermore,*  
*We shepheards will adore,*  
*Her setting and her rife.*

*The tenth Eglog.*



*The tenth Eglog.*

VVhat time the weary wetherbeaten sheep,  
to get them fodder hie them to the fould  
And the poore Heards that lately did them keep,  
Shuddred with keennes of the winters cold,  
The groues of their late sumer pryd forlorne,  
In mossy mantles sadly now did mourn.

That silent time, about the vpper world  
*Phæbus* had forc'd his fiery-footed Teame,  
And downe againe the steepe *Olimpus* whurld,  
To wash his chariot in the Western streame,  
In nights black shade when *Rowland* all alone,  
thus him complains his fellow shepheards gon.

You flames quoth he, wherewith thou heauen art  
that me (alive) the wofulst creature view, (dight  
You whose aspects haue wroght me this dispight  
And me with hate yet ceaslesly pursue,

From whom too long I taried for relieve,  
Now aske but death, that onely ends my grieve.

Yearly my vowed ô heauens haue I not payd  
Of

*The tenth Eglog.*

Of the best fruits and firstlings of my flock ?  
And oftentimes haue bitterly inuayde,  
Gaint them you irreligiously did mock ?

O who shall euer giue what is your due,  
If mortall man be vprighter then you ?

If the deepe sighs of an afflicted breast,  
Orewhelm'd with forow, or the'rected eies  
(Of a poor wretch with miseries opprest)  
For whose complaynts tears neuer could suffice,  
Haue not the power your deityes to moue,  
Who shall ere looke for succour from aboue?

O night how still obsequious haue I been,  
to thy flowe silence whispering in thyne eare,  
that thy pale soueraign often hath bin seen  
Stay to behold me sadly from her spheare,  
Whilst the slow minutes duly I haue tould,  
With watchfull eyes attending on my fould.

How oft by thee the solitary swayne,  
Breathing his passion to the early spring,  
Hath left to heare the Nightingale complaine,  
Pleasing his thoughts alone to heare me sing :  
the nimpes forsooke their places of abode,  
to heare the sounds that from my musick flowd

To purge their springs and sanctifie their grounds  
The simple sheapheards learned Jthe meane  
and souerayn simples to their vfe I found,  
Their teeming ewes to help when they did yean  
Which when again in summer time they share,  
Their

*The tenth Eglog.*

their wealthy fleece my conning did declare.

In their warm coats whilst they haue soûdly slept  
and pas'd the night in many a pleasant Bower,  
on the Bleak mountains I their flocks haue kept  
and bid the Brunt of many a cruel showr,  
vvarring with Beasts in safety mine to keep  
so true was J and carefull of my sheep.

Fortune and time why tempted you me soorth  
with those your flattering promises of grace  
fickle so falſfly to abuse my worth,  
and thou to fly me whome I did imbrace,  
both that at firſt encourag'd my desire  
Lastly against me lewdly doe conſpire

Or nature didſt that prodigally waste  
thy gifts on me infortunateſt fwayne,  
onely thereby to haue thy ſelſe diſgrac'd  
vertue in me why was thou plac'd in vaine,  
if to the world predeſtined a pray,  
thou weart to good to haue beene caſt awaye.

Thers not a groue the wondreth not my woe  
nor not a riuier weepes not at my tale,  
I heere the Echos (wandring to and fro)  
refound my greefe through euery hill and dale  
the Birds and beasts yet in their ſimple kind  
lament for me, no pitty else that find.

None elſe there is giues Comfort to my greefe  
nor my mishaps amended with my mone  
when heauen and earth hath ſhutte vp all releefe,  
nor care auailles what cureleſſe now is growne

And

*The tenth Eglog.*

And teares I find do bring no other good  
But as new showers increase the rising floud.

When on an ould tree vnder which ere now,  
He many a merry Roundelay had sung,  
Vpon a leaueleffe canker-eaten Bow,  
His well-tun'd bagpipe carelesly he hung :  
And by the fame, his sheephooke once of price,  
that had been caru'd with many a rare deuice.

He calld his dog, (that somtime had the prayse)  
*Whitefoote*, well known to all that kept the plaine  
that many a wolfe had werried in his days,  
A better cur, there neuer followed fvvain.

Which though as he his masters forovvs knew,  
Wag'd his cut tayle his wretched plight to rue.

Poor cur quoth he, and him therewith did stroke,  
Go to our coat, and there thy selfe repose,  
thou with thine age, my hart with forow broke,  
Be gone ere death my restles eyes do close,  
the time is come, thou must thy master leaue,  
VVhō the vile world shall neuer more deceaue.

VVith foulde arms thus hanging down his head  
He gaue a groane his hart in funder cleft,  
And as a stone alreadye feemed dead,  
Before his breath was fully him bereft :  
the faithfull swayne, here lastly made an end,  
VVhom all good shepheards euer shall defend.

*The*



## *The man in the Moone.*

OF all the tales that euer haue been tould  
By homely shepheards lately or of ould,  
The *mooned man* althogh the last in place  
Yet not the least, And thus besell the case.  
It was the time when (for their good estate)  
the thankfull shepheards yearely celebrate  
A feast, and bonefires on the vigils keepe  
Vnto great *Pan* preferuer of their sheepe :  
VVhich whilst in high solemnity they spend,  
Lastly the long day grew vnto an end :  
when as by night with a deuout intent,  
about the fields religiously they went,  
with halowing charms the *Werwolf* thēce to fray,  
that them and theirs awayted to betray.  
And now the sunne neare halse his course had run  
Vnder the earth, when comming euery one  
Back to the place where vsually they met,  
and on the ground together being set :  
It was agreed to passe away the time,  
that som one shepheard shold rehearste som ryme :  
*Long as they could their drowsing harts to glad,*  
*Blame not poor swayns, thoughly inly they wer sad*

*For*

Men by  
forcery  
turning  
thēselues  
into  
wolves.

### *The man in the Moone.*

For som amongst them perfectly there knew,  
That the sad tymes were shortly to ensue,  
When they of all the sorts of men neglected,  
In barren fields should wander vnrespected.  
For carefull shepheards that do watch by night,  
Jn the vast ayr see many a fearfull fight :  
From whose obseruance they do wisely gather,  
The change of tymes as well as of the weather.  
But whilst they stroue this story who should tell,  
Amongst the rest to *Rowlands* lot it fell  
By generall voyce, in time that now was grown  
So excellent, that scarce there had bin known  
Him that exceld in piping or in song,  
When not a man the company among  
That was not silent, now the goodly moon  
Was in the full, and at her nighted noon  
Showd her greatest glory, shining now so bright  
Quoth *Rowland* she that gently lends vs light  
Shall be our subiect, and her loue alone,  
Born to a shepheard wife *Endimion*.  
Somtime on *Latmus* that his flock did keep,  
Rapted that was in admiration deep  
Of her perfections, that he vf'd to ly,  
All the long night contemplating the fky  
At her hie beauties : often of his store,  
As to the god he only did adore :  
Did sacrifice : she perfect in his loue,  
For the high gods inthronised aboue :  
From their cleer mansions playnly to behould,  
All that frayl man doth on this groffer mould :

A mountayne of Ionia : where *Endimion* is fayned to haue enjoyed the moon

*The man in the Moone.*

For whom bright *Cinthia* gliding from her speare,  
Vfed oft tymes to recreate her there :  
That oft her want vnto the world was strange,  
Fearing that heauen the wōted course wold chāge  
And *Phæbus* her oft missing did inquire,  
If that elsewhere she borrowed other fire :  
But let them do, to crosse her what they could,  
Downe vnto *Latmus* euery month shee would.  
So that in heauen about it there was ods  
And as a question troubled all the gods,  
VVhether without their generall consent  
She might depart, but nathl'lesse to preuent  
Her lawleffe course they labored all in vayne,  
Nor could their lawes her liberty restrayn,  
For of the seauen since she the lowest was,  
Vnto the earth naught hindred her to passe :  
Before the rest of which she had the charge  
No lesse her power as in the waters large :  
*From* her deriuing naturally their source,  
Besides she being swiftest in her course  
Of all the planets, therefore him defies  
That her, her ancient liberty denies.  
That many a time apparelled in greene,  
Arm'd with her dart she hunteſlike was feen :  
Her hayre tuck'd vp in many a curious pleate,  
Somtime in fields found feeding of her neate  
A country maiden, then amongst the swaynes  
A ſhepherdiffe, ſhe kepeth on the playnes ;  
Yet no diſguife her deity could ſmother,  
So far in beauty ſhe excelled other :

ſuch

*The man in the Moone.*

Such was the virtue of the world that then,  
The Gods did vse t'accompany with men  
In humane shapes, descending from their powers,  
Often were seen in homely shepheards bowers.  
But he her course that studied still to know,  
Muse not though oft he malcontent did goe,  
Seldom in one state that her euer found,  
Horned somtime, now halfeac'd, and then round *Pro vario*  
Shining on that part then another more *ad solem*  
Then there most darkned, where most light before *aspectu*  
Now all night shining, now a peece and then *varias in-*  
Obserues the day, and in her course agen *duit*  
*figuras.*  
Somtime to South, then Northward she doth stirre  
Him so amazing he supposeth, *hir*,  
Vayne and vnconstant, now her selfe t'attyrr  
And helpe her beauties with her brothers fire,  
When most of all accomplish'd is her face,  
A sudden darknes doth her quite disgrace.  
VVhen as the earth by nature cold and dry,  
By the much grofnesse and obscurity,  
whose globe exceeds her compasse being fixt,  
*Her* surface and her brothers beames betwixt :  
when in the shadow she doth hap to fall,  
Forceth her darknes to be generall ;  
That he resolu'd she euer would be strange,  
Yet marking well he found vpon her change,  
Iff that her brow with bloudy red were staynd  
Tempests soon after, and if black, it raynd :  
By his obseruance that he well discerned,  
that frō her course things greater might be learned

*H 2*

*whilst*

*The man in the Moone.*

VVhilft that his brayne he busied yet doth keepe,  
Now from the splene the melancholy deep,  
Perceth the vayns, and like a raging flood,  
Rudely it felse extending through the blood,  
Appaulls the spirits denying their defence  
Vnto the organs, when as euery sence  
Ceaseth the office, then the laboring mind  
Strongest in that which all the powers doth bind  
striues to hy knowledge, being in this plight  
Now the suns sister mistris of the night,  
His sad desires long languishing to cheare,  
Thus at the last on *Latnus* doth appeare.  
Her brothers beames inforc'd to lay aside,  
*Her* self for his sake seming to diuide.  
For had she come appareld in her light,  
Then should the swayn haue perish'd in her sight:

The exal-  
tation of  
the Moon  
in Taurus  
therefore  
not impro-  
perly said  
to ride vp  
on a Bull.

Vpon a Bull as white as milke she rode,  
VVhich like a huntres brauely she bestrode,  
Her brow with beauty gloriously repleat,  
her countnance louely with a swelling teat ;  
Gracing her broad brest curiously inchaist  
With branched vayns all bared to the waft.  
Ouer the same she ware a vapour thin,  
Thorough the which her clear and dainty skin,  
To the behoulder amiably did shew,  
Like Damask roses lightly clad in snow.  
Her bow and quiuier at her back behind,  
That easly mouing with the wanton wind,  
made a soft rustling, such as you do hear,  
Amongst the reeds som gliding riuier near,

when

*The man in the Moone.*

When the fierce *Boreas* thorough them doth ryde  
Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide ;  
Which breath, her mantell amorously did swell,  
*From her straight shoulders carelely that fell,*  
Now here, now there, now vp and down that flew  
Of sundry colours, wherin you might view  
A sea that somwhat straytned by the land,  
Two furious tydes rafe their ambitious hand  
One againt the other, warring in their pride  
Like two fond worldlings that themselues deuide :  
For some flight trifle, opposite in all,  
Till both together ruined they fall.  
Som comming in, som out againe do go,  
And the same way, and the same wind doth blow  
Both sayles their course each labouring to prefer,  
By the hand of eithers helpfull mariner :  
Outragious tempest shipwracks ouerspred,  
All the rude *Neptune*, whilst that pale fac'd dread  
Ceafeth the shipboy that his strength doth put,  
The ancored cable presently to cut.  
All aboue bord the sturdy *Eolous* cast  
Into the wyde seas whilst on plancks and masts  
Som say to swim, and there you might behould,  
Whilst the rude waters eniuously did scould,  
Others vpon a promontory hie  
Thrusting his bleu top to the bleuer sky :  
Loking vpon those lost vpon the seas,  
Like worldly rich men that do sit at ease  
Whilst in this vayn world others liue in strife,  
VVarring with forow euery where so ryse :

And

*The man in the Moon.*

And oft amongst the monsters of the mayne  
their horrid foreheads through the billows strain  
Jnto the vast aer, driuing on their brests  
the troubled waters that so ill disgests  
Their sway, that it them eniuously affailes,  
*Hanging with white iawes on their marble scales;*  
And in another inland part agen,  
were springs, lakes, riuers, marshes and fen,  
wherein all kinds of water fowle did won  
Eche in their colours excellently don,  
The greedy seamaw fishing for the fry  
The hungry shell-fowle from whose rape doth flye  
th'unnumbred sholes, the *Mallard* there did feed  
The *Teale* and *Morecoot* raking in the weed,  
And in a creek where waters least did stir,  
Set from the rest the nimble *Didoper*:  
That comes and goes so quickly and so oft  
as seems at once both vnder and aloft:  
the iealous *Swan* there swimming in his pride,  
with his arch'd breast the waters did deuide  
His fayly wings him forward strongly pushing,  
against the billowes with such fury rushing  
as from the same a some so white arose,  
as seem'd to mock the brest did them oppose:  
and here and there the wandring ey to feed  
Oft scattered tufts, of bulrushes and reed  
segs, long leau'd willow on whose bending spray,  
the pide *kings-fisher* hauing got his pray,  
sat with the small breath of the water shaken,  
till he deuourd the fish that he had taken.

the

## *The man in the Moone.*

*The man in the Moon.*

The beds of Pearle wheron the gum did sleep,  
Cockles, broad scallops and their kind that keepe  
The precious feed which of the waters com,  
Som yet but thriving, when as other som  
More then the rest that strangely seem to swell,  
With the dear fruit that grew within the shell,  
Others agayn wide open that did yawn,  
And on the grauell spew'd their orient spawn :  
Thus he became amazed at her sight,  
Euen as a man is troubled at the light  
Newly awaked, and the white and red,  
VVith his eies twinckling gathered and fled :  
Like as a mirror to the sun oppof'd,  
VVithin the margent equally incloſ'd  
That being moued, as the hand directes  
It at one instant taketh and reflectes :  
For the affection by the violent heat,  
Forming it passion taketh vp the seat  
In the full hart, wherby the ioy or feare  
That it receiuess either by the ey or eare  
Still as the obiect altereth the mood,  
Ether atra&cts or forceth forth the blood :  
That from the chief part violently sent,  
In either kind therby is vehement ;  
VVhilſt the ſad ſhepherd in this wofull plignt  
Perplex'd, the goddeſſe with a longing ſight  
Him now beheld, for worshipped by men,  
The heauenly powers ſo likewife loue agen  
To ſhow themſelues and make their glory known  
And one day marking when he was alone

vnto

*The man in the Moone.*

Vnro him comming mildly him bespake :  
Quoth she, know shpheard only for thy sake,  
I first chose *Latmus* as the onely place  
Of my abode, and haue reful'd to grace  
My *Mænarus*, well known in euery coast  
To be the mount that once I loued most :  
And since alone of wretched mortalls thou,  
Hast labored first my wandring course to know ; *Endimion*  
first found  
out the  
course of  
the moon.  
To tymes succeeding thou alone shalt be,  
By whom my motion shall be taught quoth she :  
For those first simple that my face did mark,  
In the full brightnes suddenly made dark,  
Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,  
To be enchanted long did me suppose :  
with sounding brasfe me all the while did ply,  
The incantation thereby to vnty. *Tibul. ele-*  
*gia 8. Iuue-*  
*nal. saty. 6.*  
But to our purpose, when my mother went,  
The bright *Latona* (and her womb distent)  
with the great burden that by *Ioue* she bare,  
me and my brother, the great thundrers care : *Plutar. vi:*  
*Aemi.*  
whom floting *Delos* wandring in the mayn,  
From iealous *Iuno* hardly could contayn.  
Then much distref'd, and in a hard estate  
*Cæus* fayre daughter by our stepdames hate,  
Betwixt a Lawrell and an Olieve tree,  
Into the world did bring the Sun and me.  
VVhen I was born (as I haue heard her say)  
Nature alone did rest her on that day :  
In *Ioues* high house the gods assembled all,  
To whom he held a sumptuous festiuall. *Apollo &*  
*Phœbe,*  
fained to  
be the  
twins of  
*Jupiter &*  
*Latona.*  
*Vide Oui-*  
*dium li.*  
*Sexto meta-*  
*nor: et*  
*Pli: libro*  
*27: cap. 44.*

The

### *The man in the Moone*

The well wherein my mother bath'd me first  
Hath the hy virtue, that he shall not thirst,  
Theroft that drinks and hath the payn appeased,  
Of th'inward grieu'd and outwardly diseased :  
And being yong, the Gods that haunt the deep,  
Stealing to kis me softly layd to sleep :  
And hauing felt the sweetnes of my breath,  
missing me mourn'd and languished to death :  
The mighty rectres of this globe below  
And with my course the sea doth eb and flow :  
When from aloft my beames I oblique cast,  
Straightwayes it ebs, and floweth then as fast,  
Downward againe my motion when I make  
twice doth it swell twice euery day doth flake.  
Sooner or later shifting of the tide  
As far or neer my wandring course doth guide :  
that kindly moysture that doth life maintayn,  
In every creature proues how I do rayn.  
In fluxiue humor, which is euer found  
As I do wane or wax vnto my round ;  
those fruitles trees of victory and peace  
the Palm and Olieu still with my increase,  
Shute foorth new branches, and to tell my power,  
As my great brother so haue J a flower  
to me peculiar, that doth ope and close  
When as I rise, and when I me repose.  
No les then these that green and liuing be,  
the pretious Gems do sympathize with me  
As most that stome that doth the name derive  
From me, with me that lefneth or doth thriue,

dark-

*Secundum  
motum di-  
urnum sin-  
gulis die-  
bus bis  
fluens bis  
rifluens.*

*Selenetro-  
pium, the  
flower of  
the moon*

The Sele-  
nite of  
*σεληνη.*

*The man in the Moone*

Darkneth and shineth as I do her queen,  
And as in thefe, in beasts my power is seen.  
As he whose grim face all the lesser feares  
the cruell Panther on his shoulder beares  
A spot that dayly doeth as J doo,  
and as that creature me affe~~teth~~ too  
Jt whose deep craft scarce any creature can,  
seeming in reason to deuide with man,  
the nimble Babion mourning all the time,  
Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.  
The spotted Cat, whose sharp and subtile sight,  
Perceth the vapour of the blackest night,  
my want and fullnes in her ey doth find,  
so great am J and powfull in that kind  
as those great burgers of the forest wild,  
The Hart, the Goat, and he that slew the child  
Of wanton *Mirrha*, in their strength do know,  
the due obseruance nature doth me owe,  
and if thou think me heauenly not to be,  
that in my face thou often seemst to fee,  
a palenes, where thofe other in the sky  
appear so purely glorious in thyne ey:  
Thofe freckls thou supposest me disgrace,  
are thofe pure parts that in my louely face,  
By their so much tenuity do slight,  
my brothers beames assiting me with light,  
and keep that cleernes as doth me behoue,  
Of that pure heauen me set wherin to moue.  
my least spot seen vnto the earth so near,  
Wherfore that compasse that doth oft appeare.

*Cinocephalus*  
the Ba-  
bian, or  
Baboon.

*Adonis*  
slayne by a  
Bore.

*Partes lu-  
ne rariores  
& proin-  
de minus  
lucide.*

about

### *The man in the Moone.*

*The cause  
of that cir-  
cle which  
the Philo-  
call *Halo*,  
which we  
oft see  
about the  
moone.*

*Luna lumē  
habet con-  
genitum.*

*The lyne  
supposed  
to deuide  
the zodi-  
ake.*

About my body is the dampy mist  
From earth arising, striuing to resist  
The rayes my full orb plentiously projects  
On the grosse cloud, whose thicknes it reflects  
And mine own light about my selfe doth fling,  
In æquall parts in fashion of a ring ;  
For neerst to mortalls though my state I keepe,  
Yet not the colour of the troubled deep  
Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that ryse,  
From the dull earth me any whit agrize ;  
whose perfect beauty no way can endure,  
But what like me is excellently pure ;  
For moyst and cold although I do respire,  
Yet in my selfe had I not genuine fire  
when the grosse earth deuided hath the space,  
Betwixt my full orb and my brothers face ;  
Though I confesse much lessned be my light,  
I should be taken vtterly from sight,  
And for I so irregularly go,  
therein wise nature most of all doth show,  
Her searcheles judgement : for did I in all  
Keep on in that way, which stargazers call  
The lyne Ecliptick, as my glorious brother  
Doth in his course, one opposite to other ;  
Twise euery month, the eclipses of our light,  
Pore mortalls should prodigiously affright ;  
Yet by proportion certainly I moue,  
In rule of number, and the most I loue  
That which you call full, that most perfect feauen  
Of three and four made, which for od and euen

Are

### *The man in the Moone*

Are male and female, which by mixture frame      *Numerus*  
It most mysterous, that as myne *I* claime ;      *impar mas*  
Quartered therby, first of which feauen my prime      *par semi-*  
the seconfd feauen accomplisheth the tyme      *na.*  
Vnto my fullnes, in the third *I* range  
Lefning agayn, the fourth then to my change :  
the which fower feauens the eight & twenty make      The  
through the bright girdle of the Zodiake      month the  
In which *J* passe, whose quarters do appeare,  
As the fourw seafsons of my brothers yeare.  
First in my birth am moystned as his spring,  
*Hot* as his suminer he illumining  
My orb, the seconfd : my third quarter dry  
As is his *Autumn*, when from him *I* fly  
Depriu'd his bright beames and as waxing ould,  
*Lastly* my wane is as his winters cold.      *neth, re-*  
whereat she paw'd, who all the while she spake  
the bustling winds their murmur often brake ;      *female*  
And being silent seemed yet to stay,  
to listen if she ought had els to say.  
whē now the while muchi trobled was his thought  
And her fayr speech so craftely had caught  
Him, that the spirits foone shaking off the load,  
Of the groffe flesh and hating her abode ;  
Being throughly heated in these amorous fires  
Wholly transported with the deare desires  
Of her imbraces : for the liuing soule,  
Being indiuidual, vuniforme and whole,  
By her vnwearied faculties doth find,  
that which the flesh of duller earth by kind

*the 4 sea-  
sons of  
the year.*

*Macro.*

Not

*The man in the Moon.*

Not apprehends, & by her function makes  
good her owne state ; *Endimion* now forsakes  
All the delights that shepheards doe prefer  
and sets his mind so generally on her  
that all neglected to the groues and springs  
he followe's *Phœbe* that him safely brings  
(as their great queen) vnto the nymphish bowers  
wherein cleere ryuers beutified with flowers  
the siluer *Naydes* bath them, to the bracke  
Sometime with her the seahorse he doth back  
amongst the blew *Nereides*, and when  
weary of waters goddes like agen  
she the high mountaines actiuely assays,  
and there amongst the light *Oriades*,  
that ryde the swift roes Phœbe doth resort,  
sometime amongst those that with them comport  
the *Hamadriades* doth the woods frequent,  
and there she stays not ; but incontinent  
calls downe the Dragons that her chariot drawe,  
and with *Endimion* pleased that she saw  
mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an ey  
stripping the winds behoulding from the sky  
the earth in roundnes of a perfect ball,  
which as a poynt but of this mighty all  
wise nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay  
wher as the spheares by diurnall sway  
of the first moouer carried are about,  
and how the seu'rall elements throughout  
strongly infowlded, & the vast aer spred  
in sundry regions, in the which are bred

Thosf

The  
nymphes  
of the  
waters.  
nymphs of  
the feas.  
Nymphes  
of the  
moutains

Nymphes  
of the  
woods.

*The man in the Moone.*

Those strange impressions often that appeare,  
to fearefull mortalls and the causes there,  
and lightned by her pearcing beames he sees,  
the powrfull planets how in their degrees,  
In theyr due seasons they do fall and ryse :  
And how the signes in their triplicities,  
Be sympathising in their trine consents  
With whose inferior forming elements,  
From which our bodyes the complexions take,  
Natures and number : strongly and do make  
Our dispositions like them, and on earth  
the power the heauens haue ouer mortall birth :  
that their effects which men call fortune, are  
As is that good or inauspicious star,  
VVhich at the frayle natiuity doth raign.  
Yet here her loue could *Phœbe* not contain,  
And knowledge him so strongly dooth inspire,  
that in most plenty, more he doth desire.  
Raysing him vp to those excelling flichts,  
the glorious heauen, where all the fixed lights,  
VVhose images suppos'd to be therein,  
Framed of stars whose names did first begin  
By those wise ancients, not to stellify  
the first worlds Heroes only, but imply  
to teach the courses, for distinguisched  
In constellations a delight first bred,  
In slothfull man into the same to looke,  
that from those figures nomination tooke,  
VVhich they resembled here on earth below,  
and the bright *Phœbe* subtilly doth know,

The signs  
in their  
triplici-  
ties simpa-  
thize with  
the ele-  
ments.

the

*The man in the Moone.*

*Sol fons  
lucis.*

Nine the  
most holy  
number.  
The 9 or-  
ders of the  
angels .

The heauenly motions be her orb aboue,  
A swell as those that vnder her do moue.  
For with long titles do we her inuest,  
So the great three most powerfull of the rest,  
*Phæbe, Diana, Hecate,* do tell,  
Her domination in heauen, in earth and hell,  
and wife *Apollo* that doth franckly lend  
Her his pure beams, with them doth likewise fend  
his wōdrous knowledge, for that god most bright  
King of the planets fountayn of the light:  
that seeth all things will haue her to fee,  
So far as where the sacred angells be.  
those Hierarches that *Ioues* great will supply,  
Whose orders formed in triplicity,  
Houlding their places by the treble trine,  
make vp that holy theologike nine :  
Thrones, *Cherubin*, and *Seraphin* that ryse  
as the first three ; when principalities  
With dominations potestates are plac'd  
the second : and the Ephionian last  
*Hy* vertues Angells and Archangells be.  
Thus yonder man that in the moone you see  
Rap'd vp from *Latnus*, thus she doth prefer  
And goes about continually with her :  
Ouer the world that euery month doth looke,  
and in the same thers scarce that secreit nooke,  
That he suruayes not and the places hidden,  
Whence simble truth and candle light forbidden  
Dare not approche : he peepeth with his light,  
whereas fuspicious policy by night,

Con-

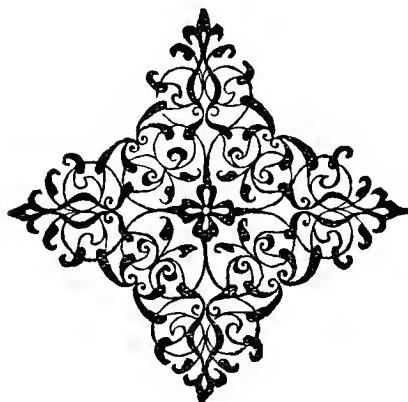
*The man in the Moon.*

Consults with murther, basenes at their hand,  
Armed to do what euer they command :  
With guilty conscience and intent so fowle,  
That oft they start at whooping of an owle,  
And shly peering at a little pore,  
Sees one somtymes content to keep the dore :  
One wold not thinke the bawd that did not know,  
Such a braue body could descend so low.  
And the base churle the Sun that dare not trust,  
VVith his ould gold, yet smelling it doth rust  
Layes it abroad, but locks himselfe within  
three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin  
to ope his bags, and being sure of all ;  
Els yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall :  
And with a candle in a filthy stick,  
the grease not fully couering the wick ;  
(Pores ore his base god) forth a flame that fryes  
Almost as dim as his fowle bleared eyes :  
Yet like to a great murtherer that gauε,  
Some flight reward vnto som bloody knaue  
to kill : the second secretly doth slay,  
Fearing least he the former should betray :  
He the poore candell murthereth ere burnt out,  
Becaufe that he the secrerie doth doubt ;  
And oftentimes the Mooned man outspies,  
the Eaudropper and circumspetly eyes  
the theefe and louer, specially which two,  
with night and darknes haue the most to do.  
And not long since besides this did behould  
Som of you here, when you shold tend your sould,

*The man in the Moone.*

A nights were wenching, thus he me doth tell  
with that they all in such a laughter fell,  
that the field rang, when from a village neer  
the watchfull Cock crew, and with notes full clear,  
the early Larke foone summoned the day,  
when they departed euery one their way.

*FINIS.*











**Publications of the Spenser Society.**

*NEW SERIES.—Issue No. 5.*

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THE

**MVSES ELIZIVM.**

BY

**MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.**

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1892.

# The Spenser Society.

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BY  
MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

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RE-PRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1630.

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PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1892.  
3



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.

*THE MVSES*  
**E L I Z I V M ,**  
*Lately discouered,*  
BY A NEW WAY OVER  
PARNASSVS.

The passages therein, being the subiect of  
ten sundry Nymphalls,

*Leading three Diuine Poemes,*

NOAHS Floud.

MOSES, his Birth and Miracles.

DAVID and GOLIA.

---

*By MICHAEL DRAYTON Esquire.*

---



---

*LO N D O N ,*

¶ Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterston, and  
are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in  
Pauls Church-yard. 1630.



T O T H E R I G H T H-  
nourable,

EDWARD *Earle of DORSET,*

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, of  
*his Maiesties Priuie Counsaile, and Lord*  
*Chamberlayne to her Maiesty.*

*My most honoured Lord,*



Haue euer founde that  
constancie in your Fa-  
uours, since your first  
acknowledging of mee,  
that their durablenesse  
haue now made me one  
of your family, and I am  
become happy in the ti-  
tle to be called Yours : That for Retribution,  
could I haue found a fitter way to publish your  
Bounties, my thankefulnes before this, might  
haue found it out; I craue of your Lordship the  
patronage of my ELIZIVM, which if the  
Muse fayle mee not, shall not bee altogether  
vnworthy of your protection ; I haue often  
aduentured vpon desperate vtrodden wayes,  
which hath drawn some feuere censures, vpon

A 3

many

many of my Labours , but that neyther hath,  
nor can euer trouble me ; The diuine Poemes  
in this small volume inferted , I consecrate to  
your Religious Countesse, my most worthy  
Lady. And so I rest

The honorer of you, and

your noble Family,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## To the Reader.

**D**Iscreet and iudicious Reader, (if my Friend, whosoeuer) let me ingeniously intreat thee, that in reading these Poemes, thou wilt be pleased patiently to correct some faults, that partly by reason of the raggednesse of the written Copy, and partly by our ouersight haue escaped in the Presse, which if thou shalt doe, the Muses themselues, as they are courteous and well educated virgins, shall in their thankefulness inspire thee with some Poeticke rapture, that thou shalt read them with more delight, then otherwise thou shouldest in being ouer Criticall. Some of which faults (I dare not say all) I haue heereunder set downe.

---

### *Errata.*

PAge 6. line 1. for, that th'one the other was, reade, that th'one of them the other was. p. 9. l. 8. for, she would not outstrip a Roe, reade, shee would outstrip a Roe. p. 10. l. 17, for we, reade were, p. 34. l. 21. for that, reade thou. p. 125. l. 36. for, and i't must, reade, and i'st must die. p. 137. l. 25. for through, reade though. p. 172. l. 14. for made them to prepare, read, their deserued fare.

*But this last fault is not through all the Impression.*

---

*I onely shew you these few, for breuity sake, that in your Reading you may correct the like, which I am afraid are many more then these.*



# T H E   D E S C R I P T I O N of E L I Z I V M.

A Paradice on earth is found,  
 Though farre from vulgar sight,  
 Which with those pleasures doth abound  
 That it *Elizium* hight.

Where, in Delights that neuer fade,  
 The Mufes lulled be,  
 And sit at pleasure in the shade  
 Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough Tempest makes to reele  
 Nor their straight bodies bowes,  
 Their lofty tops doe neuer feele  
 The weight of winters fnowes ;

In Groues that euermore are greene,  
 No falling leafe is there,  
 But *Philomel* (of birds the Queene)  
 In Muficke spends the yeare.

The *Merle* vpon her mrtle Perch,  
 There to the *Mavis* sings,  
 Who from the top of fome curld Berch  
 Those notes redoubled rings ;

There Dayfyes dainaske euery place  
 Nor once their beauties lose,  
 That when proud *Phæbus* hides his face  
 Themselues they scorne to close.

The Pansy and the Violet here,  
As seeming to descend,  
Both from one Root, a very payre,  
For sweetnesse yet contend,

And pointing to a Pinke to tell  
Which beares it, it is loath,  
To iudge it; but replyes, for smell  
That it excels them both,

Wherewith displeasde they hang their heads  
So angry foone they grow  
And from their odoriferous beds  
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a Summer is,  
No waste is made by time,  
Nor doth the Autumne euer misse  
The blossomes of the Prime.

The flower that Iuly forth doth bring  
In Aprill here is seene,  
The Primrose that puts on the Spring  
In Iuly decks each Greene.

The sweets for soueraignty contend  
And so abundant be,  
That to the very Earth they lend  
And Barke of euery Tree :

Rills rising out of euery Banck,  
In wilde Meanders strayne,  
And playing many a wanton pranck  
Vpon the speckled plaine,

In Gambols and lascivious Gyres  
Their time they still bestow  
Nor to their Fountaines none retyres,  
Nor on their course will goe

Thofe

Those Brooks with Lillies brauely deckt,  
So proud and wanton made,  
That they their courses quite neglect :  
And feeme as though they stayde,

Faire *Flora* in her state to viewe  
Which through those Lillies looks,  
Or as those Lillies leand to shew  
Their beauties to the brooks.

That *Phæbus* in his lofty race,  
Oft layes aside his beames  
And comes to coole his glowing face  
In these delicious streames ;

Oft spreading Vines clime vp the Cleeues,  
Whose ripned clusters there,  
Their liquid purple drop, which driues  
A Vintage through thee yeere.

Those Cleeues whose craggy fides are clad  
With Trees of fundry futes,  
Which make continuall summer glad,  
Euen bending with their fruits,

Some ripening, ready some to fall,  
Some blossom'd, some to bloome,  
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall  
Of some rich princely Roome :

*Pomegranates, Lymons, Cytrons*, so  
Their laded branches bow,  
Their leauës in number that outgoe  
Nor roomth will them alow.

There in perpetuall Summers shade,  
*Apolloes* Prophets sit  
Among the flowres that neuer fade,  
But florish like their wit ;

To whom the Nymphes vpon their Lyres,  
 Tune many a curious lay,  
 And with their most melodious Quires  
 Make short the longest day.

The *thrice three Virgins* heauenly Cleere,  
 Their trembling Timbrels found,  
 Whilst the three comely *Graces* there  
 Dance many a dainty Round,

Decay nor Age there nothing knowes,  
 There is continuall Youth,  
 As Time on plant or creatures growes,  
 So still their strength renewth.

The Poets Paradice this is,  
 To which but few can come ;  
 The Muses onely bower of blisse  
 Their Deare *Elizium*.

Here happy soules, (their blessed bowers,  
 Free from the rude resort  
 Of beastly people) spend the houres,  
 In hameleffe mirth and sport,  
 Then on to the *Elizian* plaines  
*Apollo* doth invite you  
 Where he prouides with pastorall straines,  
 In *Nimphals* to delight you.

The

## The first Nimphall.

R O D O P E

and

D O R I D A :

*This Nimphall of delights doth treat,  
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,  
Of curious shaptes, and dainty features  
Describd in two most perfect creatures.*

VV *Hen Phæbus* with a face of mirth,  
Had flong abroad his beamies,  
To blanch the bosome of the earth,  
And glaze the gliding stremes,  
within a goodly Mertle groue,  
Vpon that hallowed day  
The Nimpthes to the bright Queene of loue  
Their vowes were vsde to pay.  
Faire *Rodope* and *Dorida*  
Met in thofe sacred shades,  
Then whom the Sunne in all his way,  
Nere saw two daintier Maids.  
And through the thickets thrild his fires,  
Supposing to haue feene  
The foueraigne *Goddesse of desires*,  
Or *Ioves Emperious Queen* :  
Both of fo wondrous beauties were,  
In shape both fo excell,  
That to be paraleld elsewhere,  
No iudging eye could tell.  
And their affections fo surpasse,  
As well it might be deemd,

B 3

That

That th'one the other was,  
 And but themselues they seem'd.  
 And whilst the Nimpes that neare this place,  
 Disposed were to play  
 At Barly-breake and Prison-base,  
 Doe passe the time away :  
 This peerleffe payre together set,  
 The other at their sport,  
 None neare their free discourse to let,  
 Each other thus they court,

*Dorida.* My sweet, my soueraigne *Rodope*,  
 My deare delight, my loue,  
 That Locke of hayre thou sentst to me,  
 I to this Bracelet woue ;  
 Which brighter euery day doth grow  
 The longer it is worne,  
 As its delicious fellowes doe,  
 Thy Temples that adore.

*Rodope.* Nay had I thine my *Dorida*,  
 I would them so bestow,  
 As that the winde vpon my way,  
 Might backward make them flow,  
 So shoud it in its greatest excesse  
 Turne to becalmed ayre,  
 And quite forget all boistrounesse  
 To play with euery hayre.

*Dorida.* To me like thine had nature giuen,  
 A Brow, so Archt, so cleere,  
 A Front, wherein so much of heauen  
 Doth to each eye appeare,  
 The world should see, I would strike dead  
 The Milky way that's now,  
 And say that Nectar *Hebe* shed  
 Fell all vpon my Brow.

*Rodope.*

*Rodope.* O had I eyes like *Doridaes*,  
 I would enchant the day,  
 And make the Sunne to stand at gaze,  
 Till he forgot his way :  
 And cause his Sister *Queene of Streames*,  
 When so I lift by night ;  
 By her much blushing at my Beames  
 T' eclipse her borrowed light.

*Dorida.* Had I a Cheeke like *Rodopes*,  
 In midst of which doth stand,  
 A Groue of Roses, such as thefe,  
 In fuch a snowy land :  
 I would make the Lilly which we now  
 So much for whiteneffe name,  
 As drooping downe the head to bow,  
 And die for very shame.

*Rodope.* Had I a bosome like to thine,  
 When it I pleas'd to shew,  
 T'what part o'th' Skie I would incline  
 I would make th' Etheriall bowe ;  
 My swannish Breast brancht all with blew,  
 In brauery like the spring :  
 In Winter to the generall view  
 Full Summer forth should bring.

*Dorida.* Had I a body like my deare,  
 Were I so straight so tall,  
 O, if so broad my shoulders were,  
 Had I a waste so small ;  
 I would challenge the proud Queene of loue  
 To yeeld to me for shape,  
 And I should feare that *Mars* or *Iove*  
 Would venter for my rape.

Had

*Rodope.* Had I a hand like thee my Gerle,  
 (This hand O let me kiffe)  
 These Ivory Arrowes pyl'd with pearle,  
 Had I a hand like this ;  
 I would not doubt at all to make,  
 Each finger of my hand  
 To taske swift *Mercury* to take  
 With his enchanting wand.

*Dorida.* Had I a Theigh like *Rodopes* ;  
 Which twas my chance to veiwe,  
 When lying on yon banck at ease  
 The wind thy skirt vp blew,  
 I would say it were a columne wrought  
 To some intent Diuine,  
 And for our chaste *Diana* fought,  
 A pillar for her shryne.

*Rodope.* Had I a Leg but like to thine  
 That were so neat, so cleane,  
 A swelling Calfe, a Small so fine,  
 An Ankle, round and leane,  
 I would tell nature she doth misse  
 Her old skill ; and maintaine,  
 She shewd her master peece in this,  
 Not to be done againe.

*Dorida.* Had I that Foot hid in those shoos,  
 (Proportion'd to my height)  
 Short Heele, thin Instep, euen Toes,  
 A Sole so wondrous straight,  
 The Forresters and Nimpes at this  
 Amazed all should stand,  
 And kneeling downe, should meeekely kiffe  
 The Print left in the sand.

And

BY this the Nymphes came from their sport,  
 All pleased wondrous well,  
 And to these Maydens make report  
 What lately them befell :  
 One said the dainty *Lelipa*  
 Did all the rest out-goe,  
 Another would a wager lay  
 She would not outstrip a Roe ;  
 Sayes one, how like yee *Florimel*  
 There is your dainty face :  
 A fourth replide, she lik't that well,  
 Yet better lik't her grace,  
 She's counted, I confesse, quoth she,  
 To be our onely Pearle,  
 Yet haue I heard her oft to be  
 A melancholly Gerle.  
 Another said she quite mistoke,  
 That onely was her art,  
 When melancholly had her looke  
 Then mirth was in her heart ;  
 And hath she then that pretty trick  
 Another doth reply,  
 I thought no Nymph could haue bin sick  
 Of that disease but I ;  
 I know you can dissemble well  
 Quoth one to giue you due,  
 But here be some (who Ile not tell)  
 Can do't as well as you,  
 Who thus replies, I know that too,  
 We haue it from our Mother,  
 Yet there be some this thing can doe  
 More cunningly then other :  
 If Maydens but dissemble can  
 Their sorrow and their ioy,  
 Their pore dissimulation than,  
 Is but a very toy.

## The second Nymphall.

L A L V S  
C L E O N  
and  
L I R O P E .

*The Muse new Courtship doth devise,  
By Natures strange Varieties,  
Whose Rarities she here relates,  
And givnes you Pastorall Delicates.*

L *Alus* a Iolly youthfull Lad,  
With *Cleon*, no leffe crown'd  
With vertues ; both their beings had  
On the Elizian ground.  
Both hauing parts so excellent,  
That it a question was,  
Which shoulde be the most eminent,  
Or did in ought surpasse.  
This *Cleon* was a Mountaineer,  
And of the wilder kinde,  
And from his birth had many a yeere  
Bin nurst vp by a Hinde :  
Aud as the sequell well did shew,  
It very well might be ;  
For neuer Hart, nor Hare, nor Roe,  
We halfe so swifft as he.  
But *Alus* in the Vale was bred,  
Amongst the Sheepe and Neate,  
And by thosse Nimpes there choicly fed,  
With Hony, Milke, and Wheate ;

Of

Of Stature goodly, faire of speech,  
 And of behauour mylde,  
 Like those there in the Valley rich,  
 That bred him of a chyld.  
 Of Falconry they had the skill,  
 Their Halkes to feed and flye,  
 No better Hunters ere clome Hill,  
 Nor hollowed to a Cry :  
 In Dingles deepe, and Mountains hore,  
 Oft with the bearded Speare  
 They cumbated the tusky Boare,  
 And flew the angry Beare.  
 In Musicke they were wondrous quaint,  
 Fine Aers they could deuile ;  
 They very curiously could Paint,  
 And neatly Poetize ;  
 That wagers many time were laid  
 On Questions that arose,  
 Which Song the witty *Lalus* made,  
 Which *Cleon* should compose.  
 The stately Steed they manag'd well,  
 Of Fence the art they knew,  
 For Dansing they did all excell  
 The Gerles that to them drew ;  
 To throw the Sledge, to pitch the Barre,  
 To wrestle and to Run,  
 They all the Youth exceld so farre,  
 That still the Prize they wonne.  
 These fprightly Gallants lou'd a Lasse,  
 Cald *Lirope the bright*,  
 In the whole world there scarcely was  
 So delicate a Wight,  
 There was no Beauty so diuine  
 That euer Nymph did grace,  
 But it beyond it selfe did shine  
 In her more heuenly face :  
 What forme she pleaseid each thing would take

That ere she did behold,  
 Of Pebbles she could Diamonds make,  
 Grosse Iron turne to Gold :  
 Such power there with her presence came  
 Sterne Tempests she alayd,  
 The cruell Tigar she could tame,  
 She raging Torrents staid,  
 She chid, she cherisht, she gaue life,  
 Againe she made to dye,  
 She raisd a warre, apeasf a Strife,  
 With turning of her eye.  
 Some said a God did her beget,  
 But much deceiu'd were they,  
 Her Father was a *Riuilet*,  
 Her Mother was a *Fay*.  
 Her Lineaments so fine that were,  
 She from the Fayrie tooke,  
 Her Beauties and Complection cleere,  
 By nature from the Brooke.  
 These Ryualls wayting for the houre  
 (The weather calme and faire)  
 When as she vs'd to leauue her Bower  
 To take the pleasant ayre.  
 Acofting her ; their complement  
 To her their Goddesse done ;  
 By gifts they tempt her to consent,  
 When *Lalus* thus begun.

*Lalus.* Sweet *Lirope* I haue a Lambe  
 Newly wayned from the Damme,  
 Of the right kinde, it is \* notted,  
 Naturally with purple spotted,  
 Into laughter it will put you,  
 To see how prettily 'twill But you ;  
 When on sporting it is fet,  
 It will beate you a Corvet,  
 And at euery nimble bound

\*Without  
hornes.

Turne it selfe aboue the ground ;  
 When tis hungry it will bleate,  
 From your hand to haue its meate,  
 And when it hath fully fed,  
 It will fetch Iumpes aboue your head,  
 As innocently to expresse  
 Its silly sheepish thankfullneffe,  
 When you bid it, it will play,  
 Be it either night or day,  
 This *Lirope* I haue for thee,  
 So thou alone wilt liue with me.

*Cleon.* From him O turne thine eare away,  
 And heare me my lou'd *Lirope*,  
 I haue a Kid as white as milke,  
 His skin as soft as *Naples* silke,  
 His hornes in length are wondrous euen,  
 And curioufly by nature writhen ;  
 It is of th' Arcadian kinde,  
 Ther's not the like twixt either *Inde* ;  
 If you walke, 'twill walke you by,  
 If you sit downe, it downe will lye,  
 It with gesture will you wooe,  
 And counterfeit those things you doe ;  
 Ore each Hillock it will vault,  
 And nimblly doe the Summer-fault,)  
 Vpon the hinder Legs 'twill goe,  
 And follow you a furlong so,  
 And if by chance a Tune you roate,  
 'Twill foote it finely to your note,  
 Seeke the world and you may misse  
 To finde out such a thing as this ;  
 This my love I haue for thee  
 So thou'l leaue him and goe with me.

*Lirope.* Beleeue me Youths your gifts are rare,  
 And you offer wondrous faire ;

*Lalus* for Lambe, *Cleon* for Kyd,  
 'Tis hard to iudge which most doth bid,  
 And haue you two such things in store,  
 And I n'er knew of them before ?  
 Well yet I dare a Wager lay  
 That *Brag* my litle Dog shall play,  
 As dainty tricks when I shall bid,  
 As *Lalus* Lambe, or *Cleons* Kid.  
 But t'may fall out that I may need them  
 Till when yee may doe well to feed them ;  
 Your Goate and Mutton pretty be  
 But Youths these are noe bayts for me,  
 Alasse good men, in vaine ye wooo,  
 'Tis not your Lambe nor Kid will doe.

*Lalus.* I haue two Sparrowes white as Snow,  
 Whose pretty eyes like sparkes doe shew ;  
 In her Bosome *Venus* hatcht them  
 Where her little *Cupid* watcht them,  
 Till they too fledge their Nests forsooke  
 Themselves and to the Fields betooke,  
 Where by chance a Fowler caught them  
 Of whom I full dearely bought them ;  
 They'll fetch you Conserue from the \* Hip,  
 And lay it softly on your Lip,  
 Through their nibling bills they'll Chirup  
 And flutering feed you with the Sirup,  
 And if thence you put them by  
 They to your white necke will flye,  
 And if you expulse them there  
 They'll hang vpon your braded Hayre ;  
 You so long shall see them prattle  
 Till at length they'll fall to battle,  
 And when they haue fought their fill,  
 You will smile to see them bill  
 These Birds my *Lirope's* shall be  
 So thou'llt leauue him and goe with me.

\*The redde  
fruit of the  
smooth  
Bramble.

*Cleon.*

*Cleon.* His Sparrowes are not worth a rush  
 I'le finde as good in euery bush;  
 Of Doues I haue a dainty paire  
 Which when you please to take the Aier,  
 About your head shall gently houer.  
 Your Cleere browe from the Sunne to couer,  
 And with their nimble wings shall fan you,  
 That neither Cold nor Heate shall tan you,  
 And like Vmbrellas with their feathers  
 Sheeld you in all sorts of weathers :  
 They be most dainty Coloured things,  
 They haue Damask backs and Chequerd wings,  
 Their neckes more Various Collours shewe  
 Then there be mixed in the Bowe ;  
*Venus* saw the lesser Doue  
 And therewith was farre in Loue,  
 Offering for't her goulden Ball  
 for her Sonne to play withall ;  
 These my *Liropes* shall be  
 So shee'll leaue him and goe with me.

*Lirope.* Then for Sparrowes, and for Doues  
 I am fitted twixt my Loues,  
 But *Lalus*, I take noe delight  
 In Sparowes, for they'll scratch and bite  
 And though ioynd, they are euer wooing  
 Alwayes billing if not doeing,  
 Twixt *Venus* breasts if they haue lyen  
 I much feare they'll infect myne ;  
*Cleon* your Doues are very dainty,  
 Tame Pidgeons else you knowe are plenty,  
 These may winne some of your Marrowes  
 I am not caught with Doues, nor Sparrowes,  
 I thanke ye kindly for your Coste,  
 Yet your labour is but loste.

*Lalus.*

*Lalus.* With full-leau'd Lillies I will stick  
 Thy braded hayre all o'r so thick,  
 That from it a Light shall throw  
 Like the Sunnes vpon the Snow.  
 Thy Mantle shall be Violet Leaues,  
 With the fin'st the Silkeworme weaues  
 As finly Wouen ; whose rich smell  
 The Ayre about thee so shall swell  
 That it shall haue no power to mooue.  
 A Ruffe of Pinkes thy Robe aboue  
 About thy necke so neatly fet  
 that Art it cannot counterfet,  
 Which still shall looke so Fresh and new,  
 As if vpon their Roots they grew :  
 And for thy head Ile haue a Tyer  
 Of netting, made of Stawberry wyer,  
 And in each knot that doth compose  
 A Mesh, shall stick a halfe blowne Rose,  
 Red, damaske, white, in order fet  
 About the sides, shall run a Fret  
 Of Primroses, the Tyer throughout  
 With Thrift and Daysyes frindgd about ;  
 All this faire Nymph Ile doe for thee,  
 So thou'l leau him and goe with me.

*Cleon.* Theſe be but weeds and Trash he brings,  
 Ile giue thee ſolid, costly things,  
 His will whither and be gone  
 Before thou well canſt put them on ;  
 With Currall I will haue thee Crown'd,  
 Whose Branches intricately wound  
 Shall girt thy Temples euery way ;  
 And on the top of euery Spray  
 Shall stick a Pearle orient and great,  
 Which ſo the wandring Birds ſhall cheat,  
 That ſome ſhall ſtoope to looke for Cherries,  
 As other for tralucent Berries.

And

And wondring, caught e'r they be ware  
 In the curld Tramels of thy hayre :  
 And for thy necke a Christall Chaine  
 Whose lincks shapt like to drops of Raine,  
 Vpon thy panting Breast depending,  
 Shall feeme as they were still descending,  
 And as thy breath doth come and goe,  
 So seeming still to ebbe and flow :  
 With Amber Bracelets cut like Bees,  
 Whose strange transparancy who fees,  
 With Silke small as the Spiders Twist  
 Doubled so oft about thy Wrist,  
 Would surely thinke aliuie they were,  
 From Lillies gathering hony there.  
 Thy Buskins Ivory, caru'd like Shels  
 Of Scallope, which as little Bels  
 Made hollow, with the Ayre shall Chime,  
 And to thy steps shall keepe the time :  
 Leauue *Lalus, Lirope* for me  
 And these shall thy rich dowry be.

*Lirope. Lalus* for Flowers *Cleon* for Lemmes,  
 For Garlands and for Diadems  
 I shall be sped, why this is braue,  
 What Nymph can choicer Prefents haue,  
 With dressing, brading, frowning, flowring,  
 All your Jewels on me powring,  
 In this brauery being dreſt,  
 To the ground I shall be prest,  
 That I doubt the Nymphes will feare me,  
 Nor will venture to come neare me ;  
 Neuer Lady of the May,  
 To this houre was halfe so gay ;  
 All in flowers, all so sweet,  
 From the Crowne, beneath the Feet,  
 Amber, Currall, Ivory, Pearle,  
 If this cannot winne a Gerle,

Thers nothing can, and this ye wooe me,  
 Gieue me your hands and trust ye to me,  
 (Yet to tell ye I am loth)  
 That I'le haue neither of you both ;

*Lalus.* When thou shalt please to stem the flood,  
 (As thou art of the watry brood)  
 I'le haue twelue Swannes more white then Snow,  
 Yokd for the purpose two and two,  
 To drawe thy Barge wrought of fine Reed  
 So well that it nought else shall need,  
 The Traces by which they shall hayle  
 Thy Barge : shall be the winding trayle  
 Of woodbynd ; whose braue Tasseld Flowers  
 (The Sweetnesse of the Woodnimphs Bowres)  
 Shall be the Trappings to adorne,  
 The Swannes, by which thy Barge is borne,  
 Of flowred Flags I'le rob the banke  
 Of water-Cans and King-cups ranck  
 To be the Couering of thy Boate,  
 And on the Streme as thou do'st Floate,  
 The *Naiades* that haunt the deepe,  
 Themselues about thy Barge shall keepe,  
 Recording most delightfull Layes,  
 By Sea Gods written in thy prayse.  
 And in what place thou hapst to land,  
 There the gentle Siluery sand,  
 Shall soften, curled with the Aier  
 As fensible of thy repaire :  
 This my deare loue I'le doe for thee,  
 So Thou'l leauue him and goe with me :

*Cleon.* Tush Nimphe his Swannes will proue but Geese,  
 His Barge drinke water like a Fleece ;  
 A Boat is bafe, I'le thee prouide,  
 A Chariot, wherin *loue* may ride ;  
 In which when brauely thou art borne,

Thou

Thou shalt looke like the gloryous morne  
 Vshering the Sunne, and such a one  
 As to this day was neuer none,  
 Of the Rareft Indian Gummes,  
 More pretious then your Balsamummes  
 Which I by Art haue made so hard,  
 That they with Tooles may well be Caru'd  
 To make a Coach of: which shall be  
 Materyalls of this one for thee,  
 And of thy Chariot each small peece  
 Shall inlayd be with Amber Greece,  
 And guilded with the Yellow ore  
 Produc'd from *Tagus* wealthy shore ;  
 In which along the pleasant Lawne,  
 With twelue white Stags thou shalt be drawne,  
 Whose brancht palmes of a stately height,  
 With feuerall nosegayes shall be dight ;  
 And as thou ryd'ft, thy Coach about,  
 For thy strong guard shall runne a Rout,  
 Of Estriges ; whose Curled plumes,  
 Sen'sd with thy Chariots rich perfumes,  
 The scent into the Aier shall throw ;  
 Whose naked Thyes shall grace the shew ;  
 Whilst the Woodnimphs and those bred  
 Vpon the mountayns, o'r thy head  
 Shall beare a Canopy of flowers,  
 Tinfeld with drops of Aprill showers,  
 Which shall make more glorious showes  
 Then spangles, or your siluer Oas ;  
 This bright nimph I'le doe for thee  
 So thou'l leaue him and goe with me.

*Lirope.* Vie and reuie, like Chapmen profer'd,  
 Would't be receaued what you haue offer'd ;

Ye greater honour can doe me,  
 If not building Altars to me :  
 Both by Water and by Land,  
 Bardge and Chariot at command ;  
 Swans vpon the Streame to tawe me,  
 Stags vpon the Land to draw me,  
 In all this Pompe should I be feene,  
 What a pore thing were a Queene :  
 All delights in such exceffe,  
 As but yee, who can exprefse :  
 Thus mounted should the Nimpes me fee,  
 All the troope would follow me,  
 Thinking by this state that I  
 Would aſume a Deitie.  
 There be ſome in loue haue bin,  
 And I may commit that finne,  
 And if e'r I be in loue,  
 With one of you I feare twill proue,  
 But with which I cannot tell,  
 So my gallant Youths farewell.

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The

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## The third Nimphall.

DORON	DORILVS
NAIIS	CLOE
CLORIS	MERTILLA
CLAIA	FLORIMEL
VVith Nimpes and Forresters.	

*Poetick Raptures, sacred fires,  
With which, Apollo his inspires,  
This Nimphall giues you ; and withall  
Obserues the Muses Festivall.*

A Mongst th'Elizians many mirthfull Feasts,  
At which the Muses are the certaine guests,  
Th'obserue one Day with most Emperiall state,  
To wife *Apollo* which they dedicate,  
The Poets God, and to his Alters bring  
Th'enam'l'd Brauery of the beauteous spring,  
And strew their Bowers with euery precious sweet,  
Which still wax fresh, most trod on with their feet ;  
With most choice flowers each Nymph doth brade her hayre,  
And not the mean't but bauldrick wife doth weare  
Some goodly Garland, and the most renown'd  
With curious Roseat Anadems are crown'd.  
These being come into the place where they  
Yearely obserue the Orgies to that day,  
The Muses from their Heliconian spring  
Their brimfull Mazers to the feasting bring :  
When with deepe Draughts out of those plenteous Bowles,  
The iocond Youth haue swild their thirsty soules,  
They fall enraged with a sacred heat,

And when their braines doe once begin to sweat  
 They into braue and Stately numbers breake,  
 And not a word that any one doth speake  
 But tis Prophetick, and so strangely farre  
 In their high sury they transported are,  
 As there's not one, on any thing can straine,  
 But by another answred is againe  
 In the same Rapture, which all fit to heare ;  
 When as two Youths that soundly liquord were,  
*Dorilus* and *Doron*, two as noble swayns  
 As euer kept on the Elizian playns,  
 First by their signes attention hauing woonne,  
 Thus they the Revels frolikly begunne.

*Doron.* *Come Dorilus, let vs be brave,*  
*In lofty numbers let vs raue,*  
*With Rymes I will inrich thee.*

*Dorilus.* *Content say I, then bid the base,*  
*Our wits shall runne the Wildgoose chase,*  
*Spurre vp, or I will swich thee.*

*Doron.* *The Sunne out of the East doth peepe,*  
*And now the day begins to creepe,*  
*Vpon the world at leasure.*

*Dorilus.* *The Ayre enamor'd of the Greaues,*  
*The West wind stroaks the velvit leaues*  
*And kisses them at pleasure.*

*Doron.* *The Spinners webs twixt spray and spray,*  
*The top of every bush make gay,*  
*By filmy coards there dangling.*

*Dorilus.* *For now the last dayes euening dew*  
*Euen to the full it selfe doth shew,*  
*Each bough with Pearle bespangling.*

*Doron.*

Doron. *O Boy how thy abundant vaine  
Euen like a Flood breaks from thy braine,  
Nor can thy Muse be gaged.*

Dorilus. *Why nature forth did neuer bring  
A man that like to me can sing,  
If once I be enraged.*

Doron. *Why Dorilus I in my skill  
Can make the swiftest Stream stand still,  
Nay beare back to his springing.*

Dorilus. *And I into a Trance most deape  
Can cast the Birds that they shall sleepe  
When fainest they would be singeing.*

Doron. *Why Dorilus thou mak'st me mad,  
And now my wits begin to gad,  
But sure I know not whither.*

Dorilus. *O Doron let me hug thee then,  
There neuer was two madder men,  
Then let vs on together.*

Doron. *Hermes the winged Horse bestrid,  
And thorow thick and thin he rid,  
And floundred throw the Fountaine.*

Dorilus. *He spurd the Tit vntill he bled,  
So that at last he ran his head  
Against the forked Mountaine.*

Doron. *How sayst thou, but pyde Iris got,  
Into great Iunos Chariot,  
I speake with one that saw her.*

Dorilus.

Dorilus. *And there the pert and sawcy Elfe  
Behau'd her as twere Iuno's selfe,  
And made the Peacoks draw her.*

Doron. *Ile borrow Phœbus fiery Iades,  
With which about the world he trades,  
And put them in my Plow.*

Dorilus. *O thou most perfect frantique man,  
Yet let thy rage be what it can,  
Ile be as mad as thou.*

Doron. *Ile to great Iove, hap good, hap ill,  
Though he with Thunder threat to kill,  
And beg of him a boone.*

Dorilus. *To swerue vp one of Cynthias beames,  
And there to bath thee in the streames,  
Discouerd in the Moone.*

Doron. *Come frolick Youth and follow me,  
My frantique boy, and Ile shew thee  
The Countrey of the Fayries.*

Dorilus. *The fleshy Mandrake where't doth grow  
In noonshade of the Mistletoe,  
And where the Phoenix Aryes.*

Doron. *Nay more, the Swallowes winter bed,  
The Caverns where the Winds are bred,  
Since thus thou talkst of showing.*

Dorilus. *And to those Indraughts Ile thee bring,  
That wondrous and eternall spring  
Whence th' Ocean hath its flowing.*

Doron.

Doron. *We'll downe to the darke house of sleepe,  
Where snoring Morpheus doth keepe,  
And wake the drowsy Groome.*

Dorilus. *Downe shall the Dores and Windowes goe,  
The Stooles vpon the Floare we'll throw,  
And roare about the Roomē.*

The Muses here commanded them to stay,  
Commending much the caridge of their Lay  
As greatly pleaseſt at this their madding Bout,  
To heare how brauely they had borne it out  
From first to the last, of which they were right glad,  
By this they found that *Helicon* ſtill had  
That vertue it did anciently retaine  
When *Orpheus Lynus* and th'Aſcrean Swaine  
Tooke luſty Rowfes, which hath made their Rimes,  
To laſt fo long to all ſucceeding times.  
And now amonſt this beauteous Beauie here,  
Two wanton Nimpes, though dainty ones they were,  
*Naijs* and *Cloe* in their female fits  
Longing to show the ſharpenesse of their wits,  
Of the *nine Sisters* ſpeciall leauue doe craue  
That the next Bout they two might freely haue,  
Who hauing got the fuſfrages of all,  
Thus to their Rimeing iſtantly they fall.

*Naijs. Amongſt you all let vs ſee  
Who iſt oppoſes mee,  
Come on the proudeſt ſhe  
To aenſwer my ditty.*

*Cloe. Why Naijs, that am I,  
Who dares thy pride defie?  
And that we ſoone ſhall try  
Though thou be witty.*

Naijs. Cloe *I scorne my Rime  
Should obserue feet or time,  
Now I fall, then I clime,  
What i'ſt I dare not.*

Cloe. *Giue thy Invention wing,  
And let her flert and fling,  
Till downe the Rocks ſhe ding,  
For that I care not.*

Naijs. *This presence delights me,  
My freedome inuites me,  
The Seafon excytes me,  
In Rime to be merry.*

Cloe. *And I beyond measure,  
Am rauifht with pleafure,  
To anſwer each Ceafeure,  
Vntill thou beifh weary.*

Naijs. *Behold the Rosye Dawne,  
Rifes in Tinfild Lawne,  
And ſmiling ſeemes to farvne,  
Vpon the mountaines.*

Cloe. *Awaked from her Dreames  
Shooting foorth goulden Beames  
Dancing vpon the Streames  
Courting the Fountaines.*

Naijs. *These more then ſweet Showrets,  
Intice vp these Flowrets,  
To trim vp our Bowrets,  
Perfuming our Coats.*

Cloe. *Whilſt the Birds billing  
Each one with his Dilling*

*The*

*The thickets still filling  
With Amorous Nocts.*

Naijs. *The Bees up in hony rould,  
More then their thighes can hould,  
Lapt in their liquid gould,  
Their Treasure vs bringing.*

Cloe. *To these Rilletts purling  
Vpon the stones Curling,  
And oft about wherling,  
Dance tow'ard their fpringing.*

Naijs. *The Wood-Nimpes sit singing,  
Each Groue with notes ringing,  
Whilst fresh Ver is flinging,  
Her Boundies abroad.*

Cloe. *So much as the Turtle,  
Vpon the low Mertle,  
To the meads fertile,  
Her Cares doth vnload.*

Naijs. *Nay 'tis a world to see,  
In euery bush and Tree,  
The Birds with mirth and glee,  
Woo'd as they woe.*

Cloe. *The Robin and the Wren,  
Euery Cocke with his Hen,  
Why shoud not we and men,  
Doe as they doe.*

Naijs. *The Faires are hopping,  
The small Flowers cropping,  
And with dew dropping,  
Skip thorow the Greaues.*

Cloe. *At Barly-breake they play  
Merrily all the day,  
At night themselues they lay  
Vpon the soft leaues.*

Naijs. *The gentle winds sally  
Vpon euery Valley,  
And many times dally  
And wantonly sport.*

Cloe. *About the fields tracing,  
Each other in chasing,  
And often imbracing,  
In amorous sort.*

Naijs. *And Echo oft doth tell  
Wondrous things from her Cell,  
As her what chance befell,  
Learning to prattle.*

Cloe. *And now she fits and mocks  
The Shepherds and their flocks,  
And the Heards from the Rocks  
Keeping their Cattle.*

VV Hen to these Maids the Muses silence cry,  
For twas th'opinion of the Company,  
That were not these two taken of, that they  
Would in their Conflict wholly spend they day.  
When as the Turne to *Florimel* next came,  
A Nymph for Beauty of especiall name,  
Yet was she not so Iolly as the rest :  
And though she were by her companions prest,  
Yet she by no intreayt would be wrought  
To sing, as by th'Elizian Lawes she ought :  
When two bright Nymphes that her companions were,  
And of all other onely held her deare,

Mild

Mild *Cloris* and *Mertilla*, with faire speech  
 Their most beloued *Florimel* beseech,  
 T<sup>o</sup>bserue the Muses, and the more to wooe her,  
 They take their turnes, and thus they sing vnto her.

*Cloris.* Sing *Florimel*, O sing, and wee  
*Our whole wealth will give to thee,*  
*We'll rob the brim of every Fountaine,*  
*Strip the sweets from every Mountaine,*  
*We will sweenepe the curled valleys,*  
*Brush the bancks that mound our allyes,*  
*We will muster natures dainties*  
*When she wallowes in her plentyes,*  
*The lushyous smell of every flower*  
*New washt by an Aprill shower,*  
*The Mistresse of her store we'll make thee*  
*That she for her selfe shall take thee;*  
*Can there be a dainty thing,*  
*That's not thine if thou wilt sing.*

*Mertilla.* When the dew in May distilleth,  
*And the Earths rich bosome filleth,*  
*And with Pearle embrouds each Meadow,*  
*We will make them like a widow,*  
*And in all their Beauties dresse thee,*  
*And of all their spoiles posseffe thee,*  
*With all the bounties Zephyre brings,*  
*Breathing on the yearlye springs,*  
*The gaudy bloomes of every Tree*  
*In their most Beauty when they be,*  
*What is here that may delight thee,*  
*Or to pleasure may excite thee,*  
*Can there be a dainty thing*  
*That's not thine if thou wilt sing.*

**B**Vt *Florimel* still fullenly replies  
 I will not sing at all, let that suffice :

When as a Nymph one of the merry ging  
 Seeing she no way could be wonne to sing ;  
 Come, come, quoth she, ye vtterly vndoe her  
 With your intreaties, and your reuerence to her ;  
 For praise nor prayers, she careth not a pin ;  
 They that our foward *Florimel* would winne,  
 Must worke another way, let me come to her,  
 Either Ile make her sing, or Ile vndoe her.

Claia. *Florimel I thus coniure thee,*  
*Since their gifts cannot allure thee ;*  
*By stamp't Garlick, that doth stink,*  
*Worse then common Sewer, or Sink,*  
*By Henbane, Dogsbane, Woolfsbane, sweet*  
*As any Clownes or Carriers feet,*  
*By stinging Nettles, pricking Teasels*  
*Rayfing blisters like the measels,*  
*By the rough Burbreeding docks,*  
*Rancker then the oldest Fox,*  
*By filthy Hemblock, poysning more*  
*Then any ulcer or old sore,*  
*By the Cockle in the corne*  
*That smels farre worse than doth burnt horne,*  
*By Hempe in water that hath layne,*  
*By whose stench the Fish are slayne,*  
*By Toadflax which your Nose may tast,*  
*If you haue a minde to cast,*  
*May all filthy stinking Weeds*  
*That e'r bore leafe, or e'r had seeds,*  
*Florimel be giuen to thee,*  
*If thou'l not sing aswell as wee.*

AT which the Nymphs to open laughter fell,  
 Amongst the rest the beauteous *Florimel*,  
 (Pleasd with the spell from *Claia* that came,  
 A mirthfull Gerle and giuen to sport and game)

As

As gamesome growes as any of them all,  
And to this ditty instantly doth fall.

*Florimel. How in my thoughts should I contrive  
The Image I am framing,  
Which is so farre superlatiue,  
As tis beyond all naming ;  
I would Iove of my counsell make,  
And haue his iudgement in it,  
But that I doubt he would mistake  
How rightly to begin it :  
It must be builded in the Ayre,  
And tis my thoughts must doe it,  
And onely they must be the stayre  
From earth to mount me to it,  
For of my Sex I frame my Lay,  
Each houre, our selues forsaking,  
How should I then finde out the way  
To this my undertaking,  
When our weake Fancies working still,  
Yet changing every minnit,  
Will show that it requires some skill,  
Such difficultys in it.  
We would things, yet we know not what,  
And let our will be granted,  
Yet instantly we finde in that  
Something vnthought of wanted :  
Our ioyes and hopes such shadowes are,  
As with our motions varry,  
Which when we oft haue fetcht from farre,  
With vs they neuer tarry :  
Some worldly crosse doth still attend,  
What long we haue bin spinning,  
And e'r we fully get the end  
We lose of our beginning.  
Our policies so peevish are,  
That with themselues they wrangle,*

*And*

*And many times become the snare  
 That soonest vs intangle;  
 For that the Loue we beare our Friends  
 Though nere so strongly grounded,  
 Hath in it certaine oblique ends,  
 If to the bottome founded :  
 Our owne well wishing making it,  
 A pardonable Treason ;  
 For that it is deriud from witt,  
 And underpropt with reason.  
 For our Deare selues beloued sake  
 (Euen in the depth of passion)  
 Our Center though our selues we make,  
 Yet is not that our station ;  
 For whilst our Browes ambitious be  
 And youth at hand aways vs,  
 It is a pretty thing to see  
 How finely Beautie cheats vs  
 And whylst with tynie we tryfling stand  
 To practise Antique graces  
 Age with a pale and witherd hand  
 Drawes Furowes in our faces.*

**V**hen they which so desirous were before  
 To hear her sing ; desirous are far more  
 To haue her cease ; and call to haue her stayd  
 For she to much alredy had bewray'd.  
 And as the *thrice three Sisters* thus had grac'd  
 Their Celebration, and themselues had plac'd  
 Vpon a Violet banck, in order all  
 Where they at will might view the Festifall  
 The Nymphs and all the lusty youth that were  
 At this braue Nimphall, by them honored there,  
 To Gratifie the heauenly Gerles againe  
 Lastly prepare in state to entertaine  
 Those sacred Sisters, fairely and confer,  
 On each of them, their prayse particular

And

And thus the Nymphes to the nine Muses fung,  
When as the Youth and Forresters among  
That well prepared for this businesse were,  
Become the *Chorus*, and thus fung they there.

Nymphes. *Clio thou first of those Celestiall nine  
That daily offer to the sacred shryne,  
Of wise Apollo; Quene of Stories,  
Thou that vindicat'st the glories  
Of passed ages, and renew'st  
Their aets which euery day thou view'st,  
And from a lethargy doſt keepe  
Old nodding time, else prone to sleepe.*

Chorus. *Clio O craue of Phœbus to inspire  
Vs, for his Altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nymphes. *Melpomine thou melancholly Maid  
Next, to wise Phœbus we inuoke thy ayd,  
In Buskins that doſt stride the Stage,  
And in thy deepe distractēd rage,  
In blood-shed that doſt take delight,  
Thy obiect the moſt fearfull fight,  
That loueft the fighes, the ſhreekes, and ſounds  
Of horrors, that arife from wounds.*

Chorus. *Sad Muse, O craue of Phœbus to inspire  
Vs for his Altars, with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nymphes. *Comick Thalia then we come to thee,  
Thou mirthfull Mayden, onely that in glee  
And in loues deceits, thy pleasure tak'st,  
Of which thy varying Scene that mak'st*

F

And

*And in thy nimble Sock doſt firre  
Loude laughter through the Theater,  
That with the Peasant makſt thee ſport,  
As well as with the better ſort.*

Chorus. *Thalia craue of Phebus to inspire,  
Vs for his Alters with his holyeſt fier;  
And let his glorious euer-ſhining Rayes  
Giue life, and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Euterpe next to thee we will proceed,  
That firſt found'ſt out the Muſick on the Reed,  
With breath and fingers giuing life,  
To the ſhrill Cornet and the Fyfe,  
Teaching every ſtop and kaye,  
To thoſe vpon the Pipe that playe,  
Thoſe which Wind-Inſtruments we call  
Or ſoft, or lowd, or greate, or ſmall.*

Chorus. *Euterpe aske of Phebus to inspire,  
Vs for his Alters with his holyeſt fire  
And let his glorious euer-ſhining Rayes  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Terpsichore that of the Lute and Lyre,  
And Inſtruments that found with Cords and Wyere,  
That art the Miftres, to command  
The touch of the moſt Curious hand,  
When euery Quauer doth Imbrace  
His like, in a true Diapafe,  
And euery ſting his ſound doth fill  
Toucht with the Finger or the Quill.*

Chorus. *Terpsichore, craue Phebus to inspire  
Vs for his Alters with his holyeſt fier  
And let his glorious euer-ſhining Rayes  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.* Nimphes.

Nimphes. *Then Erato wise muse on thee we call  
In Lynes to vs that do'st demonstrate all,  
Which neatly, with thy Staffe and Bowe,  
Do'st measure, and proportion shewe;  
Motion and Gesture that do'st teach  
That euery height and depth canst reach,  
And do'st demonstrate by thy Art  
What nature else would not Impart.*

Chorus. *Deare Erato craue Phebus to inspire  
Vs for his Alters with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes,  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *To thee then braue Caliope we come  
Thou that maintain'ſt, the Trumpet, and the Drum ;  
The neighing Steed that louest to heare,  
Clashing of Armes doth please thine eare,  
In lofty Lines that do'st rehearſe  
Things worthy of a thundring verſe,  
And at no tyme art heard to ſtraine,  
On ought, that ſuits a Common vayne.*

Chorus. *Caliope, craue Phebus to inspire,  
Vs for his Alters, with his holiest fier,  
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes,  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Then Polyhymnia moſt delicious Mayd,  
In Rhetoricks Flowers that art arayd,  
In Tropes and Figures, richly drefſt,  
The Fyled Phrase that louest beſt,  
That art all Elocution, and  
The firſt that gau'ſt to understand  
The force of wordes in order plac'd  
And with a ſweet delivery grac'd*

Chorus. *Sweet Muse perswade our Phœbus to inspire  
Vs for his Altars, with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Lofty Vrania then we call to thee,  
To whom the Heauens for euer opened be,  
Thou th' Aserimes by name doſt call,  
And ſhewſt when they doe rise and fall,  
Each Planets force, and doſt diuine  
His working, ſeated in his Signe,  
And how the ſtarry Frame ſtill roules  
Betwixt the fixed ſtedfast Poles.*

Chorus. *Vrania aske of Phœbus to inspire  
Vs for his Altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes  
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

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The

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## The fourth Nymphall.

C L O R I S  
and  
M E R T I L L A.

*Chaste Cloris doth disclose the shames  
Of the Felician frantique Dames,  
Mertilla striues t'apease her woe,  
To golden wishes then they goe.*

*Mertilla.* VVHy how now *Cloris*, what, thy head  
Bound with forsaken Willow ?  
Is the cold ground become thy bed ?  
The grasse become thy pillow ?  
O let not those life-lightning eyes  
In this sad vayle be shrowded,  
Which into mourning puts the Skyes,  
To see them ouer clowded.

*Cloris.* O my *Mertilla* doe not praise  
These Lampes so dimly burning,  
Such sad and fullen lights as these  
Were onely made for mourning :  
Their obiects are the barren Rocks  
With aged Mosse o'r shaded ;  
Now whilst the Spring layes forth her Locks  
With blossomes brauely braded.

*Mertilla.* O *Cloris*, Can there be a Spring,  
O my deare Nymph, they may not,  
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,  
Without which Nature cannot :

Say what it is that troubleth thee  
 Encraest by thy concealing,  
 Speake ; sorrowes many times we see  
 Are lesned by reuealing.

*Cloris.* Being of late too vainely bent  
 And but at two much leasure ;  
 Not with our Groves and Downes content,  
 But surfetting in pleasure ;  
 Felicia's Fields I would goe see,  
 Where fame to me reported,  
 The choyce Nymphes of the world to be  
 From meaner beauties sorted ;  
 Hoping that I from them might draw  
 Some graces to delight me,  
 But there such monstrous shapes I saw,  
 That to this houre affright me.  
 Throw the thick Hayre, that thatch'd their Browes  
 Their eyes vpon me stared,  
 Like to those raging frantique Froes  
 For *Bacchus* Feasts prepared :  
 Their Bodies, although straight by kinde,  
 Yet they so monstrous make them,  
 That for huge Bags blowne vp with wind,  
 You very well may take them.  
 Their Bowels in their Elbowes are,  
 Wheron depend their Panches,  
 And their deformed Armes by farre  
 Made larger then their Hanches :  
 For their behauour and their grace,  
 Which likewise should haue priz'd them,  
 Their manners were as beastly base  
 As th'rags that so disguisid them ;  
 All Anticks, all so impudent,  
 So fashon'd out of fashion,  
 As blacke *Cocytus* vp had fent  
 Her Fry into this nation,

Whose

Whose monstrosenesse doth so perplex,  
 Of Reason and deprives me,  
 That for their sakes I loath my sex,  
 Which to this sadnesse dries me.

*Mertilla.* O my deare *Cloris* be not sad,  
 Nor with these Furies danted,  
 But let these female fooles be mad,  
 With Hellish pride enchanted ;  
 Let not thy noble thoughts descend  
 So low as their affections ;  
 Whom neither counsell can amend,  
 Nor yet the Gods corrections :  
 Such mad folks ne'r let vs bemoane,  
 But rather scorne their folly,  
 And since we two are here alone,  
 To banish melancholly,  
 Leave we this lowly creeping wayne  
 Not worthy admiration,  
 And in a braue and lofty strayne,  
 Lets exercise our passion,  
 With wishes of each others good,  
 From our abundant treasures,  
 And in this iocund sprightly mood  
 Thus alter we our meaures.

*Mertilla.* O I could wish this place were strewd with Roses,  
 And that this Banck were thickly thrum'd with Graffe  
 As soft as Sleaue, or Sarcenet euer was,  
 Whereon my *Cloris* her sweet selfe reposes.

*Cloris.* O that these Dewes Rosewater were for thee,  
 These Mists Perfumes that hang vpon these thicks,  
 And that the Winds were All Aromaticks,  
 Which if my wish could make them, they shold bee.

*Mertilla.*

*Mertilla.* O that my Bottle one whole Diamond were,  
So fild with Nectar that a Flye might sup,  
And at one draught that thou mightst drinke it vp,  
Yet a Carouse not good enough I feare.

*Cloris.* That all the Pearle, the Seas, or Indias haue  
Were well dissolu'd, and thereof made a Lake,  
Thou there in bathing, and I by to take  
Pleasure to see thee clearer then the Waue.

*Mertilla.* O that the hornes of all the Heards we see  
Were of fine gold, or else that euery horne  
Were like to that one of the Vnicorne,  
And of all thefe, not one but were thy Fee.

*Cloris.* O that their Hooues were Iuory, or some thing,  
Then the purſt Iuory farre more Christalline,  
Fild with the food wherewith the Gods doe dine,  
To keepe thy Youth in a continuall Spring.

*Mertilla.* O that the sweets of all the Flowers that grow,  
The labouring ayre would gather into one,  
In Gardens, Fields, nor Meadowes leauing none,  
And all their Sweetnesse vpon thee would throw.

*Cloris.* Nay that thosse sweet harmonious straines we heare,  
Amongſt the liuely Birds melodious Layes,  
As they recording ſit vpon the Sprayes,  
Were houering ſtill for Muſick at thine eare.

*Mertilla.* O that thy name were caru'd on euery Tree,  
That as thefe plants, ſtill great, and greater grow,  
Thy name deare Nymph might be enlarged ſo,  
That euery Groue and Coppis might ſpeake thee.

*Cloris.*

*Cloris.* Nay would thy name vpon their Rynds were set,  
 And by the Nymphes so oft and lowly spoken,  
 As that the Ecchoes to that language broken  
 Thy happy name might hourelly counterfet.

*Mertilla.* O let the Spring still put sterne winter by,  
 And in rich Damaske let her Reuell still,  
 As it should doe if I might haue my will,  
 That thou mightst still walke on her Tapistry ;  
 And thus since Fate no longer time alowes  
 Vnder this broad and shady Sicamore,  
 Where now we sit, as we haue oft before,  
 Thoſe yet vnborne shall offer vp their Vowes.

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G                      The

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## The fift Nimphall.

C L A I A  
L E L I P A  
C L A R I N A X a Hermit.

*Of Garlands, Anadems, and Wreathes  
This Nimphall nought but sweetnesse breathes,  
Presents yon with delicious Posies,  
And with powerfull Simples closes.*

*Claia.* SEE where old *Clarinax* is set,  
His fundry Simples forting,  
From whose experience we may get  
What worthy is reporting.  
Then *Lelipa* let vs draw neere,  
Whilst he his weeds is weathering,  
I fee fome powerfull Simples there  
That he hath late bin gathering.  
Haile gentle Hermit, *love* thee speed,  
And haue thee in his keeping,  
And euer helpe thee at thy need,  
Be thou awake or sleeping.  
*Clarinax.* Ye payre of most Celestiall lights,  
O Beauties three times burnisht,  
Who could expect such heauenly wights  
With Angels features furnisht ;  
What God doth guide you to this place,  
To bleffe my homely Bower ?  
It cannot be but this high grace  
Proceeds from fome high power ;  
The houres like hand-maids still attend,

Disposed

Disposed at your pleasure,  
 Ordayned to noe other end  
 But to awaite your leasure ;  
 The Deawes drawne vp into the Aer,  
 And by your breathes perfumed,  
 In little Clouds doe houer there  
 As loath to be consumed :  
 The Aer moues not but as you please,  
 So much sweet Nimpes it owes you,  
 The winds doe cast them to their ease,  
 And amorously inclose you.

*Lelipa.* Be not too lauish of thy praiife,  
 Thou good Elizian Hermit,  
 Lest some to heare such words as these,  
 Perhaps may flattery tearme it ;  
 But of your Simples something say,  
 Which may discouer affoords vs,  
 We know your knowledge lyes that way,  
 With subiects you haue stor'd vs.

*Claia.* We know for Physick yours you get,  
 Which thus you heere are sorting,  
 And vpon Garlands we are fet,  
 With Wreathes and Posyes sporting :  
 Each Garden great abundance yeelds,  
 Whose Flowers invite vs thither ;  
 But you abroad in Groues and Fields  
 Your Medc'nall Simples gather.

*Lelipa.* The Chaplet and the Anadem,  
 The curled Tresses crowning,  
 We looser Nimpes delight in them,  
 Not in your Wreathes renowning.

*Clarinax.* The Garland long agoe was worne,  
 As Time pleasd to bestow it,

The Lawrell onely to adorne  
 The Conquerer and the Poet.  
 The Palme his due, who vncontrould,  
 On danger looking grauely,  
 When Fate had done the worst it could,  
 Who bore his Fortunes brauely.  
 Most worthy of the Oken Wreath  
 The Ancients him esteemed,  
 Who in a Battle had from death  
 Some man of worth redeemed.  
 About his Temples Graffe they tye,  
 Himselife that so behaued  
 In some strong Seedge by th'Enemy,  
 A City that hath faued.  
 A Wreath of Vervaine Herhauts weare,  
 Amongst our Garlands named,  
 Being sent that dreadfull newes to beare,  
 Offensiu warre proclaimed.  
 The Signe of Peace who first displayes,  
 The Oliue Wreath possessest :  
 The Louer with the Myrtle Sprayes  
 Adornes his crisped Tresses.  
 In Loue the sad forsaken wight  
 The Willow Garland weareth :  
 The Funerall man befitting night,  
 The balefull Cipreffe beareth.  
 To *Pan* we dedicate the Pine,  
 Whose slips the Shepherd graceth :  
 Againe the Ivie and the Vine  
 On his, fwolne *Bacchus* placeth.

*Cloia.* The Boughes and Sprayes, of which you tell,  
 By you are rightly named,  
 But we with those of pretious smell  
 And colours, are enflamed ;  
 The noble Ancients to excite  
 Men to doe things worth crowning,

Not

Not vnperformed left a Rite,  
 To heighten their renowning :  
 But they that thos rewards deuis'd,  
 And those braue wights that wore them  
 By these base times, though poorly priz'd,  
 Yet Hermit we adore them.  
 The store of euery fruitfull Field  
 We Nimpes at will possessing,  
 From that variety they yeeld  
 Get Flowers for euery dressing :  
 Of Which a Garland Ile compose,  
 Then busily attend me,  
 These Flowers I for that purpose chose,  
 But where I misse amend me.

*Clarinax.* Well *Cloia* on with your intent,  
 Lets see how you will weave it,  
 Which done, here for a monument  
 I hope with me, you'll leave it.

*Cloia.* Here Damaske Roses, white and red,  
 Out of my lap first take I,  
 Which still shall runne along the thred,  
 My chiefest Flower this make I :  
 Amongst these Roses in a row,  
 Next place I Pinks in plenty,  
 These double Daysyes then for show,  
 And will not this be dainty.  
 The pretty Panfy then Ile tye  
 Like Stones some chaine inchasing,  
 And next to them their neere Alye,  
 The purple Violet placing.  
 The curious choyce, Clove Iuly-flower  
 Whose kinds height the Carnation  
 For sweetnesse of most soueraine power  
 Shall helpe my Wreath to fashion.  
 Whose fundry cullers of one kinde

First from one Root derived,  
 Them in their feuerall futes Ile binde,  
 My Garland so contriued ;  
 A courfe of Cowslips then Ile stick,  
 And here and there though sparingly  
 The pleasant Primrose downe Ile prick  
 Like Pearles, which will shew rarely :  
 Then with theſe Marygolds Ile make  
 My Garland ſomewhat fwelling,  
 Theſe Honyfuckles then Ile take,  
 Whofe sweets fhall helpe their ſmelling :  
 The Lilly and the Flower-delice,  
 For colour much contenting,  
 For that, I them doe onely prize,  
 They are but pore in ſenting :  
 The Daffadill moft dainty is  
 To match with theſe in meetneſſe ;  
 The Columbyne compar'd to this,  
 All muſt alike for ſweetneſſe.  
 Theſe in their natures onely are  
 Fit to embouſſe the border,  
 Therefore Ile take eſpeciall care  
 To place them in their order :  
 Sweet-Williams, Campions, Sops-in-wine  
 One by another neatly :  
 Thus haue I made this Wreath of mine,  
 And finished it ſeatly.

*Lelipa.* Your Garland thus you finiſh haue,  
 Then as we haue attended  
 Your leaſure, likewife let me craue  
 I may the like be friended.  
 Thoſe gaudy garifh Flowers you chufe,  
 In which our Nymphes are flaunting,  
 Which they at Feaſts and Brydals vſe,  
 The fight and ſmell enchanting :  
 A Chaplet me of Hearbs Ile make,

Then

Then which though yours be brauer,  
 Yet this of myne I'le vndertake  
 Shall not be short in fauour.  
 With Basill then I will begin,  
 Whose scent is wondrous pleasing,  
 This Eglantine I'le next put in,  
 The fense with sweetnes seasing.  
 Then in my Lauender I'le lay,  
 Muscado put among it,  
 And here and there a leafe of Bay,  
 Which still shall runne along it.  
 Germander, Marieram, and Tyme  
 Which vsed are for strewing,  
 With Hilop as an hearbe most pryme  
 Here in my wreath bestowing.  
 Then Balme and Mynt helps to make vp  
 My Chaplet, and for Tryall,  
 Costmary that so likes the Cup,  
 And next it Penieryall  
 Then Burnet shall beare vp with this  
 Whose leafe I greatly fanfy,  
 Some Camomile doth not amisse  
 With Sauory and some Tanfy,  
 Then heere and there I'le put a sprig  
 Of Rofemary into it  
 Thus not too little nor too big  
 Tis done if I can doe it.

*Clarinax. Claiia* your Garland is most gaye,  
 Compof'd of curious Flowers,  
 And so most louely *Lelipa*,  
 This Chaplet is of yours,  
 In goodly Gardens yours you get  
 Where you your laps haue laded ;  
 My fymples are by Nature fet,  
 In Groues and Fields vntraded.  
 Your Flowers most curiously you twyne,

Each

Each one his place supplying,  
 But these rough harsher Hearbs of mine,  
 About me rudely lying,  
 Of which some dwarfish Weeds there be,  
 Some of a larger stature,  
 Some by experience as we fee,  
 Whose names expresse their nature,  
 Heere is my Moly of much fame,  
 In Magicks often vsed,  
 Mugwort and Night-shade for the fame,  
 But not by me abused ;  
 Here Henbane, Popy, Hemblock here,  
 Procuring Deadly sleeping,  
 Which I doe minister with Feare,  
 Not fit for each mans keeping.  
 Heere holy Veruayne, and heere Dill,  
 Against witchcraft much auailing,  
 Here Horhound gainst the Mad dogs ill  
 By biting, neuer failing.  
 Here Mandrake that procureth loue,  
 In poysning Philters mixed,  
 And makes the Barren fruitfull proue,  
 The Root about them fixed,  
 Inchaunting Lunary here lyes  
 In Sorceries excelling,  
 And this is Dictam, which we prize  
 Shot shafts and Darts expelling,  
 Here Saxifrage against the stome  
 That Powerfull is approued,  
 Here Dodder by whose help alone,  
 Ould Agues are remoued  
 Here Mercury, here Helibore,  
 Ould Ulcers mundifying,  
 And Shepheards-purfe the Flux most fore,  
 That helps by the applying ;  
 Here wholsome Plantane, that the payne  
 Of Eyes and Eares appeafes ;

Here

Here cooling Sorrell that againe  
 We vse in hot diseases :  
 The medicinable Mallow here,  
 Asswaging fudaine Tumors,  
 The iagged Polypodium there,  
 To purge ould rotten humors,  
 Next these here Egremony is,  
 That helps the Serpents byting,  
 The blessed Betony by this,  
 Whose cures deseruen writing :  
 This All-heale, and so nam'd of right,  
 New wounds so quickly healing,  
 A thousand more I could recyte,  
 Most worthy of Reuealing,  
 But that I hindred am by Fate,  
 And businesse doth preuent me,  
 To cure a mad man, which of late  
 Is from Felicia sent me.

*Claia.* Nay then thou hast inough to doe,  
 We pity thy enduring,  
 For they are there infected soe,  
 That they are past thy curing.

H              The

## The sixt Nymphall.

S I L V I V S  
H A L C I V S .  
M E L A N T H V S .

*A Woodman, Fisher, and a Swaine  
This Nymphall through with mirth maintaine,  
Whose pleadings so the Nymphes doe please,  
That presently they give them Bayes.*

C Leere had the day bin from the dawne,  
All chequerd was the Skye,  
Thin Clouds like Scarfs of Cobweb Lawne  
Vayld Heauen's most glorious eye.  
The Winde had no more strength then this,  
That leafurely it blew,  
To make one leafe the next to kisse,  
That clofely by it grew.  
The Rils that on the Pebbles playd,  
Might now be heard at will ;  
This world they onely Musick made,  
Else euery thing was still.  
The Flowers like braue embraudred Gerles,  
Lookt as they much desired,  
To see whose head with orient Pearles,  
Most curioufly was tyred ;  
And to it selfe the subtle Ayre,  
Such fouerainty assumes,  
That it receiu'd too large a share  
From natures rich perfumes.  
When the Elizian Youth were met,

That

That were of most account,  
 And to disport themselues were set  
 Vpon an easie Mount :  
 Neare which, of stately Firre and Pine  
 There grew abundant store,  
 The Tree that weepeth Turpentine,  
 And shady Sicamore.  
 Amongst this merry youthfull trayne  
 A Forrester they had,  
 A Fisher, and a Shepheards swayne  
 A liuely Countrey Lad :  
 Betwixt which three a question grew,  
 Who should the worthiest be,  
 Which violently they purfue,  
 Nor stickled would they be.  
 That it the Company doth please  
 This ciuill strife to stay,  
 Freely to heare what each of these  
 For his braue selfe could say :  
 When first this Forrester (of all)  
 That *Silvius* had to name,  
 To whom the Lot being cast doth fall,  
 Doth thus begin the Game,

*Silvius.* For my profession then, and for the life I lead  
 All others to excell, thus for my selfe I plead ;  
 I am the Prince of sports, the Forrest is my Fee,  
 He's not vpon the Earth for pleasure liues like me ;  
 The Morne no sooner puts her Rosye Mantle on,  
 But from my quyet Lodge I instantly am gone,  
 When the melodious Birds from every Bush and Bryer  
 Of the wilde spacious Wafts, make a continuall quire ;  
 The motlied Meadowes then, new vernisht with the Sunne  
 Shute vp their spicy sweets vpon the winds that runne,  
 In easly ambling Gales, and softly seeme to pace,  
 That it the longer might their lushiousnesse imbrace :  
 I am clad in youthfull Greene, I other colours scorne,

My silken Bauldrick beares my Beugle, or my Horne,  
 Which setting to my Lips, I winde so lowd and shrill,  
 As makes the Ecchoes shewte from euery neighbouring Hill :  
 My Doghooke at my Belt, to which my Lyam's tyde,  
 My Sheafe of Arrowes by, my Woodknife at my Syde,  
 My Croffe-bow in my Hand, my Gaffle or my Rack  
 To bend it when I please, or it I list to slack,  
 My Hound then in my Lyam, I by the Woodmans art  
 Forecast, where I may lodge the goodly Hie-palm'd Hart,  
 To viewe the grazing Heards, so fundry times I vfe,  
 Where by the loftiest Head I know my Deare to chuse,  
 And to vnheard him then, I gallop o'r the ground  
 Vpon my wel-breath'd Nag, to cheere my earning Hound.  
 Sometime I pitch my Toyles the Deare aliue to take,  
 Sometime I like the Cry, the deepe-mouth'd Kennell make,  
 Then vnderneath my Horse, I staulke my game to strike,  
 And with a single Dog to hunt him hurt, I like.  
 The Siluians are to me true subiects, I their King,  
 The stately Hart, his Hind doth to my presence bring,  
 The Buck his loued Doe, the Roe his tripping Mate,  
 Before me to my Bower, whereas I sit in State.  
 The Dryads, Hamadryads, the Satyres and the Fawnes  
 Oft play at Hyde and Seeke before me on the Lawnes,  
 The frisking Fayry oft when horned Cinthia shines  
 Before me as I walke dance wanton Matachynes,  
 The numerous feathered flocks that the wild Forrests haunt  
 Their Siluan songs to me, in cheerefull dittyes chaunte,  
 The shades like ample Sheelds, defend me from the Sunne,  
 Through which me to refresh the gentle Riulets runne,  
 No little bubling Brook from any Spring that falls  
 But on the Pebbles playes me pretty Madrigals.  
 I th' morne I clime the Hills, where wholsome winds do blow  
 At Noone-tyde to the Vales, and shady Groues below,  
 T'wards Euening I againe the Chrystall Floods frequent,  
 In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.  
 As Princes and great Lords haue Pallaces, so I  
 Haue in the Forrests here, my Hall and Gallery

The

The tall and stately Woods ; which vnderneath are Plaine,  
 The Groues my Gardens are, the Heath and Downes againe  
 My wide and spacious walkes, then say all what ye can,  
 The Forester is still your only gallant man.

He of his speech scarce made an end,  
 But him they load with prayse,  
 The Nymphes most highly him commend,  
 And vow to giue him Bayes :  
 He's now cryde vp of euery one,  
 And who but onely he,  
 The Forrester's the man alone,  
 The worthyest of the three.  
 When some then th'other farre more stayd,  
 Wil'd them a while to paufe,  
 For there was more yet to be sayd,  
 That might deserue applause,  
 When *Halcius* his turne next plyes,  
 And silence hauing wonne,  
 Roome for the fisher man he cryes,  
 And thus his Plea begunne.

*Halcius.* No Forrester, it so must not be borne away,  
 But heare what for himselfe the Fisher first can say,  
 The Chrystall current Streames continually I keepe,  
 Where euery Pearle-pau'd Foard, and euery Blew-eyd deepe  
 With me familiar are ; when in my Boate being set,  
 My Oare I take in hand, my Angle and my Net  
 About me ; like a Prince my selfe in state I steer,  
 Now vp, now downe the Streame, now am I here, now ther,  
 The Pilot and the Fraught my selfe ; and at my ease  
 Can land me when I list ; or in what place I please,  
 The Siluer-scaled Sholes, about me in the Streames,  
 As thick as ye discerne the Atoms in the Beames,  
 Neare to the shady Banck where slender Sallowes grow,  
 And Willows their shag'd tops downe t'wards the waters bow  
 I shove in with my Boat to sheeld me from the heat,

Where chusing from my Bag, some prou'd especiall bayt,  
 The goodly well growne Trout I with my Angle strike,  
 And with my bearded Wyer I take the rauenous Pike,  
 Of whom when I haue hould, he feldome breakes away  
 Though at my Lynes full length, soe long I let him play  
 Till by my hand I finde he well-nere wearyed be,  
 When softly by degrees I drawe him vp to me.  
 The lusty Samon to, I oft with Angling take,  
 Which me aboue the rest most Lordly sport doth make,  
 Who feeling he is caught, such Frisks and bounds doth fetch,  
 And by his very strength my Line soe farre doth stretch,  
 As drawes my floating Corcke downe to the very ground,  
 And wresting of my Rod, doth make my Boat turne round.  
 I neuer idle am, some tyme I bayt my Weeles,  
 With which by night I take the dainty siluer Eeles,  
 And with my Draughtnet then, I sweepe the streaming Flood,  
 And to my Tramell next, and Cast-net from the Mud,  
 I beate the Scaly brood, noe hower I idely spend,  
 But wearied with my worke I bring the day to end :  
 The Naijdes and Nymphes that in the Riuers keepe,  
 Which take into their care, the store of euery deepe,  
 Amongst the Flowery flags, the Bullrushes and Reed,  
 That of the Spawne haue charge (abundantly to breed)  
 Well mounted vpon Swans, their naked bodys lend  
 To my discerning eye, and on my Boate attend,  
 And dance vpon the Waues, before me (for my sake)  
 To th'Musick the fast wynd vpon the Reeds doth make.  
 And for my pleasure more, the rougher Gods of Seas  
 From *Neptunes* Court send in the blew Neriades,  
 Which from his bracky Realme vpon the Billowes ride  
 And beare the Riuers backe with euery streaming Tyde,  
 Those Billowes gainst my Boate, borne with delightfull Gales  
 Oft seeming as I rowe to tell me pretty tales,  
 Whilst Ropes of liquid Pearle still load my laboring Oares,  
 As streacht vpon the Stremme they stryke me to the Shores:  
 The silent medowes feeme delighted with my Layes,  
 As sitting in my Boate I sing my Lasses praisē,

Then

Then let them that like, the Forrester vp cry,  
Your noble Fisher is your only man say I.

This Speech of *Halcius* turn'd the Tyde,  
And brought it so about,  
That all vpon the Fisher cryde,  
That he would beare it out ;  
Him for the speech he made, to clap  
Who lent him not a hand,  
And said t'would be the Waters hap,  
Quite to put downe the Land.  
This while *Melanthus* silent sits,  
(For so the Shepheard hight)  
And hauing heard these dainty wits,  
Each pleading for his right ;  
To heare them honor'd in this wise,  
His patience doth prouoke,  
When for a Shepheard roome he cryes,  
And for himselfe thus spoke.

*Melanthus.* Well Fisher you haue done, & Forrester for you  
Your Tale is neatly tould, s'are both's to giue you due,  
And now my turne comes next, then heare a Shepherd speak:  
My watchfulnesse and care giues day scarce leauue to break,  
But to the Fields I haste, my folded flock to see,  
Where when I finde, nor Woolfe, nor Fox, hath iniur'd me,  
I to my Bottle straight, and foundly baste my Throat,  
Which done, some Country Song or Roundelay I roate  
So merrily ; that to the musick that I make,  
I Force the Larke to sing ere she be well awake ;  
Then *Baull* my cut-tayld Curre and I begin to play,  
He o'r my Shephooke leapes, now th'one, now th'other way,  
Then on his hinder feet he doth himselfe aduance,  
I tune, and to my note, my liuely Dog doth dance,  
Then whistle in my Fist, my fellow Swaynes to call,  
Downe goe our Hooks and Scrips, and we to Nine-holes fall,  
At Dust-point, or at Quoyts, else are we at it hard,

All

All false and cheating Games, we Shepheards are debard :  
 Surveying of my sheepe if Ewe or Wether looke  
 As though it were amisse, or with my Curre, or Crooke  
 I take it, and when once I finde what it doth ayle,  
 It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heale ;  
 And when my carefull eye, I cast vpon my sheepe  
 I sort them in my Pens, and sorted soe I keepe :  
 Thoſe that are bigſt of Boane, I ſtill reſerue for breed,  
 My Cullings I put off, or for the Chapman feed  
 When the Euening doth approach I to my Bagpipe take,  
 And to my Grazing flocks ſuch Musick then I make,  
 That they forbeare to feed ; then me a King you fee,  
 I playing goe before, my Subiects followe me,  
 My Bell-weaſter moſt braue, before the reſt doth ſtalke  
 The Father of the flocke, and after him doth walke  
 My writhen-headed Ram, with Posy whole crownd in pride  
 Faſt to his crooked hornes with Rybands neatly ty'd  
 And at our Shepheards Board that's cut out of the ground,  
 My fellow Swaynes and I together at it round,  
 With Greencheefe, clouted Cream, with Flawns, & Custards,  
 Whig, Sider, and with Whey, I domineer a Lord, (ftord,  
 When ſhering time is come I to the Riuer drue,  
 My goodly well-fleec'd Flocks : (by pleasure thus I thriue)  
 Which being washt at will ; vpon the ſhering day,  
 My wooll I foorth in Loaks, fit for the wynder lay,  
 Which vpon luſty heapes into my Coate I heauie,  
 That in the Handling feeles as ſoft as any Sleauie,  
 When euery Ewe two Lambes, they yeaned hath that yeare,  
 About her new ſhorne neck a Chaplet then doth weare ;  
 My Tarboxe, and my Scrip, my Bagpipe, at my back,  
 My ſheephooke in my hand, what can I ſay I lacke ;  
 He that a Scepter ſwayd, a ſheephooke in his hand,  
 Hath not diſdaind to haue ; for Shepheards then I stand ;  
 Then Foreſter and you my Fisher ceafe your ſtrife  
 I ſay your Shepheard leads your onely merry life,

They had not cryd the Foreſter,  
 And Fisher vp before,

So

So much : but now the Nymphes preferre,  
The Shephard ten tymes more,  
And all the Ging goes on his side,  
Their Minion him they make,  
To him themfelues they all apply,  
And all his partie take ;  
Till some in their discretion cast,  
Since first the strife begunne  
In all that from them there had past  
None absolutly wonne ;  
That equall honour they shoulde share ;  
And their deserts to shewe,  
For each a Garland they prepare,  
Which they on them bestowe,  
Of all the choicest flowers that weare,  
Whiche purposly they gather,  
With which they Crowne them, parting there,  
As they came first together :

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## H      The

## The feuenth Nimphall.

F L O R I M E L  
 L E L I P A  
 N A I S  
 C O D R V S a Feriman.

*The Nimpes, the Queene of loue pursue,  
 Which oft doth hide her from their view:  
 But laftly from th'Elizian Nation,  
 She banift is by Proclamation.*

*Florimel.* **D**Eare *Lelipa*, where haft thou bin fo long,  
 Was't not enough for thee to doe me wrong,  
 To rob me of my selfe, but with more spight  
 To take my *Naijs* from me, my delight?  
 Yee lazie Girles, your heads where haue ye layd,  
 Whil'st *Venus* here her anticke prankes hath playd?

*Lelipa.* Nay *Florimel*, we shoule of you enquire,  
 The onely Mayden, whom we all admire  
 For Beauty, Wit, and Chastity, that you  
 Amongst the rest of all our Virgin crue,  
 In quest of her, that you fo flacke should be,  
 And leauie the charge to *Naijs* and to me.

*Florimel.* Y'are much mistaken *Lelipa*, 'twas I,  
 Of all the Nimpes, that firſt did her defcry,  
 At our great Hunting when as in the Chase  
 Amongſt the rest, me thought I faw one face  
 So exceeding faire, and curious, yet vnknowne  
 That I that face not possibly could owne.

And

And in the course, so Goddesse like a gate,  
 Each step so full of maiesty and state ;  
 That with my selfe, I thus resolu'd that she  
 Lefse then a Goddesse (surely) could not be :  
 Thus as *Idalia*, stedfastly I ey'd,  
 A little Nimphe that kept close by her side  
 I noted, as vnknowne as was the other,  
 Which *Cupid* was disguis'd so by his mother.  
 The little purblinde Rogue, if you had seene,  
 You would haue thought he verily had beene  
 One of *Diana's* Votaries, so clad,  
 He euery thing so like a Huntresse had :  
 And she had put false eyes into his head,  
 That very well he might vs all haue sped.  
 And still they kept together in the Reare,  
 But as the Boy should haue shot at the Deare,  
 He shot amongst the Nimpes, which when I saw,  
 Closer vp to them I began to draw ;  
 And fell to hearken, when they naught suspecting,  
 Because I seem'd them vtterly neglecting,  
 I heard her say, my little *Cupid* too't,  
 Now Boy or neuer, at the Beuie shioot,  
 Haue to them *Venus*, quoth the Boy anon,  
 I'le pierce the proud'i't, had she at heart of stone :  
 With that I cryde out, Treason, Treason, when  
 The Nimpes that were before, turning agen  
 To vnderstand the meaning of this cry,  
 They out of sight were vanish't presently.  
 Thus but for me, the Mother and the Sonne,  
 Here in Elizium, had vs all vndone.

*Naijs.* Beleeue me gentle Maide, 'twas very well,  
 But now heare me my beauteous *Florimel*.  
 Great *Mars* his Lemman being cryde out here,  
 She to *Felicia* goes, still to be neare  
 Th'Elizian Nimpes, for at vs is her ayme,  
 The fond *Felicians* are her common game.

I vpon pleasure idly wandring thither,  
 Something worth laughter from those fooles to gather,  
 Found her, who thus had lately beene surpriz'd;  
 Fearing the like, had her faire selfe disguis'd  
 Like an old Witch, and gaue out to haue skill  
 In telling Fortunes either good or ill ;  
 And that more nearly she with them might clofe,  
 She cut the Cornes, of dainty Ladies Toes :  
 She gaue them Phisicke, either to coole or mooue them,  
 And powders too to make their sweet Hearts loue them.  
 And her sonne *Cupid*, as her Zany went,  
 Carrying her boxes, whom she often fent  
 To know of her faire Patients how they slept.  
 By which meanes she, and the blinde Archer crept  
 Into their fauours, who would often Toy,  
 And tooke delight in sporting with the Boy ;  
 Which many times amongst his waggish tricks,  
 These wanton Wenches in the bofome pricks ;  
 That they before which had some frantick fits,  
 Were by his Witchcraft quite out of their wits.  
 Watching this Wifard, my minde gaue me stille  
 She some Impostor was, and that this skill  
 Was counterfeit, and had some other end.  
 For which discouery, as I did attend,  
 Her wrinckled vizard being very thin,  
 My piercing eye perceiu'd her clearer skin  
 Through the thicke Riuels perfectly to shine ;  
 When I perceiu'd a beauty so diuine,  
 As that so clouded, I began to pry  
 A little nearer, when I chanc't to spye  
 That pretty Mole vpon her Cheeke, which when  
 I saw ; furuaying euery part agen,  
 Vpon her left hand, I perceiu'd the skarre  
 Which she receiu'd in the Troian warre ;  
 Which when I found, I could not chuse but smile,  
 She, who againe had noted me the while.

And

And by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,  
Slipt out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

*Lelipa.* Nay then my dainty Girles, I make no doubt  
But I my selfe as strangely found her out  
As either of you both ; in Field and Towne,  
When like a Pedlar she went vp and downe :  
For she had got a pretty handsome Packe,  
Which she had fardled neatly at her backe :  
And opening it, she had the perfect cry,  
Come my faire Girles, let's see, what will you buy ?  
Here be fine night Maskes, plaftred well within,  
To supple wrinckles, and to fmooth the skin :  
Heer's Christall, Corall, Bugle, Iet, in Beads,  
Cornelian Bracelets, for my dainty Maids :  
Then Periwigs and Searcloth-Gloues doth show,  
To make their hands as white as Swan or Snow :  
Then takes she forth a curious gilded boxe,  
Which was not opened but by double locks ;  
Takes them aside, and doth a Paper spred,  
In which was painting both for white and red :  
And next a piece of Silke, wherein there lyes  
For the decay'd, false Breasts, false Teeth, false Eyes :  
And all the while shee's opening of her Packe,  
*Cupid* with's wings bound close downe to his backe :  
Playing the Tumbler on a Table gets,  
And shewes the Ladies many pretty feats.  
I seeing behinde him that he had such things,  
For well *I* knew no boy but he had wings,  
*I* view'd his Mothers beauty, which to me  
Leffe then a Goddesse said, she could not be :  
With that quoth *I* to her, this other day,  
As you doe now, so one that came this way,  
Shew'd me a neate piece, with the needle wrought,  
How *Mars* and *Venus* were together caught  
By polt-foot *Vulcan* in an Iron net ;  
It grieu'd me after that I chanc't to let,

It to goe from me ; whereat waxing red,  
 Into her Hamper she hung downe her head,  
 As she had stoup't some noueltie to seeke,  
 But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing Cheeke :  
 When she her Trinkets truffeth vp anon,  
 E'r we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

*Florimel.* But hearke you Nymphes, amongst our idle prate,  
 Tis current newes through the Elizian State,  
 That *Venus* and her Sonne were lately seene  
 Here in *Elizium*, whence they oft haue beene  
 Banisht by our Edicte, and yet still merry,  
 Were here in publique row'd o'r at the Ferry,  
 Where as 'tis said, the Ferryman and she  
 Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,  
*Codrus* much wondring at the blind Boyes Bow.

*Naijs.* And what it was, that easly you may know,  
*Codrus* himselfe comes rowing here at hand.

*Lelipa.* *Codrus* Come hither, let your Whirry stand,  
 I hope vpon you, ye will take no state  
 Because two Gods haue grac't your Boat of late ;  
 Good Ferry-man I pray thee let vs heare  
 What talke ye had, aboard thee whilst they were.

*Codrus.* Why thus faire Nymphes.  
 As I a Fare had lately past,  
 And thought that side to ply,  
 I heard one as it were in haste ;  
 A Boate, a Boate, to cry,  
 Which as I was about to bring,  
 And came to view my Fraught,  
 Thought I, what more then heauenly thing,  
 Hath fortune hither brought.  
 She seeing mine eyes still on her were,  
 Soone, smilingly, quoth she ;

Sirra,

Sirra, looke to your Roothere there,  
 Why lookst thou thus at me?  
 And nimblly stept into my Boat,  
 With her a little Lad  
 Naked and blind, yet did I note,  
 That Bow and Shafts he had,  
 And two Wings to his Shoulders fixt,  
 Which stood like little Sayles,  
 With farre more various colours mixt,  
 Then be your Peacockes Tayles;  
 I seeing this little dapper Elfe,  
 Such Armes as these to beare,  
 Quoth I thus softly to my selfe,  
 What strange thing haue we here,  
 I neuer saw the like thought I:  
 Tis more then strange to me,  
 To haue a child haue wings to fly,  
 And yet want eyes to see;  
 Sure this is some deuised toy,  
 Or it transform'd hath bin,  
 For such a thing, halfe Bird, halfe Boy,  
 I thinke was neuer seene;  
 And in my Boat I turnd about,  
 And wistly viewd the Lad,  
 And cleerely saw his eyes were out,  
 Though Bow and Shafts he had.  
 As wistly she did me behold,  
 How likst thou him quoth she,  
 Why well, quoth I; and better should,  
 Had he but eyes to see.  
 How sayst thou honest friend, quoth she,  
 Wilt thou a Prentice take,  
 I thinke in time, though blind he be,  
 A Ferry-man hee'll make;  
 To guide my passage Boat quoth I,  
 His fine hands were not made,  
 He hath beene bred too wantonly

To

To vndertake my trade ;  
 Why helpe him to a Master then,  
 Quoth she, such Youths be scant,  
 It cannot be but there be men  
 That such a Boy do want.  
 Quoth I, when you your best haue done,  
 No better way you'll finde,  
 Then to a Harper binde your Sonne,  
 Since most of them are blind.  
 The louely Mother and the Boy,  
 Laught heartily thereat,  
 As at some nimble iest or toy,  
 To heare my homely Chat.  
 Quoth I, I pray you let me know,  
 Came he thus first to light,  
 Or by some sicknesse, hurt, or blow,  
 Depryued of his sight ;  
 Nay sure, quoth she, he thus was borne,  
 Tis strange borne blind, quoth I,  
 I feare you put this as a scorne  
 On my simplicity ;  
 Quoth she, thus blind I did him beare,  
 Quoth I, if't be no lye,  
 Then he's the first blind man Ile sweare,  
 Ere practisid Archery,  
 A man, quoth she, nay there you misse,  
 He's still a Boy as now,  
 Nor to be elder then he is,  
 The Gods will him alow ;  
 To be no elder then he is,  
 Then sure he is some sprite  
 I straight replide, again at this,  
 The Goddesse laught out right ;  
 It is a mystery to me  
 An Archer and yet blinde ;  
 Quoth I againe, how can it be,  
 That he his marke should finde ;

The

The Gods, quoth she, whose will it was  
 That he should want his fight,  
 That he in someting should surpasfe,  
 To recompence their spight,  
 Gau him this gift, though at his Game  
 He still shot in the darke,  
 That he should haue so certaine ayme,  
 As not to misse his marke.  
 By this time we were come a shore,  
 When me my Fare she payd,  
 But not a word she vttered more,  
 Nor had I her bewrayd,  
 Of *Venus* nor of *Cupid* I  
 Before did neuer heare,  
 But that a Fisher comming by  
 Then, told me who they were.

*Florimel.* Well: against them then proceed  
 As before we haue decreed,  
 That the Goddesse and her Child,  
 Be for euer hence exild,  
 Which *Lelipa* you shall proclaime  
 In our wife *Apollo's* name.

*Lelipa.* To all th'Elizian Nimphish Nation,  
 Thus we make our Proclamation,  
 Against *Venus* and her Sonne  
 For the mischeefe they haue done,  
 After the next last of May,  
 The fixt and peremtory day,  
 If she or *Cupid* shall be found  
 Vpon our Elizian ground,  
 Our Edict, meere Rogues shall make them,  
 And as such, who ere shall take them,  
 Them shall into prison put,  
*Cupids* wings shall then be cut,  
 His Bow broken, and his Arrowes

Giuen to Boys to shhoot at Sparrowes,  
And this Vagabond be sent,  
Hauing had due punishment  
To mount *Cyltheron*, which first fed him :  
Where his wanton Mother bred him,  
And there out of her protection  
Dayly to receiue correction ;  
Then her Pasport shall be made,  
And to *Cyprus* Isle conuayd,  
And at *Paphos* in her Shryne,  
Where she hath beene held diuine,  
For her offences found contrite,  
There to liue an Anchorite.

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The

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## The eight Nymphall.

M E R T I L L A

C L A I A

C L O R I S.

*A Nymph is marryed to a Fay,  
Great preparations for the Day,  
All Rites of Nuptials they recite you  
To the Brydall and invite you.*

*Mertilla.* B Vt will our *Tita* wed this Fay?

*Claia.* Yea, and to morrow is the day.

*Mertilla.* But why should she bestow her selfe  
Vpon this dwarfish Fayry Elfe?

*Claia.* Why by her smalnesse you may finde,  
That she is of the Fayry kinde,  
And therefore apt to chuse her make  
Whence she did her begining take:  
Besides he's deft and wondrous Ayrye,  
And of the noblest of the Fayry,  
Chiefe of the Crickets of much fame,  
In Fayry a most ancient name.  
But to be briefe, 'tis cleerely done,  
The pretty wench is woo'd and wonne.

*Cloris.* If this be fo, let vs prouide  
The Ornaments to fit our Bryde,

For they knowing she doth come  
 From vs in *Elizium*,  
 Queene *Mab* will looke she should be drest  
 In those attyres we thinke our best,  
 Therefore some curious things lets giue her,  
 E'r to her Spouse we her deliuer.

*Mertilla.* Ile haue a Iewell for her eare,  
 (Which for my fake Ile haue her weare)  
 'T shall be a Dewdrop, and therein  
 Of *Cupids* I will haue a twinne,  
 Which strugling, with their wings shall break  
 The Bubble, out of which shall leak  
 So sweet a liquor as shall moue  
 Each thing that smels, to be in loue.

*Claia.* Beleeue me Gerle, this will be fine,  
 And to this Pendant, then take mine ;  
 A Cup in fashion of a Fly,  
 Of the Linxes piercing eye,  
 Wherein there sticks a Sunny Ray  
 Shot in through the clearest day,  
 Whose brightnesse *Venus* selfe did moue,  
 Therein to put her drinke of Loue,  
 Which for more strength she did distill,  
 The Limbeck was a *Phœnix* quill,  
 At this Cups delicious brinke,  
 A Fly approching but to drinke,  
 Like Amber or some precious Gumme  
 It transparant doth become.

*Cloris.* For Iewels for her eares she's sped,  
 But for a dressing for her head  
 I thinke for her I haue a Tyer,  
 That all Fayryes shall admyre,  
 The yellowes in the full-blowne Rose,  
 Which in the Top it doth inclose

Like

Like drops of gold Oare shall be hung,  
 Vpon her Tresses, and among  
 Those scattered seeds (the eye to please)  
 The wings of the Cantharides :  
 With some o'th'Raine-bow that doth raile  
 Those Moons in, in the Peacocks taile :  
 Whose dainty colours being mixt  
 With th'other beauties, and so fixt,  
 Her louely Tresses shall appeare,  
 As though vpon a flame they were.  
 And to be sure she shall be gay,  
 We'll take those feathers from the *Jay* ;  
 About her eyes in Circlets set,  
 To be our *Tita's* Coronet.

*Mertilla.* Then dainty Girles *I* make no doubt,  
 But we shall neatly fend her out :  
 But let's amongst our felues agree,  
 Of what her wedding Gowne shall be.

*Claia.* Of Pansie, Pincke, and Primrose leaues,  
 Most curiously laid on in Threaues :  
 And all embroydery to supply,  
 Powthred with flowers of Rosemary :  
 A trayle about the skirt shall runne,  
 The Silke-wormes finest, newly spunne ;  
 And euery Seame the Nymphs shall sew  
 With th'smallest of the Spinners Clue :  
 And hauing done their worke, againe  
 Thefe to the Church shall beare her Traine :  
 Which for our *Tita* we will make  
 Of the cast flough of a Snake,  
 Which quiuering as the winde doth blow,  
 The Sunne shall it like Tinsell shew.

*Cloris.* And being led to meet her mate,  
 To make sure that she want no state,

Mooenes from the Peacockes tayle wee'll shred,  
 With feathers from the Pheasants head :  
 Mixd with the plume of (so high price,)  
 The precious bird of Paradice.  
 Which to make vp, our Nimpes shall ply  
*Into a curious Canopy.*  
 Borne o're her head (by our enquiry)  
*By Elfes, the fitteſt of the Faery.*

*Mertilla.* But all this while we haue forgot  
 Her Buskins, neighbours, haue we not ?

*Claia.* We had, for thoſe I'le fit her now,  
 They ſhall be of the Lady-Cow :  
 The dainty ſhell vpon her backe  
 Of Crimfon ſtrew'd with ſpots of blacke ;  
 Which as ſhe holds a ſtately pace,  
 Her Leg will wonderfully grace.

*Cloris.* But then for muſicke of the beſt,  
 This muſt be thought on for the Feaſt.

*Mertilla.* The Nightingale of birds moſt choyce,  
 To doe her beſt ſhall ſtraine her voyce ;  
 And to this bird to make a Set,  
 The Mauis, Merle, and Robinet ;  
 The Larke, the Lennet, and the Thrush,  
 That make a Quier of euery Bush.  
 But for full muſicke, we will keepe  
 The Wren, and Titmouse, which to ſleepe  
 Shall ſing the Bride, when ſhee's alone  
 The reſt into their chambers gone.  
 And like thoſe vpon Ropes that walke  
 On Goffimer, from ſtaulke to ſtaulke,  
 The tripping Fayry tricks ſhall play  
 The euening of the wedding day.

*Claia.*

*Claia.* But for the Bride-bed, what were fit,  
That hath not beene talk'd of yet.

*Cloris.* Of leaues of Roses white and red,  
Shall be the Couering of her bed :  
The Curtaines, Valence, Tester, all,  
Shall be the flower Imperiall,  
And for the Fringe, it all along  
With azure Harebels shall be hung :  
Of Lillies shall the Pillowes be,  
With downe stuft of the Butterflee.

*Mertilla.* Thus farre we handomely haue gone,  
Now for our Prothalamion  
Or Marriage song of all the rest,  
A thing that much must grace our feast.  
Let vs practise then to sing it,  
Ere we before th' assembly bring it :  
We in Dialogues must doe it,  
Then my dainty Girles set to it.

*Claia.* This day must Tita marryed be,  
Come Nymphs this nuptiall let vs see.

*Mertilla.* But is it certaine that ye say,  
Will she wed the noble Faye ?

*Cloris.* Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dewes,  
Such as the Gods at Banquets vfe :  
Let Hearbs and Weeds turne all to Roses,  
And make proud the posts with posies :  
Shute your sweets into the ayre,  
Charge the morning to be fayre.

Claia : } For our Tita is this day,  
Mertilla. } To be married to a Faye.

Claia.

Claia. *By whom then shall our Bride be led  
To the Temple to be wed.*

Mertilla. *Onely by your selfe and I,  
Who that roomth should else supply?*

Cloris. *Come bright Girles, come altogether,  
And bring all your offrings hither,  
Ye most braue and Buxome Beuye,  
All your goodly graces Leuye,  
Come in Maiestie and state  
Our Brydall here to celebrate.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*  
Claia. } *Married to a noble Faye.*

Claia. *Whose lot wilt be the way to strow,  
On which to Church our Bride must goe?*

Mertilla. *That I thinke as fitſt of all,  
To liuely Lelipa will fall.*

Cloris. *Summon all the sweets that are,  
To this nuptiall to repayre ;  
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,  
Strongly styfling one another ;  
And at last they all consume,  
And vanish in one rich perfume.*

Mertilla : } *For our Tita is this day,*  
Claia. } *Married to a noble Faye.*

Mertilla. *By whom must Tita married be,  
'Tis fit we all to that should see ?*

Claia. *The Priest he purposely doth come,  
Th'Arch Flamyne of Elizium.*

Cloris.

Cloris. *With Tapers let the Temples shine,  
Sing to Himen, Hymnes diuine :  
Load the Altars till there rise  
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice ;  
With your Sensors sling aloofe  
Their smels, till they ascend the Roofe.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*  
Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

Mertilla. *But comming backe when she is wed,  
Who breakes the Cake aboue her head.*

Claia. *That shall Mertilla, for shée's talleſt,  
And our Tita is the ſmalleſt.*

Cloris. *Violins, ſtrike vp aloud,  
Ply the Gitterne, ſcōvre the Crowd,  
Let the nimble hand belabour  
The whiſteling Pipe, and drumbling Taber :  
To the full the Bagpipe racke,  
Till the ſwelling leather cracke.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*  
Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

Claia. *But when to dyne ſhe takes her ſeate  
What ſhall be our Tita's meate ?*

Mertilla. *The Gods this Feaſt, as to begin,  
Haue ſent of their Ambroſia in.*

Cloris. *Then ſerue we vp the ſtrawes rich berry,  
The Reſpas, and Elizian Cherry :  
The virgin honey from the flowers  
In Hibla, wrought in Flora's Bowers :  
Full Bowles of Nectar, and no Girle  
Carouſe but in diſſolved Pearle.*

L

Mertilla.

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*  
 Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

Claia. *But when night comes, and she must goe  
 To Bed, deare Nymphes what must we doe ?*

Mertilla. *In the Posset must be brought,  
 And Poynts be from the Bridegroome caught.*

Cloris. *In Maskes, in Dances, and delight,  
 And reare Banquets spend the night :  
 Then about the Roome we ramble,  
 Scatter Nuts, and for them scramble :  
 Ouer Stooles, and Tables tumble,  
 Neuer thinke of noyse nor rumble.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*  
 Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

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The

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## The ninth Nymphall.

M V S E S and  
N I M P H S .

*The Muses spend their lofty layes,  
Vpon Apollo and his prayse;  
The Nymphs with Gems his Alter build,  
This Nymphall is with Phœbus fild.*

A Temple of exceeding state,  
The Nymphes and Mufes rearing,  
Which they to *Phœbus* dedicate,  
Elizium euer cheering :  
These Mufes, and thofe Nymphes contend  
This Phane to *Phœbus* offring,  
Which fide the other ſhould tranſcend,  
These praife, thofe prizes proffering,  
And at this long appointed day,  
Each one their largeſſe bringing,  
Thofe nine faire Sifters led the way  
Thus to *Apollo* ſinging.

The Mufes. *Thou youthfull God that guid'ſt the howres,*  
*The Mufes thus implore thee,*  
*By all thofe Names due to thy powers,*  
*By which we ſtill adore thee.*  
Sol, Tytan, Delius, Cynthius, ſtyles,  
Much reverence that haue wonne thee,  
Deriu'd from Mountaines as from Iles  
Where worship firſt was done thee.  
Rich Delos brought thee forth diuine,  
Thy Mother thither driven,

*At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,  
Thy Oracles were giuen.  
In thy swift course from East to West,  
They minutes misse to finde thee,  
That bear'ſt the morning on thy breast,  
And leau'ſt the night behinde thee.  
Vp to Olimpus top so steepe,  
Thy ſtarling Courfers currying ;  
Thence downe to Neptunes vafly deepe,  
Thy flaming Charriot hurrying.*

The horſes drawning the Chariot of the Sunne.

*Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois, proud,  
Their lightning Maynes aduancing :  
Breathing forth fire on euery cloud  
Vpon their Iourney prancing.  
Whose ſparkling hoofes, with gold for ſpeed  
Are ſhod, to ſcape all dangers,  
Where they upon Ambroſia feed,  
In their celeſtiall Mangers.*

The Moun- taines first faluting the Sunne at his ri- fing.

\* Suppoſed the God of earth. One of the Judges of hell.

*Bright Colatina, that of hils  
Is Goddeſſe, and hath keeping  
Her Nymphes, the cleere Oreades wils  
T'attend thee from thy ſleeping.  
Great\* Demogorgon feeles thy might,  
His Mynes about him heating :  
Who through his boſome dart'ſt thy light,  
Within the Center sweating.  
If thou but touch thy golden Lyre,  
Thou Minos mou'ſt to heare thee :  
The Rockes feele in themſelues afire,  
And riſe vp to come neere thee.  
'Tis thou that Phyſicke diſt deniſe  
Hearbs by their natures calling :  
Of which ſome opening at thy Riſe,  
And cloſing at thy falling.  
Fayre Hyacinth thy moſt lou'd Lad,  
That with the ſledge thou flueſt ;*

Hath

*Hath in a flower the life he had,  
Whose root thou still renerveſt,  
Thy Daphne thy beloved Tree,  
That ſcornes thy Fathers Thunder,  
And thy deare Clitia yet we ſee,  
Not time from thee can ſunder ;  
From thy bright Bow that Arrow flew  
(Snacht from thy golden Quiuer)  
Which thou fell Serpent Python flew,  
Renowning thee for euer.*

*The Aetian and the Pythian Games  
Denized were to praise thee,  
With all th' Apolinary names  
That th' Aneidents thought could raise thee.  
A Shryne vpon this Mountaine hie,  
To thee we'll haue erected,  
Which thou the God of Poesie  
Muſt care to haue protected :  
With thy lou'd Cinthus that ſhall ſhare,  
With all his shady Bowers,  
Nor Licia's Cragus ſhall compare  
With this, for thee, of ours.*

A Nymph  
lou'd of  
*Apollo*, and  
by him  
changed  
into a  
flower.

Playes or  
Games in  
honor of  
*Apollo*.

Thus hauing fung, the Nimpifish Crue  
Thrust in amongst them thronging,  
Desiring they might haue the due  
That was to them belonging.  
Quoth they, ye Mufes, as diuine,  
Are in his glories graced,  
But it is we muſt build the Shryne  
Wherein they muſt be placed ;  
Which of thofe precious Gemmes we'll make  
That Nature can affoord vs,  
Which from that plenty we will take,  
Wherewith we here haue stor'd vs :  
O glorious *Phaebus* most diuine,  
Thine Altars then we hallow.

L 3

And

And with those stones we build a Shryne  
To thee our wife *Apollo*.

The Nymphes. *No Gem, from Rocks, Seas, running streames,*  
*(Their numbers let vs muster)*  
But hath from thy most powerfull beames  
The Vertue and the Lufbre ;  
The Diamond, the king of Gemmes,  
The first is to be placed,  
That glory is of Diadems,  
Them gracing, by them graced :  
In whom thy power the most is seene,  
The raging fire refelling :  
The Emerauld then, most deepeley greene,  
For beauty most excelling,  
Resisting poyson often prou'd  
By those about that beare it.  
The cheerfull Ruby then, much lou'd,  
That doth reviuue the spirit,  
Whose kinde to large extenfure growne  
The colour fo enflamed,  
Is that admired mighty stone  
The Carbuncle that's named,  
Which from it such a flaming light  
And radency eieeteth,  
That in the very dark'ſt of night  
The eye to it directeth.  
The yellow Iacynth, strengthning Senfe,  
Of which who hath the keeping,  
No Thunder hurts nor Pestilence,  
And much prouokeith sleeping :  
The Chrysolite, that doth refiſt  
Thirst, proued, neuer failing,  
The purple colored Amatist,  
'Gainſt ſtrength of wine prevailing ;  
The verdant gay greene Smaragdus,

*Moft*

*Moſt ſoueraine ouer paſſion :*  
*The Sardonix, approu'd by vs*  
*To maſter Incantation.*  
*Then that celeſtiall colored ſtone*  
*The Saphyre, heauenly wholly,*  
*Which worne, there wearineſſe is none,*  
*And cureth melancholly :*  
*The Lazulus, whose pleaſant blew*  
*With golden vaines is graced ;*  
*The Iaspis, of ſo various hew,*  
*Amongſt our other placed ;*  
*The Onix, from the Ancients brought,*  
*Of wondrous Eſtimation,*  
*Shall in amongſt the reſt be wrought*  
*Our ſacred Shryne to fashion ;*  
*The Topas, we'll ſtick here and there,*  
*And ſea-greene colored Berill,*  
*And Turkeſſe, which who haps to beare*  
*Is often kept from perill.*  
*The Selenite, of Cynthias light,*  
*So nam'd, with her ſtill ranging,*  
*Which as ſhe waneth or waxeth bright*  
*Its colours ſo are changing.*  
*With Opalls, more then any one,*  
*We'll deck thine Altar fuller,*  
*For that of euery precious ſtone,*  
*It doth reteine ſome colour.*  
*With bunches of Pearle Paragon*  
*Thine Altar underpropping,*  
*Whose baſe is the Cornelian,*  
*Strong bleeding often ſtopping :*  
*With th' Agot, very oft that is*  
*Cut ſtrangely in the Quarry,*  
*As Nature ment to ſhow in this,*  
*How ſhe her ſelfe can varry :*

*With*

*With worlds of Gems from Mines and Seas  
Elizium well might store vs,  
But we content our selues with these  
That readiest lye before vs :  
And thus O Phœbus most diuine  
Thine Altars still we hallow,  
And to thy Godhead reare this Shryne,  
Our onely wise Apollo.*

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The

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## The tenth Nymphall.

N A I I S  
C L A I A  
C O R B I L V S  
S A T Y R E.

*A Satyre on Elizium lights,  
Whose vgly shape the Nymphes affrights,  
Yet when they heare his iust complaint,  
They make him an Elizian Saint.*

*Corbilus.*

VV Hat; breathles Nymphs? bright Virgins let me know  
What suddaine cause constraines ye to this haste?  
What haue ye feene that should affright ye so?  
What might it be from which ye flye so fast?  
I see your faces full of pallid feare,  
As though some perill followed on your flight;  
Take breath a while, and quickly let me heare  
Into what danger ye haue lately light.

*Naijs.* Neuer were poore distressed Gerles so glad,  
As when kinde, loued *Corbilus* we saw,  
When our much haste vs so much weakened had,  
That scarcely we our wearied breathes could draw.

In this next Groue vnder an aged Tree,  
So fell a monster lying there we found,  
As till this day, our eyes did neuer see,  
Nor euer came on the Elizian ground.  
Halfe man, halfe Goat, he seeni'd to vs in shew,  
His vpper parts our humane shape doth beare,

M

But

But he's a very perfect Goat below,  
His crooked Cambrils arm'd with hoofe and hayre.

*Claia.* Through his leane Chops a chattering he doth make  
Which stirres his staring beastly drieuld Beard,  
And his sharpe hornes he seem'd at vs to shake,  
Canst thou then blame vs though we were afeard.

*Corbilus.* Surely it feemes some Satyre this should be,  
Come and goe back and guide me to the place,  
Be not affraid, ye are safe enough with me,  
Silly and harmelesse be their Siluan Race.

*Claia.* How *Corbilus*; a Satyre doe you say?  
How should he ouer high *Parnassus* hit?  
Since to these Fields ther's none can finde the way,  
But onely those the Muses will permit.

*Corbilus.* Tis true ; but oft, the sacred Sisters grace  
The silly Satyre, by whose plainesse, they  
Are taught the worlds enormities to trace,  
By beastly mens abominable way ;  
Befyde he may be banisht his owne home  
By this base time, or be so much distrest,  
That he the craggy by-clift Hill hath clome  
To finde out these more pleasant Fields of rest.

*Naijs.* Yonder he sits, and feemes himselfe to bow  
At our approch, what doth our presence awe him ?  
Me thinks he feemes not halfe so vgly now,  
As at the first, when *Claia* saw him.

*Corbilus.* Tis an old Satyre, Nymph, I now discerne,  
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame,  
His looks would say, that we may easly learne,  
How, and from whence, he to *Elizium* came.

Satyre,

Satyre, these Fields, how cam'st thou first to finde ?  
 What Fate first show'd thee this most happy shore ?  
 When neuer any of thy Siluan kinde  
 Set foot on the Elizian earth before ?

*Satyre.* O neuer aske, how I came to this place,  
 What cannot strong necessity finde out ?  
 Rather bemoane my miserable case,  
 Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.  
 With wild *Silvanus* and his woody crue,  
 In Forrests I, at liberty and free,  
 Liu'd in fuch pleasure as the world ne'r know,  
 Nor any rightly can conceiue but we.  
 This iocund life we may a day enioy'd,  
 Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,  
 That all those great and goodly Woods destroy'd,  
 Whose growth their Grandsyres, with fuch sufferance fought,  
 That faire *Felicia* which was but of late,  
 Earth's Paradice, that neuer had her Peere,  
 Stands now in that most lamentable stafe,  
 That not a Siluan will inhabit there ;  
 Where in the foft and most delicious shade,  
 In heat of Summer we were wont to play,  
 When the long day too short for vs we made  
 The flyding houres so flyly stole away ;  
 By *Cynthia*'s light, and on the pleasant Lawne,  
 The wanton Fayry we were wont to chafe,  
 Which to the nimble clouen-footed Fawne,  
 Vpon the plaine durst boldly bid the base.  
 The sportiuue Nimpes, with shouts and laughter shooke  
 The Hils and Valleyes in their wanton play,  
 Waking the Ecchoes, their last words that tooke,  
 Till at the last, they lowder were then they.  
 The lofty hie Wood, and the lower spring,  
 Sheltring the Deare, in many a suddaine shower ;  
 Where Quires of Birds, oft wonted were to sing,  
 The flaming furnace wholly doth deuoure ;

Once faire *Felicia*, but now quite defac'd,  
 Those Braueries gone wherein she did abound,  
 With dainty Groues, when she was highly grac'd  
 With goodly Oake, Ashe, Elme, and Beeches croun'd:  
 But that from heauen their iudgement blinded is,  
 In humane Reason it could neuer be,  
 But that they might haue cleerly seene by this,  
 Those plagues their next posterity shall see.  
 The little Infant in the mothers Lap  
 For want of fire shall be so sore distrest,  
 That whilst it drawes the lanke and empty Pap,  
 The tender lips shall freeze vnto the breast ;  
 The quaking Cattle which their Warmstall want,  
 And with bleake winters Northerne winde opprest,  
 Their Browfe and Stouer waxing thin and scant,  
 The hungry Crowes shall with their Caryon feast,  
 Men wanting Timber wherewith they shoulde build,  
 And not a Forrest in *Felicia* found,  
 Shall be enforc'd vpon the open Field,  
 To dig them Caues for houses in the ground :  
 The Land thus rob'd, of all her rich Attyre,  
 Naked and bare her selfe to heauen doth shew,  
 Begging from thence that *Love* would dart his fire  
 Vpon those wretches that disrob'd her so ;  
 This beastly Brood by no meanes may abide  
 The name of their braue Ancestors to heare,  
 By whom their fordid flauery is descry'd,  
 So vnlike them as though not theirs they were,  
 Nor yet they sense, nor vnderstanding haue,  
 Of those braue Muses that their Country song,  
 But with false Lips ignobly doe deprave  
 The right and honour that to them belong ;  
 This cruell kinde thus Viper-like deuoure  
 That fruitsfull foyle which them too fully fed ;  
 The earth doth curse the Age, and euery houre  
 Againe, that it these viprous monsters bred.  
 I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come

Vpon

Vpon this people cleerely them forsooke :  
 And thus am light into Elizium,  
 To whose straite search I wholly me betooke.

*Naijs.* Poore silly creature, come along with vs,  
 Thou shalt be free of the Elizian fields :  
 Be not dismaid, nor inly grieued thus,  
 This place content in all abundance yeelds.  
 We to the cheeresfull presence will thee bring,  
 Of *Ioues* deare Daughters, where in shades they sit,  
 Where thou shalt heare those sacred Sisters sing,  
 Most heauenly Hymnes, the strength and life of wit :

*Claia.* Where to the Delphian God vpon their Lyres  
 His Priests seeme rauisht in his height of praiife :  
 Whilst he is crowning his harmonious Quiers,  
 With circling Garlands of immortall Bayes.

*Corbilus.* Here liue in blisse, till thou shalt see those flaues,  
 Who thus set vertue and desert at nought :  
 Some sacrific'd vpon their Grandsires graues,  
 And some like beasts in markets fold and bought.  
 Of fooles and madmen leauue thou then the care,  
 That haue no vnderstanding of their state :  
 For whom high heauen doth so iust plagues prepare,  
 That they to pitty shall conuert thy hate.  
 And to Elizium be thou welcome then,  
 Vntill those base Felicians thou shalt heare,  
 By that vile nation captiued againe,  
 That many a glorious age their captiues were.



**T**O the Right Noble, Religious, and  
truely vertuous Lady, *Mary*,  
Countesse of *Dorset*; worthy of all  
Titles and Attributes, that were euer  
giuen to the most Renowned of her  
Sexe: and of me most deseruedly to be  
honoured. To her Fame and Memory  
I consecrate these my diuine Poems,  
with all the wishes of a gratefull heart;  
for the preseruation of her, and her  
Children, the Succeeding Hopes of the  
Ancient and Noble Family of the  
*Sackuiles.*

*Her Seruant,*

M I C H A E L D R A Y T O N.



# N O A H S F L O V D.

**E**TERNALL and all-working God, which wast  
Before the world, whose frame by thee was cast,  
And beautif'd with beamful lampes aboue,

By thy great wisedome set how they shoulde moue  
To guide the feasons, equallly to all,  
Which come and goe as they doe rise and fall.

My mighty Maker, O doe thou infuse  
Such life and spirit into my labouring Muse,  
That I may sing (what but from *Noah* thou hid'st)  
The greatest thing that euer yet thou didst  
Since the Creation ; that the world may see  
The Muse is heauenly, deriu'd from thee.

O let thy glorious Angell which sence kept  
That gorgeous *Eden*, where once *Adam* slept ;  
When tempting *Eue* was taken from his side,  
Let him great God not onely be my guide,  
But with his fiery Faucheon still be nie,  
To keepe affliction farre from me, that I  
With a free soule thy wondrous workes may shew,  
Then like that Deluge shall my numbers flow,  
Telling the state wherein the earth then stood,  
The Gyant race, the vniuersall floud.

*A loue  
Musa.*

The fruitfull earth being lusty then and strong,  
Like to a Woman, fit for loue, and young,  
Brought forth her creatures mighty, not a thing  
Issu'd from her, but a continuall spring

N

Had

*The fruit-  
fulnesse and  
brauery of  
the earth  
before the  
Floud.*

Had to increase it, and to make it flourish,  
 For in her selfe she had that power to nourish  
 Her Procreation, that her children then  
 Were at the instant of their birth, halfe men.  
 Men then begot so soone, and got so long,  
 That scarcely one a thouſand men among,  
 But he ten thouſand in his time might fee,  
 That from his loynes deriu'd their Pedegree.  
 The full-womb'd Women, very hardly went  
 Out their nine months abundant nature lent  
 Their fruit ſuch thriuing, as that once waxt quicke,  
 The large-limb'd mother, neither faint nor ſicke,  
 Hasted her houre by her abundant health,  
 Nature ſo plaid the vnthrift with her wealth,  
 So prodigally lauishing her ſtore  
 Vpon the teeming earth, then waſting more  
 Then it had need of: not the ſmalleft weed  
 Knowne in that firſt age, but the naturall ſeed  
 Made it a Plant, to theſe now ſince the Floud,  
 So that each Garden look'd then like a Wood:  
 Beside, in Med'cen, ſimples had that power,  
 That none need then the Planetary houre  
 To helpe their working, they ſo iuycefull were.  
 The Winter and the Spring time of the yeare  
 Seem'd all one feaſon: that moft ſtately tree  
 Of *Lebanus*, which many times we ſee  
 Mention'd for talenesſe in the holy Writ,  
 Whofe tops the clouds oft in their wandring hit,  
 Were shrubs to thoſe then on the earth that grew;  
 Nor the moft sturdy ſtorme that euer blew  
 Their big-growne bodies, to the earth ere ſhooke,  
 Their mighty Rootes, ſo certaine fastening tooke;  
 Couer'd with graffe, moſt ſoft then any filke,  
 The Trees dropt honey, & the Springs gufht milke:  
 The Flower-fleec't Meadow, & the gorgeous groue,  
 Which ſhould ſmell sweeteſt in their brauery, ſtroue;  
 No little shrub, but it ſome Gum let fall,

To

To make the cleere Ayre aromaticall :  
 Whilſt to the little Birds melodious ſtraines,  
 The trembling Riuers tript along the Plaines.  
 Shades feru'd for houſes, neither Heate nor Cold  
 Troubl'd the yong, nor yet annoy'd the old :  
 The batning earth all plenty did afford,  
 And without tilling (of her owne accord)  
 That living idly without taking paine  
 (Like to the firſt) made every man a *Caine*.  
 Seauen hundred yeeres, a mans age ſcarcely then,  
 Of mighty ſize ſo were theſe long-liu'd men :  
 The flesh of Lyons, and of Buls they tore,  
 Whose ſkins thoſe Gyants for their garments wore.  
 Yet not tearm'd Gyants onely, for that they  
 Excel'd men ſince, in bignesse euery way :  
 Nor that they were ſo puissant of their hand,  
 But that the Race wherewith the earth was man'd,  
 So wrathfull, proud, and tyranous were then,  
 Not dreading God, nor yet respecting men ;  
 For they knew neither Magistrate, nor law,  
 Nor could conceiue ought that their wils could awe ;  
 For which waxt proud, & haughty in their thought,  
 They fet th'eternall liuing God at naught :  
 Mankinde increasing greatly euery day,  
 Their ſinnes increase in numbers more then they ;  
 Seauen Ages had paſt *Adam*, when men prone  
 To tyranny, and no man knew his owne :  
 His fenſuall will then followed, and his luſt,  
 His onely law, in thoſe times to be iuft  
 Was to be wicked ; God ſo quite forgot,  
 As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.  
 With one anothers flesh themſelues they fil'd,  
 And drunke the bloud of thoſe whom they had kil'd.  
 They dar'd to doe, what none ſhould dare to name,  
 They neuer heard of ſuch a thing as shame.  
 Man mixt with man, and Daughter, Sister, Mother,  
 Were to theſe wicked men as any other.

*Josephus.**Beroſus*  
cited by  
*Pirierius.*

To rip their wemens wombes, they would not stick,  
When they perceiu'd once they were waxed quicke.  
Feeding on that, from their own loynes that fprong,  
Such wickednesse these Monsters was among :  
That they vs'd Beasts, digressing from all kinde :  
That the Almighty pondring in his minde  
Their beastlineffe, (from his intent) began  
T' repent himselfe that he created man.  
Their sinnes ascending the Almighties feate,  
Th'eternall Throane with horror seeme to threat.  
Still daring God, a warre with them to make,  
And of his power, no knowledge seem'd to take.  
So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,  
Which he reuealed onely to iust *Noy*.  
For but that man, none worthy was to know,  
Nor he the manner to none else would shew.  
For since with starres, he first high heauen enchaft,  
And *Adam* first in Paradice had plac't.  
Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,  
He not a man so iust as *Noe* had found.  
For which he gaue him charge an Arke to build,  
And by those workemen which were deepliest skild  
In Architecture, to begin the frame,  
And thus th'Almighty taught iust *Noe* the same.  
Three hundred cubits the full length to be,  
Fifty the bredth, the height (least of the three)  
Full thirty cubits : onely with one light,  
A cubit broad, and iust so much in hight :  
And in three Stories bad him to diuide  
The inner Roome, and in the Vessels fide  
To place a doore ; commanding *Noe* to take  
Great care thereof : and this his Arke to make  
Of Gopher wood, which some will needly haue  
To be the Pine-tree, and commandment gaue  
That the large plancks whereof it was compos'd,  
When they by art should curiously be clos'd ;

*The struc-  
ture of  
the Arke.*

Should

Should with Bitumen both within and out  
 Be deeply pitcht, the Vessell round about,  
 So strong a Glue as could not off be worne,  
 The rage of Winds, and Waters that doth scorne ;  
 Like to a Chest or Coffer it was fram'd,  
 For which an Arke most fitly it was nam'd ;  
 Not like a Ship, for that a Ship below,  
 Is ridg'd and narrow, vpward but doth grow  
 Wider and wider : but this mighty Barque,  
 Built by iust *Noah*, this vniuersall Arke,  
 Held one true breadth 'ith'bottome as aboue,  
 That when this Frame vpon the Flood should moue,  
 On the falne waters it shoulde float secure,  
 As it did first the falling shower endure ;  
 And close aboue, so to beare out the weather  
 For forty dayes when it shoulde raine togeather.

A hundred yeares the Arke in building was,  
 So long the time ere he could bring to passe  
 This worke intended ; all which time iust *Noy*  
 Cry'd, that th'Almighty would the world destroy,  
 And as this good man vsed many a day  
 To walke abroad, his building to survay,  
 These cruell Giants comming in to see,  
 (In their thoughts wondring what this worke should be)  
 He with erected hands to them doth cry,  
*Either repent ye, or ye all must dye,*  
*Your blaſphemies, your beaſtlineſſe, your wrongs,*  
*Are heard to heauen, and with a thouſand tongues,*  
*Showt in the eares of the Almighty Lord ;*  
*So that your ſinnes no leaſure him affoord*  
*To thiſke on mercy, they ſo thickly throng,*  
*That when he would your punishment prolong,*  
*Their horrore hales him on, that from remorse*  
*In his owne nature, you doe him inforſce,*  
*Nay, wrefte plagues from him, vpon humane kinde*  
*Who elſe to mercy, wholly is inclinde.*  
*From Seth which God to Eva gaue in lew*

*Noah*  
 thretning  
 Gods  
 vengeance  
 vpon the  
 world :  
 with his  
 fermon of  
 repen-  
 tance.

*Of her sonne Abel whom his brother stue,  
 That cursed Cain, how hath th' Almighty blest,  
 The seed of Adam though he so transgrest,  
 In Enos by whose godlinesse men came,  
 At first to call on the Almighties name,  
 And Enoch, whose integrarie was such,  
 In whom the Lord delighted was so much,  
 As in his yeers he suffered no decay,  
 But God to Heauen tooke bodyly away ;  
 With long life blessing all that goodly Stem,  
 From the first man downe to Mathusalem,  
 Now from the loynes of Lamech sendeth me,  
 (Vnworthy his Ambassadour to be)  
 To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,  
 He will lay by his wrathfull punishment,  
 That God who was so mercifull before,  
 To our forfathers, likewise hath in store,  
 Mercy for us their Nephues, if we fall  
 With teares before him, and he will recall,  
 His wrath sent out already, therefore flye  
 To him for mercy, yet the threatning Skie  
 Pauses, ere it the Deluge downe will poure,  
 For every teare you shed, he'll stop a shower ;  
 Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may winne,  
 He'll leaue to punish, if you leaue to sinne ;  
 That God eternall, which old Adam cast  
 Out of the earthly heauen, wherc he had plac't,  
 That first-made man for his forbidden deed,  
 From thence for euer banishing his seed,  
 For vs his sinfull children doth prouide,  
 And with abundance hath vs still supplyd,  
 And can his blessings who respects you thus,  
 Make you most wicked, most rebellious :  
 Still is your stubborne obstinacy such ?  
 Haue ye no mercy, and your God so much ?  
 Your God, said I, O wherefore said I so ?  
 Your words deny him, and your works say no ;*

O

*O see the day, doth but too fast approch,  
 Wherein heauens maker meanes to set abroach  
 That world of water, which shall ouer-flow  
 Those mighty Mountaines whereon now you goe,  
 The Dropfied Clouds, see, your destruction threat,  
 The Sunne and Moone both in their course are set  
 To warre by water, and doe all they can  
 To bring destruction upon sinfull man,  
 And every thing shall suffer for your sake,  
 For the whole earth shall be but one whole Lake ;  
 Oh cry for mercy, leaue your wicked wayes,  
 And God from time shall separate those dayes  
 Of vengeance comming, and he shall disperse  
 These Clouds now threatening the whole vniuersie,  
 And saue the world, which else he will destroy.*

But this good man, this terror-preaching Noy,  
 The Beares, and Tigers, might haue taught afwell,  
 They laught to heare this godly man to tell  
 That God would drowne the world, they thought him mad,  
 For their great maker they forgotten had,  
 They knew none fuch, th'Almighty God say they,  
 What might he be ? and when shall be the day  
 Thou talk'ft of to vs ? can't thou thinke that we  
 Can but suppose that such a thing can be ?  
 What can he doe that we cannot defeate ?  
 Whose Brawny Fists, to very dust can beate  
 The solid'ft Rock, and with our breasts can beare  
 The strong'ft Streame backward, dost thou thinke to feare  
 Vs with these Dreames of Deluges ? to make  
 Vs our owne wayes and courses to forsake ?  
 Let vs but fee that God that dares to stand  
 To what thou speake'st, that with his furious hand,  
 Dare fay he'll drowne vs, and we will defye  
 Him to his teeth : and if he keepe the Skye,  
 We'll dare him thence, and if he then come downe,  
 And challenge vs that he the world will drowne,  
 We'll follow him vntill his threats he stints,

Or

Or we will batter his blew house with flynts.  
 The Arke is finisht, and the Lord is wrath,  
 To ayd iust *Noah*, and he prouided hath  
 His blessed Angells, bidding them to bring,  
 The Male and Female, of each liuing thing  
 Into the Arke, by whom he had decreed  
 T'renue the world, and by their fruitfull feed  
 To fill it as before, and is precise  
 For food for men, and for his sacrifice,  
 That seauen iust payres, of Birds, and Beasts that were  
 Made cleane by him, should happily repaire  
 To the great Arke, the other made vncleane,  
 Of male and female onely should come twaine :  
 Which by the Angels euery where were fought,  
 And thither by their ministry were brought.  
 When *Noah* lets ope the Arke and doth begin  
 To take his Fraught, his mighty Lading in  
 And now the Beasts are walking from the wood,  
 Aswell of Ravine, as that chew the Cud,  
 The King of Beasts his fury doth suppresse,  
 And to the Arke leads downe the Lionesse,  
 The Bull for his beloued mate doth low,  
 And to the Arke brings on the faire ey'd Cow ;  
 The stately Courser for his Mare doth nay,  
 And t'wards the new Arke guideth her the way ;  
 The wreath'd-horn'd Ram his safety doth pursue,  
 And to the Arke vshers his gentle Ewe ;  
 The brisly Boare, who with his snowt vp plow'd  
 The spacious Plaines, and with his grunting lowd,  
 Rais'd ratling Ecchoes all the Woods about,  
 Leaues his dark Den, and hauing fented out  
*Noah's* new-built Arke, in with his Sow doth come,  
 And stye themselues vp in a little roome :  
 The Hart with his deare Hind, the Buck and Doe,  
 Leauing their wildnesse, bring the tripping Roe  
 Along with them : and from the Mountaine steepe,  
 The clambring Goat, and Cony, vs'd to keepe

Amongst

Amongst the Cleeues, together get, and they  
 To this great Arke finde out the ready way ;  
 Th'vnweildy Elke, whose skin is of much proose,  
 Throngs with the rest t'attaine this wooden roofe ;  
 The Vnicorne leaues off his pride, and close  
 The sets him downe by the Rhinoceros :  
 The Elephant there comming to imbarque,  
 And as he softly getteth vp the Ark,  
 Feeling by his great weight, his body funck,  
 Holds by his huge Tooth, and his nervy Trunck ;  
 The croock-backt Camel climing to the deck,  
 Drawes vp himselfe with his long sinewy neck ;  
 The spotted Panther whose delicious scent,  
 Oft causeth beasts his harbor to frequent,  
 But hauing got them once into his power,  
 Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh deuoure,  
 His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,  
 And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,  
 And brings into this vniversall Shop  
 The Ounce, the Tigar, and the Antilop,  
 By the grim Woolfe, the poore Sheepe safely lay,  
 And was his care, which lately was his pray ;  
 The Asse vpon the Lyon leant his head,  
 And to the Cat the Mouse for succour fled ;  
 The filly Hare doth cast aside her feare,  
 And formes her selfe fast by the vgly Beare,  
 At whom the watchfull Dog did neuer barke,  
 When he espyde him clambring vp the Arke :  
 The Fox got in, his subtillties hath left,  
 And as ashamed of his former theft,  
 Sadly sits there, as though he did repent,  
 And in the Arke became an innocent :  
 The fine-furd Ermin, Martern, and the Cat  
 That voydeth Ciuet, there together sat  
 By the shrewd Muncky, Babian, and the Ape,  
 With the Hienna, much their like in shape,  
 Which by their kinde, are euer doing ill,

O

Yet,

Yet in the Arke, sit ciuilly and still ;  
The skipping Squerrill of the Forrest free,  
That leapt so nimblly betwixt tree and tree,  
It selfe into the Arke then nimblly cast,  
As 'twere a Ship-boy come to clime the Mast.  
The Porcupine into the Arke doth make,  
Nor his sharpe quils though angry once doth shake ;  
The sharpe-fang'd Beauer, whose wyde gaping Iaw  
Cutteth downe Plants as it were with a Saw,  
Whose body poyfed, wayeth such a masse,  
As though his Bowels were of Lead or Brasse,  
His cruell Chaps though breathlesse he doth close,  
As with the rest into the Arke he goes.  
Th'vneuen-leg'd Badger (whose eye-pleasing skin,  
The Cafe to many a curious thing hath bin,  
Since that great flood) his fortresses forsakes  
Wrought in the earth, and though but halting, makes  
Vp to the Arke ; the Otter then that keepes  
In the wild Riuers, in their Bancks and Sleeps,  
And feeds on Fish, which vnder water still,  
He with his keld feet, and keene teeth doth kill ;  
The other two into the Arke doth follow,  
Though his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow ;  
The Tortoysse and the Hedghog both so flow,  
As in their motion scarfe discern'd to goe,  
Good footmen growne, contrary to their kinde,  
Lest from the rest they should be left behinde ;  
The rooting Mole as to foretell the flood,  
Comes out of th'earth, and clambers vp the wood ;  
The little Dormouse leaues her leaden sleepe,  
And with the Mole vp to the Arke doth creepe,  
With many other, which were common then,  
Their kinde decayd, but now vnknowne to men,  
For there was none, that *Adam* ere did name,  
But to the Arke from euery quarter came ;  
By two and two the male and female beast,  
From th'swifts to th' slowest, from greatest to the least,

And

And as within the stong pale of a Parke,  
So were they altogether in the Arke.

And as our God the Beasts had giuen in charge  
To take the Arke, themselues fo to imbardge,  
He bids the Fowle, the Eagle in his flight,  
Cleauing the thin Ayre, on the deck doth light ;  
Nor are his eyes so piercing to controule  
His lowly subiects the farre lesser Fowle,  
But the Almighty who all Creatures fram'd,  
And them by *Adam* in the Garden nam'd,  
Had giuen courage, fast by him to sit,  
Nor at his sharpe fight are amaz'd one whit ;  
The Swanne by his great maker taught this good,  
Tauoyd the fury of the falling flood,  
His Boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sayle,  
And Ore-like feet, him nothing to avayle  
Against the Raine which likely was to fall,  
Each drop fo great, that like a ponderous Mall,  
Might sinke him vnder water, and might drowne  
Him in the Deluge, with the Crane comes downe,  
Whose voyce the Trumper is, that throw the Ayre  
Doth summon all the other to repaire  
To the new Arke : when with his mooned traine,  
The strutting Peacock yawling 'gainst the raine,  
Flutters into the Arke, by his shrill cry,  
Telling the rest the Tempest to be ny ;  
The Iron-eating Estridge, whose bare Thyes  
Resembling mans, fearing the lowring Skyes,  
Walkes to the great Boat ; when the crowned Cock,  
That to the Village lately was the Clock,  
Comes to rooste by him, with his Hen, foreshewing  
The shower should quickly fall, that then was brewing ;  
The swift wing'd Swallow feeding as it flyes,  
With the fleet Martlet thrilling throw the Skyes,  
As at their pastime sportiuly they were,  
Feeling th'vnusuall moisture of the Aer,  
Their feathers flag, into the Arke they come,

*As to some Rock or building, the owne home ;  
 The ayry Larke his *Haleluiah* sung,  
 Finding a slacknesse seaze vpon his tong,  
 By the much moisture, and the Welkin darke,  
 Drops with his female downe into the *Arke* ;  
 The soaring Kyte there scantled his large wings,  
 And to the *Arke* the houering Castrill brings ;  
 The Rauen comes, and croking, in doth call  
 The caryon Crow, and she againe doth brall,  
 Foretelling raine ; by these there likewise fat  
 The carefull Storke, since *Adam* wondred at  
 For thankfulnesse, to those where he doth breed,  
 That his ag'd Parents naturally doth feed,  
 In filiall duty as instructing man :  
 By them there fate the lousing Pellican,  
 Whose yong ones poysned by the Serpents sting,  
 With her owne blood to life againe doth bring :  
 The constant Turtle vp her lodging tooke  
 By these good Birds ; and in a little nooke  
 The Nightingale with her melodious tongue  
 Sadly there sits, as she had neuer sung ;  
 The Merle and Mauis on the highest spray,  
 Who with their musick, wak't the early day,  
 From the proud Cedars, to the *Arke* come downe,  
 As though forewarn'd, that God the world would drowne,  
 The prating Parret comes to them aboard,  
 And is not heard to counterfeit a word ;  
 The Falcon and the Doue sit there together,  
 And th'one of them doth prune the others feather ;  
 The Goshalke and the Feasant there doe twin,  
 And in the *Arke* are pearcht vpon one pin,  
 The Partridge on the Sparhalk there doth tend,  
 Who entertaines her as a lousing friend ;  
 The rauenous Vulture feeles the small Birds fit  
 Vpon his back, and is not mou'd a whit ;  
 Amongst the thickest of these feuerall fowle  
 With open eyes still fate the broad-fac'd Owle ;*

*The Storke  
 wifed to  
 build vpon  
 houses, lea-  
 ueth euer  
 one behinde  
 him for the  
 owner.*

And

And not a small bird as they wonted were,  
 Either purfude or wondred at her there.  
 No waylesse desart, Heath, nor Fen, nor More,  
 But in by couples, fent some of their store ;  
 The Ospray, and the Cormorant forbeare  
 To fish, and thither with the rest repayre :  
 The Hearon leaues watching at the Riuers brim,  
 And brings the Snyte and Plouer in with him.  
 There came the Halcyon, whom the Sea obeys,  
 When she her nest vpon the water layes :  
 The Goose which doth for watchfulnesse excell,  
 Came for the rest, to be the Sentinell.  
 The charitable Robinet in came,  
 Whose nature taught the others to be tame :  
 All feathered things yet euer knowne to men,  
 From the huge Rucke, vnto the little Wren ;  
 From Forrests, Fields, from Riuers, and from Pons,  
 All that haue webs, or clouen-footed ones ;  
 To the Grand Arke, together friendly came,  
 Whose feuerall species were too long to name.

The Beasts and Birds thus by the Angels brought,  
*Noe* found his Arke not fully yet was fraught,  
 To shut it vp for as he did begin,  
 He still saw Serpents, and their like come in ;  
 The Salamander to the Arke retyers,  
 To flye the Floud, it doth forfake the fiers :  
 The strange Camelion, comes t'augment the crue,  
 Yet in the Arke doth neuer change her hue :  
 To theſe poore ſilly few of harmeleſſe things,  
 So were there Serpents, with their teeth and ſtings  
 Hurtfull to man, yet will th'Almighty haue,  
 That *Noe* their feed vpon the earth ſhould ſaue :  
 The watchfull Dragon comes the Arke to keepe,  
 But lul'd with murmur, gently falſ to ſleepe :  
 The cruell Scorpion comes to clime the pyle,  
 And meeting with the greedy Crocodyle,  
 Into the Arke together meekely goe,

*The mighty  
Indian  
Bird.*

*Creeping  
things in the  
ſixt of Gen.  
the 20. verſe.*

And like kinde mates themselues they there bestow :  
 The Dart and Dipsas, to the Arke com'n in,  
 Insold each other as they were a twinne.  
 The Cockatrice there kils not with his sight,  
 But in his obiect ioyes, and in the Light ;  
 The deadly killing Aspicke when he feeth,  
 This world of creatures, sheathes his poysoned teeth,  
 And with the Adder, and the speckled Snake,  
 Them to a corner harmlesly betake.  
 The Lisard shutes vp his sharpe-sighted eyes,  
 Amongst these Serpents, and there sadly lyes.  
 The smal-ey'd flowe-worme held of many blinde,  
 Yet this great Arke it quickly out could finde,  
 And as the Arke it was about to clime,  
 Out of its teeth shutes the inuenom'd slime.  
 These viler Creatures on the earth that creepe,  
 And with their bellies the cold dewes doe sweene.  
 All these base groueling, and ground-licking sute,  
 From the large\* Boas, to the little Neute ;  
 As well as Birds, or the foure-footed beasts,  
 Came to the Arke their Hosteny as Noes guests.

\* A Serpent  
of an incre-  
dible big-  
ness.

Thus fully furnisht, Noe need not to carke  
 For stowidge, for prouision for the Arke :  
 For that wise God, who first direction gaue,  
 How he the struicture of the Arke would haue :  
 And for his seruant could prouide this fraught,  
 Which thither he miraculously brought :  
 And did the food for every thing puruaye,  
 Taught him on lofts it orderly to laye :  
 On flesh some feed, as others fish doe eate,  
 Various the kinde, so various was the meate :  
 Some on fine grasse, as some on groffer weeds,  
 As some on fruits, so other some on feeds,  
 To serue for food for one whole yeare for all,  
 Vntill the Floud, which presently should fall  
 On the whole world, his hand againe should drayne,  
 Which under water should that while remaine.

Th'Almighty

Th'Almighty measur'd the proportion such,  
 As shoud not be too little, nor too much :  
 For he that breath to euery thing did giue,  
 Could not that God them likewife make to liue,  
 But with a little ; and therewith to thriue,  
 Who at his pleasure all things can contrive.

Now some there be, too curious at this day,  
 That from their reason dare not sticke to say,  
 The Floud a thing fictitious is, and vaine,  
 Nor that the Arke could possibly containe  
 Those sundry creatures, from whose being came  
 All liuing things man possibly could name.  
 I say it was not, and I thus oppose  
 Them by my reasoun, strong enough for those,  
 My instance is a mighty Argosie,  
 That in it beares, beside th'Artillery,  
 Of fourescore pieces of a mighty Boare,  
 A thousand souldiers (many times and more)  
 Besides the fayles, and armes for euery one,  
 Cordage, and Anchors, and prouision :  
 The large-spred Sayles, the Masts both big and tall,  
 Of all which *Noahs* Arke had no need at all :  
 Within the fame eight perfons onely were,  
 If such a ship, can such a burthen beare :  
 What might the Arke doe, which doth so excell  
 That Ship, as that ship doth a Cockle shell ;  
 Being so capacious for this mighty load,  
 So long, so high, and euery where so broad ;  
 Beside three lofts iust of one perfect strength,  
 And bearing out proportionably in length :  
 So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,  
 There was not one ynch in the Arke was voyd,  
 Beside I'le charge their reasoun to allow  
 The Cubits doubled to what they are now,  
 We are but Pigmeyes, (euen our tallest men)  
 To the huge Gyants that were liuing then :  
 For but th'Almighty, which (to this intent),

Ordain'd

Ordain'd the *Arke*, knew it sufficient,  
 He in his wisedome (had he thought it meet)  
 Could haue bid *Noah* to haue built a Fleet,  
 And many Creatures on the earth since growne  
 Before the floud that were to *Noah* vnknowne :  
 For though the Mule begotten on the Mare,  
 By the dull *Affe* (is said) doth neuer payre ;  
 Yet sundry others, naturally haue mixt,  
 And those that haue beene gotten them betwixt  
 Others begot, on others from their kinde.  
 In sundry Clymats, sundry beasts we finde,  
 That what they were, are nothing now the same,  
 From one selfe straine, though at the first they came ;  
 But by the soyle they often alred be,  
 In shape and colour as we daily see.

Now *Noahs* three sonnes all busie that had bin  
 To place these creatures as they still came in :  
*Sem, Ham, and Iapheth*, with their \* Wifes assignd,  
 To be the Parents of all humane kinde :  
 Seeing the *Arke* thus plentifully stor'd :  
 The wondrous worke of the Almighty Lord,  
 Behold their father looking every houre,  
 For this all drowning earth-destroying showre,  
 When *Noe* their faith thus lastly to awake,  
 To his lou'd Wife, and their sixe children spake.

*The mighty hand of God doe you not see,*  
*In these his creatures, that so well agree :*  
*Which were they not, thus mastred by his power,*  
*Vs sily eight would greedily deuoure :*  
*And with their hoofes and parves, to splinters rend*  
*This onely Arke, in which God doth intend*  
*We from the Floud that remnant shall remaine,*  
*T'restore the world, in aged Adams straine :*  
*Yce seauen, with sad astonishment then see*  
*The wondrous things the Lord hath wrought for me.*  
*What haue I done, so gracious in his sight,*  
*Fraile wretched man, but that I iusly might*

*The opinions of the best naturalists that haue written.*

\* *The names of the women were Tira, Pandora, Noella and Noegla : as some of the most ancient write, but Epiphanius will haue Noes wifes name to be Barthenon.*

*Hause*

*Hauē with the earths abominable brood,  
 Bin ouerwhelm'd, and buried in the Floud:  
 But in his iudgement, that he hath decreed,  
 That from my loynes by your successfull seed,  
 The earth shall be replenished agen,  
 And the Almighty be at peace with men.  
 A hundred yeares are past (as well you know)  
 Since the Almighty God, his power to shew  
 Taught me the Modell of this mighty frame,  
 And it the Arke commanded me to name.  
 Be strong in faith, for now the time is ryse,  
 That from the conductes of the lofty skie,  
 The Floud shall fall, that in short time shall beare  
 This Arke we are in vp into the ayre,  
 Where it shall floate, and further in the end,  
 Shall fifteene cubits the high'ſt hils transcend.  
 Then bid the goodly fruitfull earth adue,  
 For the next time it shall be seene of you,  
 It with an ill complexion ſhall appeare,  
 The weight of water ſhall haue chang'd her cheere.  
 Be not affrighted, when ye heare the rore  
 Of the wide Waters when they charge the ſhore,  
 Nor be dismaid at all, when you ſhall feele  
 Th' unweedly Arke from wawe to wawe to reele :  
 Nor at the ſhreekes of thofe that ſwimming by  
 On Trees and Rafters, ſhall for ſuccour cry,  
 O ye moſt lou'd of God, O take vs in,  
 For we are guilty, and confeffe our finne.*

Thus whilſt he ſpake, the ſkies grew thicke and darke,  
 And a blacke cloud hung houering o're the Arke.  
*Venus and Mars, God puts this worke vpon  
 Iupiter and Saturne in coniunction  
 I'th tayle of Cancer, inundations thret.  
 Luna diſpoſed generally to wet,  
 The Hiades and Pliades put too  
 Their helpeſ; Orion doth what he can doe.  
 No starre ſo ſmall, but ſome one drop let downe,*

God  
 makes the  
 Starres his  
 instru-  
 ments to  
 puniſh the  
 wicked.

P

And

And all conspire the wicked world to drowne :  
On the wide heauen there was not any signe,  
To watry *Pisces* but it doth incline.

Now some will aske, when th'Almighty God, (but *Noy*  
And his) by waters did the world destroy ;  
Whether those seauen then in *Arke* were good,  
*And iust* as he, (referued from the Floud)  
Or that th'Almighty for his onely fake,  
Did on the other such compassion take :  
'Tis doubtlesse *Noe*, being one so cleerely iust,  
That God did with his secreit iudgements trust  
From the whole world ; one that so long had knowne  
That living Lord, would likewise teach his owne  
To know him too, who by this meane might be,  
*As well* within the Couenant as he.

By this the Sunne had suckt vp the vaste deepe,  
And in grosse clouds like Cesternes did it keepe :  
The Starres and signes by Gods great wisedome set,  
By their coniunctions waters to beget,  
Had wrought their vtmost, and euen now began  
Th' Almighties iustice vpon sinfull man :  
From euery feuerall quarter of the skye,  
The Thunder rores, and the fierce Lightnings flye  
One at another, and together dash,  
Value on value, flash comes after flash :  
Heauens lights looke sad, as they would melt away,  
The night is com'n i'th morning of the day :  
The Card'nall Windes he makes at once to blow,  
Whose blasts to buffets with such fury goe,  
That they themselues into the Center shot  
Into the bowels of the earth and got,  
Being condens'd and strongly stisned there,  
In such strange manner multiply'd the ayre,  
Which turn'd to water, and increast the springs  
To that abundance, that the earth forth brings  
Water to drowne her selfe, should heauen deny,  
With one small drop the Deluge to supply,

*A description of the Tempest, at the falling of the Deluge.*

*Water is but ayre condens'd.*

That

That through her pores, the soft and spungy earth,  
As in a dropfie, or vnkindely birth,  
A Woman, swolne, sends from her fluxiue wombe  
Her woosie springs, that there was scarcely roome  
For the waste waters which came in so fast,  
As though the earth her entrailes vp would cast.  
But these seem'd yet, but easilly let goe,  
And from some Sluce came softly in, and flow,  
Till Gods great hand so squees'd the boysterous clouds,  
That from the spouts of heauens embatteld shrouds,  
Euen like a Floud-gate pluckt vp by the height,  
Came the wilde raine, with such a pondrous weight,  
*As that the fiercenesse of the hurrying floud,*  
Remou'd huge Rockes, and ram'd them into mud :  
Pressing the ground, with that impetuous power,  
*As that the first shooke of this drowning shower,*  
Furrow'd the earths late plumpe and cheerefull face  
Like an old Woman, that in little space  
With ryueld cheekes, and with bleard blubberd eyes,  
She wistly look'd vpon the troubled skyes.  
Vp to some Mountaine as the people make,  
Driuing their Cattell till the shower should flake :  
The Floud oretakes them, and away doth sweepe  
Great heards of Neate, and mighty flockes of Sheepe.  
Downe through a valley as one stremme doth come,  
Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring Eccho dumbe :  
Another meetes it, and whilst there they strie,  
Which of them two the other backe shoud drieue ;  
Their dreadfull currents they together dash,  
So that their waues like furious Tydes doe wash  
The head of some neere hill, which falleth downe  
For very feare, as it, it selfe would drowne.  
Some backe their Beasts so hoping to swimme out,  
But by the Floud, incompassed about  
Are ouerwhelm'd, some clamber vp to Towers,  
But these and them, the deluge foone deuoures :  
Some to the top of Pynes and Cedars get,

*The Roe  
Deere the  
swiftest  
Beast  
knowne.*

Thinking themselues they safely there should set :  
 But the rude Floud that ouer all doth sway,  
 Quickly comes vp, and carrieth them away.  
 The Roes much swiftnesse, doth no more auail,  
 Nor helpe him now, then if he were a Snayle :  
 The swift-wing'd Swallow, and the flow-wing'd Owle,  
 The fleetest Bird, and the most flagging Fowle,  
 Are at one passe, the Floud so high hath gone,  
 There was no ground to set a foot vpon :  
 Those Fowle that followed moystnesse, now it flye,  
 And leauie the wet Land, to finde out the dry :  
 But by the mighty tempest beaten downe,  
 On the blancke water they doe lye and drowne :  
 The strong-built Tower is quickly ouerborne,  
 The o're-growne Oake out of the earth is torne :  
 The subtile shower the earth hath fostened so,  
 And with the waues, the trees tost to and fro ;  
 That the rootes loosen, and the tops downe fway,  
 So that the whole Forrests quickly swimme away.  
 Th' offended heauen had shut vp all her lights,  
 The Sunne nor Moone make neither daies nor nights :  
 The waters so exceedingly abound .  
 That in short time the Sea it selfe is drownd.  
 That by the freshnesse of the falling raine,  
*Neptune* no more his faltnesse doth retaine :  
 So that those scaly creatures vs'd to keepe,  
 The mighty wasts of the immeasured deepe :  
 Finding the generall and their naturall bracke,  
 The taste and colour euery were to lacke ;  
 Forsake those Seas wherein they swamme before,  
 Strangely oppressed with their watry store.  
 The crooked Dolphin on thoses Mountaines playes,  
 Whereas before that time, not many daies  
 The Goate was grazing ; and the mighty Whale,  
 Vpon a Rocke out of his way doth fall :  
 From whence before one eas'ly might haue seene,  
 The wandring clouds farre vnder to haue beene.

The

The Grampus, and the Whirlpoole, as they roue,  
 Lighting by chance vpon a lofty Groue  
 Vnder this world of waters, are so much  
 Pleas'd with their wombes each tender branch to touch,  
 That they leaue flyme vpon the curled Sprayes,  
 On which the Birds sung their harmonious Layes.  
*As* huge as Hills still waues are wallowing in,  
 Which from the world so wondrously doe winne,  
 That the tall Mountaines which on tipto stood,  
*As* though they scorn'd the force of any flood,  
 No eye of heauen of their proud tops could see  
 One foot, from this great inundation free.

*As* in the Chaos ere the frame was fix'd  
 The Ayre and water were so strongly mix'd,  
*And* such a Bulke of Grofenesse doe compose,  
*As* in those thick Clouds which the Globe inclose,  
 Th'all-working Spirit were yet againe to wade,  
*And* heauen and earth againe were to be made.  
 Meane while this great and vniuersall Arke,  
 Like one by night were groping in the darke,  
 Now by one Billow, then another rockt,  
 Within whose boards all liuing things were lockt ;  
 Yet *Noah* his safety not at all doth feare,  
 For still the Angels his blest Barge doe steeere :  
*But* now the Shower continued had so long,  
 The inundation waxt so wondrous strong,  
 That fifteene Cubits caus'd the Arke to moue  
 The higheft part of any Hill aboue :  
*And* the grosse earth so violently binds,  
 That in their Coasts it had inclos'd the winds ;  
 So that the whole wide surface of the flood,  
*As* in the full height of the tyde it stood,  
 Was then as fleeke and euen as the Seas  
 In the most still and calmest Halcyon dayes :  
*The* Birds, the Beasts and Serpents safe on board,  
 With admiration looke vpon thir Lord,  
*The* righteous *Noah* : and with submissiue feare,

*A simily of  
the grofenesse  
of the De-  
luge.*

Tremble his graue and awfull voyce to heare,  
When to his Houshould (during their aboard)  
He preacht the power of the Almighty God.

*Noah  
preaching  
faith to  
his family.*

*Deare wife and children, quoth this godly Noy,  
Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy  
The wicked world, a hundred yeares are past,  
And see, he hath performed it at laſt ;  
In vs poore few, the world conſists alone,  
And besides vs, there not remaineth one,  
But from our ſeed, the emptied earth agen,  
Muſt be repeopled with the race of men ;  
Then ſince thus farre his couenant is true  
Build ye your faith, on that which ſhall enſue :  
Such is our God, who thus did vs imbarque  
(As his ſelect) to ſaue vs by the Arke,  
And only he whose Angclz guard our Boat,  
Knowes ouer what ſtrange Region now we float,  
Or we from hence that very place can ſound,  
From which the Arke was lifted firſt from ground :  
He that can ſpan the world, and with a grip,  
Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip  
This maſſe of waters, whose abundant birth,  
Almoſt to heauen thus drowneth vp the earth ;  
He can remoue this Round if he ſhall pleafe,  
And with theſe waters can ſup vp the Seas,  
Can cauſe the Starres out of their Sphærſ to fall,  
And on the winds can tolle this earthy Ball,  
He can wreſt drops from the Sunnes radient beames,  
And can force fire from the moſt liquid ſtreames,  
He curles the waues with whirlwinds, and doth make  
The ſolid Center fearfully to ſhake,  
He can flirre vp the Elements to warres,  
And at his pleaſure can coſpoſe their Iarres,  
The Sands ſerue not his wondrouſ workeſ to count,  
Yet doth his mercy all his workeſ ſurmout,  
His Rule and Power eternally endures,  
He was your Fathers God, he's mine, he's yours,*

*In*

*In him deare wife and children put your truſt,  
He onely is Almighty, onely iuft.*

But on the earth the waters were fo strong,  
And now the flood continued had fo long,  
That the let yeare foreſlow'd about to bring  
The Summer, Autumne, Winter, and the Spring,  
The Gyring Planets with their ſtarry traine,  
Downe to the South had funck, and roſe againe  
Vp towards the North, whilſt the terreftriall Globe  
Had bin involved in this watry Robe,  
During which feaſon euery twinkling light  
In their ſtill motion, at this monſtrous fight,  
By their complection a diſtraction ſhow'd,  
Looking like Embers that through aſhes glow'd.  
When righteous *Noah* remembreth at the laſt,  
The time prefix'd to be approaching laſt,  
After a hundred fifty dayes were gone,  
Which to their period then were drawing on,  
The flood ſhould ſomewhat slack, God promiſt ſo,  
On which relying, the iuft godly *Noe*,  
To try if then but one poore foot of ground,  
Free from the flood might any where be found,  
Lets forth a Rauen, which ſtraight cuts the Skye,  
And wondrouſ proud his reſtyed wings to try,  
In a large circle girdeth in the Ayre,  
First to the Eaſt, then to the South, doth beare,  
Followes the Sunne, then towards his going forth,  
And then runnes vp into the ryſing North,  
Thence climes the clouds to proue if his sharpe eye  
From that proud pitch could poſſibly defcry  
Of ſome tall Rock-crown'd Mountaine, a ſmall ſtone  
A minuts ſpace to fet his foot vpon,  
But finding his long labour but in vaine,  
Returneth wearied to the Arke againe,  
By which *Noah* knew he longer yet muſt ſtay,  
For the whole earth ſtill vnder water lay.

Seauen dayes he reſts, but yet he would not ceafe,

*The reuo-  
lution of  
the yeare by  
a ſhort Pe-  
riphraſis.*

(For

(For that he knew the flood must needs decrease)  
 But as the Rauen late, he next fends out  
 The damaske coloured Doue, his nimble Scout,  
 Which thrils the thin Ayre, and his pyneons plyes,  
 That like to lightning, glyding through the Skyes,  
 His fundry coloured feathers by the Sunne,  
 As his swift shadow on the Lake doth runne,  
 Caufeth a twinckling both at hand and farre,  
 Like that we call the shooting of a Starre ;  
 But finding yet that labour lost had bin,  
 Comes back to *Noah*, who gently takes him in.

*Noah* rests awhile, but meaning still to proue  
 A second search, againe fends out the Doue,  
 After other seauen, some better newes to bring,  
 Which by the strength of his vnweared wing  
 Findes out at last, a place for his aboad,  
 When the glad *Bird* stayes all the day abroad,  
 And wondrous proud that he a place had found,  
 Who of a long time had not toucht the ground,  
 Drawes in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,  
 Spreadeth his tayle, and swelleth vp his crest,  
 And turning round and round with Cuttry cooe,  
 As when the female Pigeon and he wooe ;  
 Bathing himselfe, which long he had not done,  
 And dryes his feathers in the welcome Sunne,  
 Pruning his plumage, clen sing euery quill,  
 And going back, he beareth in his bill  
 An Olieue leafe, by which *Noah* vnderstood  
 The great decrease and waning of the flood :  
 For that on Mountaines Oliues seldome grow,  
 But in flat Valleys and in places low ;  
 Neuer such comfort came to mortall man,  
 Neuer such ioy was since the world began,  
 As in the Arke, when *Noah* and his behold  
 The Olieue leafe, which certainly them told,  
 The flood decreas'd, and they fuch comfort take,  
 That with their mirth, the *Birds* and *Beasts* they make  
Sportiue,

Sportiue, which fend forth such a hollow noyse  
As said they were partakers of their ioyes.  
The Lion roares, but quickly doth forbear,  
Lest he thereby the lesser Beasts should feare,  
The Bull doth bellow, and the Horse doth nay,  
The Stag, the Buck, and shaghayrd Goat doe bray,  
The Boare doth grunt, the Woolfe doth howle, the Ram  
Doth bleate, which yet so faintly from him came,  
As though for very ioy he seem'd to weepe,  
The Ape and Muncy such a chattering keepe  
With their thin lips, which they so well exprest,  
As they would say, we hope to be releast;  
The filly Asse set open such a throat,  
That all the Arke refounded with the note;  
The watchfull Dog doth play, and skip, and barke,  
And leaps vpon his Masters in the Arke,  
The Rauen crokes, the caryon Crow doth squall,  
The Pye doth chatter, and the Partridge call,  
The iocund Cock crowes as he claps his wings,  
The Merle doth whistle, and the Mauis sings,  
The Nightingale straines her melodious throat,  
Which of the small Birds being heard to roat,  
They soone set to her, each a part doth take,  
As by their musick vp a Quire to make,  
The Parrat lately sad, then talks and ieeres,  
And counterfeith euery sound he heares,  
The purblind Owle which heareth all this doo,  
T'expresse her gladneffe, cryes Too whit too whoo.  
No Beast nor Bird was in the Arke with *Noy*,  
But in their kinde exprest some signe of ioy;  
When that iust man who did himselfe apply  
Still, to his deare and godly family,  
Thus to them spake (and with erected hands  
The like obedience from the rest demands)

*The worlds foundation is not halfe so fure  
As is Gods promise, nor is heauen so pure*

*As is his word, to me most sinfull man ;  
 To take the Arke who when I first began  
 Sayd on the hundred and the fiftieth day,  
 I should perceiue the Deluge to decay,  
 And 'tis most certaine, as you well may know  
 Which this poore Pidgeon by this leafe doth shew.  
 He that so long could make the waters stand  
 Aboue the earth, see how his powerfull hand  
 Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth drie  
 The Big swolne Billowes, that they seeme to staine  
 Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,  
 Whence first they came, to execute his wrath,  
 The Sunne which melted euery Cloud to Raine,  
 He makes it now to sup it vp againe:  
 The wind by which he brought it on before  
 In their declining drives it o'r and o'r,  
 The tonges of Angells serue not to expresse,  
 Neither his mercy, nor his mightinesse,  
 Be ioyfull then in our greate God (sayth he)  
 For we the Parents of Mankind shall be  
 From vs poore few, (his pleasure that attend)  
 Shall all the Nations of the earth descend ;*

When righteous Noy desirous still to heare,  
 In what estate th'unweedly waters were,  
 Sends foorth the Doue as he had done before,  
 But it found drie land and came backe no more,  
 Whereby this man precifely vnderstood,  
 The greate decrease of this world-drowning floud :  
 Thus as the Arke is floating on the mayne,  
 As when the floud rose, in the fall againe,  
 With Currents still encountred every where  
 Forward and backward which it still doe beare,  
 As the stremme strayneth, by the rising Cleeues  
 Of the tall Mountaines, 'twixt which oft it dries,  
 Vntill at length by Gods Almighty hand,  
 It on the hills of \*Ararat doth land.  
 When those within it felt the Arke to strike,

*Mountains  
 of a won-  
 drous  
 height,  
 either  
 within, or  
 bordering  
 upon Ar-  
 menia.*

On

On the firme ground, was euer comfort like  
 To theirs, which felt it fixed there to stay,  
 And found the waters went so fast away ;  
 That *Noah* set vp the couering of the Arke,  
 That those which long had sitten in the darke,  
 Might be saluted with the cheerfull light,  
 (O since the world, was euer such a sight !)  
 That creeping things aswell as Bird or Beast,  
 Their feuerall comforts sundry wayes exprest ?  
 His wife and children then ascend to see  
 What place it was so happy that should be  
 For th'Arke to rest on, where they saw a Plaine,  
 A Mountaines top which seemed to containe,  
 On which they might discerne within their ken,  
 The carkasses of Birds, of Beasts, and men,  
 Choak'd by the Deluge, when *Noah* spake them thus,

*Behold th'Almightyes mercy shew'd to vs,  
 That thorow the waues our way not onely wrongt,  
 But to these Mountaines safely hath vs brought,  
 Whose dainty tops all earthly pleasures crowne  
 And one the Greene-sward sets vs safely downe.  
 Had our most gratioues God not beene our guide  
 The Arke had fallne vpon some Mountaine side,  
 And with a Rush remouing of our fraught  
 Might well haue turnd it backward with the waight  
 Or by these Billows lastly ouer borne  
 Or on some Rocke her ribbs might haue bin torne.  
 But see except these heere, each liuing thing  
 That crept, or went, or kept the Aire with wing,  
 Lye heere before vs to manure the Land,  
 Such is the power of Gods all workeing hand.*

In the six hundred yeere of that iust man  
 The seconde month, the seuenteenth day began,  
 That horrid Deluge when Heauens windows were  
 At once all opened, then did first appeare  
 Th'Allmighty's wrath, when for full forty days  
 There raynd from Heauen not showers but mighty feas,

*In May ac-  
 cording to  
 the Exposi-  
 tors.*

*Part of September and part of October.*

*In the same moneth the flood began, & ceast: which made vp one yeare.*

A hundred fifty dayes that so prevayld,  
 Aboue the Mountaines till the great Arke sayld,  
 In the feauenth moneth, vpon the feauenteenth day,  
 Like a Ship faine into a quyet Bay,  
 It on the Hils of *Ararat* doth light:  
 But *Noah* deny'd yet to discharge the Fraight.  
 For that the Mountaines cleerely were not seene,  
 Till the first day of the tenth mon'th, when Greene  
 Smyld on the blew Skyes, when the earth began  
 To looke vp cheerly, yet the waters ran  
 Still throw the Valleyes, till the mon'th againe  
 In which before it first began to rayne;  
 Of which, the seauen and twentieth day expyr'd,  
 Quite from the earth the waters were retyr'd:  
 When the almighty God bad *Noah* to fet  
 Open the Arke, at liberty to let  
 The Beasts, the Birds, and creeping things, which came  
 Like as when first they went into the same,  
 Each male comes downe, his female by his fide,  
 As 'twere the Bridgroome bringing out his Bride,  
 Till th'Arke was emptied, and that mighty load,  
 For a whole yeare that there had bin bestow'd,  
 (Since first that forty-dayes still-falling raine  
 That drown'd the world, was then dry'd vp againe)  
 Which with much gladnesse doe salute the ground,  
 The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,  
 The heauier creatures tumble them, as glad  
 That they such ease by their enlargement had,  
 The creeping things together fall to play,  
 Ioy'd beyond measure, for this happy day,  
 The Birds let from this Cage, doe mount the Skye,  
 To shew, they yet had not forgot to flye,  
 And sporting them vpon the ayry plaine,  
 Yet to their master *Noah* they stoope againe,  
 To leaue his presence, and doe still forbear,  
 Till they from him of their release might heare,  
 The Beasts each other woole, the Birds they bill,

As

As they would say to *Noe*, they ment to fill  
 The roomthy earth, then altogether voyd,  
 And make, what late the deluge had destroyd.  
 When Righteous *Noye*, who euer had regard  
 To serue his God, immediately prepar'd  
 To sacrifice, and of the cleancest Beasts  
 That in the Arke this while had bin his guests,  
 He feafeth, (yet obedient to his will)  
 And of them, he for sacrifice doth kill :  
 Which he and his religiously attend,  
 And with the fmoake their vowes and thankes ascend,  
 Which pleas'd th'Almighty, that he promis'd then,  
 Neuer by floud to drowne the world agen.  
 And that mankinde his couenant might know,  
 He in the clouds left the celestiall Bow.

*When to these liuing things quoth righteous Noe,*  
*Now take you all free liberty to goe,*  
*And euery way doe you your selues disperse,*  
*Till you haue fild this globy vniuerse*  
*With your increase, let euery soyle be yours,*  
*He that hath sau'd yee, faithfully assures*  
*Your propagation : and deare wife quoth he,*  
*And you my children, let your trust still be*  
*In your preseruer, and on him relye,*  
*Whose promise is that we shall multiply,*  
*Till in our dayes, of nations we shall heare*  
*From vs poore few in th'Arke that lately were.*

To make a new world, thus works euery one,  
 The Deluge ceafeth, and the old is gone.

*To this Poem.*

See how ingrate forgetfulnesse  
     Circles vs round with dangers,   (bleffe,  
 That all the Saints whom God doth highly  
     To vs are strangers :  
 Now Heau'n into our soules inspries  
     No true cœlestiall motions :  
 Lusts ardent flame hath dimm'd the holy fires  
     Of our deuotions.  
 While 'gainst blasphemers gen'rall fight  
     Our painefull Author striueth,  
 And happy spirits which liue in heauenly light  
     On earth reuiueth.  
 Thou Patriarke great, who with milde lookes  
     His lab'ring *Muse* beholdest :       (bookes  
 Reach him thofe leaues where thou in sacred  
     All truth vnfoldest :  
 And guide (like *Israel*) Poets hands  
     From *Aegypt*, from vaine Stories,  
 Onely to sing of the faire promis'd lands,  
     And all their glories.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

## Ad Michalem Draytonem.

**D**Vm reluctantem Pharium I E H O V A E  
 Drayton, & fractum canis, & rubentes  
*Diuidis fluctus, equites reducta et  
 obruis vnda:*  
*Instruis quanto monumenta nisu ?  
 Quam sacra nomen tibi crescit aede ?  
 Pyramis cedit peritura: cedit  
 totaq; Memphis.  
 Cedit, & quicquid posuere reges  
 Molibus fisi nimium superbis.  
 O sacer vatis labor ! a rapaci  
 tempore tutus.*

BEALE SAPPERTON.

*To M. Michael Drayton.*

**T**Hy noble *Muse* already hath beene spred (climes,  
 Through *Europe* and the Sun-scorch'd Southerne  
 That Ile where *Saturnes* royall Sonne was bred,  
 Hath beene enricht with thy immortall rimes :  
 Euen to the burnt line haue thy poems flowne,  
 And gain'd high fame in the declining West,  
 And o're that cold Sea shall thy name be blowne,  
 That Icie mountaines rowleth on her brest :  
 Her soaring hence so farre made me admire,  
 Whether at length thy worthy *Muse* would flie,  
 Borne through the tender ayre with wings of fire,  
 Able to lift her to the starrie skie :

This work resolu'd my doubts, when th'earths replete  
 With her faire fruit, in Heau'n shlee'le take her feate.

THOMAS ANDREVV.E.

*Ex arduis æternitas.*



# MOSES HIS BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

*THE FIRST BOOKE.*

## ¶ The Argument.

*This Canto our attracted Muse  
The Prophets glorious birth pursues,  
The various changes of his fate,  
From humblenesse to high estate,  
His beautie, more than mortall shape,  
From Egypt how he doth escape,  
By his faire bearing in his flight,  
Obtaines the louely Midianite,  
Where God vnto the Hebrew spake,  
Appearing from the burning brake,  
And backe doth him to Egypt send,  
That mighty things doth there intend.*

**G**irt in bright flames, rapt from celestiall fire,  
That our vnwearied faculties refine,  
By zeale transported boldly we aspire  
To sing a subiect gloriously diuine :  
Him that of mortals onely had the grace,  
(On whom the Spirit did in such power descend)

R

To

To talke with God face opposite to face,  
Euen as a man with his familiar friend.

*Muse* I inuoke the vtmost of thy might,  
That with an armed and auspicious wing,  
Thou be obsequious in his doublefesse right  
'Gainst the vile Atheists vituperious stng :  
Where thou that gate industriously mai'st flie,  
Which Nature striues but fainedly to goe,  
Borne by a power so eminent and hie,  
As in his course leaues reason farre below,  
To shew how Poesie (simplie hath her praise)  
That from full *Ioue* takes her celestiall birth,  
And quicke as fire, her glorious felse can raiſe  
Aboue this base abhominable earth.

O if that *Time* haue happily referu'd,  
(Besides that sacred and canonicke writ,  
What once in Slates and Barkes of trees was keru'd)  
Things that our *Muses* grauitie may fit,  
Vnclaspe the worlds great Register to mee,  
That smoakie rust hath very neere defac'd,  
That I in those dim Characters may see,  
From common eyes that hath aside beene caſt,  
And thou Translator of that faithfull Muse  
This A L L S creation that diuinely fong,  
From Courtly *French* (no trauaile do'st refuse)  
To make him Master of thy *Genuin* tong,  
*Salust* to thee and *Siluester* thy friend,  
Comes my high Poem peaceably and chaste,  
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend  
That wrackfull *Time* shall not haue power to waste.

A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)  
*Amram* a Leuit honourably bred,  
Of the fame off-spring wan a beauteous wife,  
And no leſſe vertuous, goodly *Iacobed*:  
So fitly pair'd that (without all ostent)  
Euen of the wife it hardly could be fayd

Which

Which of the two was most preheminent,  
 Or he more honour'd, or she more obayd,  
 In both was found that liueliehood and meetnes,  
 By which affection any way was mou'd :  
 In him that shape, in her there was that sweetnes,  
 Might make him lik'd or her to be belou'd :  
 As this comimixtion, fo their maried mind  
 Their good corrected, or their ill releeu'd,  
 As truly louing as discreetly kinde,  
 Mutuallie ioy'd, as mutuallie greeu'd :  
 Their nuptiall bed by abstinence maintain'd,  
 Yet still gaue fewell to Loues sacred fire,  
 And when fruition plentifulli'st gain'd,  
 Yet were they chaste in fulnes of desire.

Now grieued *Israe* many a wofull day,  
 That at their vile seruilitie repin'd,  
 Pref'sd with the burdens of rude boist'rous clay,  
 By sterne Egyptian tyrannie assignd :  
 Yet stll the more the Hebrewes are opprest  
 Like to Frim feed they fructifie the more  
 That by th'eternall prouidence fore-blest,  
*Goshen* giues roomth but scanty to their store.  
 And the wife Midwiues in their naturall neede,  
 That the faire males immediatlie should kill,  
 Hating f'abhort, and Hethenish a deede,  
 Check his harsh brutenes and rebellious will.  
 That small effect perciuing by the same,  
 Bids the men-children (greate lie that abound)  
 After that day into the world that came,  
 Vpon their birth should instantly be drownd :  
 And now the time came had bin long foretold,  
 He should be borne vnto the Hebrewes ioy,  
 Whose puissant hand such fatall power should hold,  
 As in short time all *Egipt* should destroy.  
 The execution which more strongly forc'd,  
 And euery where so generally done,  
 As in small time vnnaturally divorc'd,

Many a deare Mother, and as deare a Sonne.  
 Though her chraft bosome that faire Altar were,  
 Where Loues pure vowes he dutifullly pay'd,  
 His Armes to her a Sanctuary deare,  
 Yet they so much his tyranny obay'd,  
 By free consent to separate their bed,  
 Better at all no Children yet to haue,  
 Then their deare loue should proreate the dead,  
 Vntimely issue for a timeleffe graue.

When in a vision whilst he slept by night,  
 God bids him fo not *Iacobed* to leaue,  
 The man that *Egypt* did so much affright,  
 Her pregnant wombe should happily conceaue.  
 Soone after finding that she was with child,  
 The fame conceales by all the meanes she can,  
 Left by th'apparance she might be beguild,  
 If in the birth it prou'd to be a man.  
 The tyme she goes till her accompt was nie,  
 Her swelling belly no conception showes,  
 Nor at the time of her deliuery,  
 As other women panged in her throwes.

When lo the faire fruit of that prospering wombe  
 Wounds the kinde parents in their prime of ioy,  
 Whose birth pronounceth his too timeleffe doombe  
 Accus'd by Nature, forming it a boy :  
 Yet tis so sweet, so amiably faire,  
 That their pleas'd eies with rapture it behold,  
 The glad-sad parents full of ioy and care  
 Faine would reserue their Infant if they could,  
 And still they tempt the fundrie varying howers,  
 Hopes and despaires together strangely mixt,  
 Distafting sweets with many cordiall fowers,  
 Opposed interchangeably betwixt.  
 If ought it ayl'd or hapleslie it cride,  
 Vnheard of any that she might it keepe,  
 With one short breath she did intreat and chide,  
 And in a moment she did sing and weepe.

*Joseph.*

Thirce

Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like beguilde,  
 And danger still redoubling as it lasts,  
 Suspecting most the safety of the Childe,  
 Thus the kinde Mother carefully forecasts :  
 (For at three moneths a scrutinie was held,  
 And searchers then fent euery where about,  
 That in that time if any were conceal'd,  
 They should make proose and straitly bring them out :)  
*To Pharoes* will she awfully must bow,  
 And therefore hastens to abridge these feares,  
 And to the flood determines it shall goe,  
 Yet ere it went shee'll drowne it with her teares.  
 This afternoone Loue bids a little stay,  
 And yet these paues doe but lengthen sorrow,  
 But for one night although shee make delay,  
 Shee vowes to goe vnto his death to morrow.  
 The morning comes, it is too early yet,  
 The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,  
 The gloomy Euening murther best doth fit,  
 The Euening come, and then it is too late.  
 Her pretty Infant lying on her lap  
 With his sweet eyes her threatening rage beguiles,  
 For yet he playes, and dallyes with his pap,  
 To mock her sorrowes with his am'rous smiles,  
 And laugh'd, and chuck'd : and spred the pretty hands,  
 When her full heart was at the point to breake,  
 (This little Creature yet not vnderstands  
 The wofull language mothers teares did speake.)  
 Wherewith furpriz'd, and with a parents loue,  
 From his faire eyes she doth fresh courage take,  
 And Natures lawes allowing, doth reprove  
 The fraile Edicts that mortall Princes make.  
 It shall not die, she'll keepe her child vnknowne,  
 And come the worst in spight of *Pharoes* rage,  
 As it is hers, she will dispose her owne,  
 And if't must, it'st die at riper age.  
 And thus reuoluing of her frailties care,

A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled minde,  
 Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,  
 Betwixt the lawes of cruelty and kinde.  
 But it must die, and better yet to part,  
 Since preordain'd to this disast'rous fate,  
 His want will fit the neerer to the heart  
 In riper and more flourishing estate.  
 The perfect husband whose impressiue soule,  
 Tooke true proportion of each pensiue throw,  
 Yet had fuch power his passion to controule,  
 As not the fame immedately to shew.  
 With carriage full of comelinesse and grace,  
 As grieve not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lacke,  
 Courage and feare so temp'red in his face,  
 Thus his beloued *Iacobed* bespake.  
 Deare heart be patient, stay these timelesse teares,  
 Death of thy Son shall neuer quite bereave thee,  
 My soule with thine, that equall burthen beares,  
 As what he takes, my Loue againe shall giue thee :  
 For *Israels* finne if *Israels* feed must fuffer,  
 And we of meere necessity must leauue him,  
 Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,  
 Giue him to me by whom thou didst conceyue him.  
 So though thou with so deare a iewell part,  
 This yet remayneth lastly to releue thee,  
 Thou hast impos'd this hindrance on my heart,  
 Another losse shall need the lesse to grieue thee,  
 Nor are we Hebrewes abie&t by our name,  
 Though thus in *Egypt* hatefully despised,  
 That we that blessing fruitlessly should clayme  
 Once in that holy Couenant comprised,  
 It is not fit Mortality should know  
 What his eternall prouidence decreed,  
 That vnto *Abraham* ratifi'd the vowe  
 In happy *Sara* and her hallowed seed.  
 Nor shall the wrong to godly *Ioseph* done  
 In his remembrance euer be enrould,

By *Jacobs* sighes for his lost little sonne  
 A Captiu'd flauue to the Egyptians sould :  
 Reason sets limmets to the longest griefe,  
 Sorrow scarfe past when comfort is returning,  
 He sends affliction that can lend releefe,  
 Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning.

Lost in her selfe, her spirits are so distractred,  
 All hopes dissolu'd might fortifie her further,  
 Her minde feemes now of misery compacted,  
 That must consent vnto so deere a murther.  
 Of slime and twigs she makes a simple shread  
 (The poore last duty to her child she owes  
 This pretty martyr, this yet liuing dead)  
 Wherein she doth his little corps enclose :  
 And meanes to beare it presently away,  
 And in some water secretly bestow it,  
 But yet a while bethinkes her selfe to stay,  
 Some little kindnesse she doeth further owe it :  
 Nor will she in this cruelty perseuer,  
 That by her meanes his timelesse blood be spilt,  
 If of her owne she doth her selfe deliuer,  
 Let others hands be nocent of the guilt :  
 Yet if she keepe it from the ruthlesse flood  
 That is by *Pharo's* tyranny assign'd it,  
 What bootes that wretched miserable good,  
 If so dispos'd where none doe come to finde it,  
 For better yet the Homicide should kill it,  
 Or by some beast in peeces to be rent,  
 Than lingring famine cruelly should fpill it,  
 That it endure a double languishment :  
 And neighbouring neere to the *Egyptian* Court,  
 She knowes a place that neere the riuier side  
 Was oft frequented by the worthier fort,  
 For now the spring was newly in her pride.  
 Thither she hastes but with a paynefull speed  
 The neerest way she possibly could get,  
 And by the cleere brimme mongst the flags and reede,

Her

Her little Coffin carefully she fet :  
 Her little Girle (the Mother following neere)  
 As of her Brother that her leue would take,  
 Which the sad woman vnexpecting there,  
 Yet it to helpe her kindlye thus bespake :  
 (Quoth she) sweet *Miriam* secretly attend,  
 And for his death see who approacheth hether,  
 That once for all assured of his end,  
 His dayes and mine be consummate together,  
 It is some comfort to a wretch to die  
 (If there be comfort in the way of death)  
 To haue some friend or kinde alliance by,  
 To be officious at the parting breath :  
 Thus she departs, oft stayes, oft turneth backe,  
 Looking about left any one espi'd her,  
 Faine would she leue, that leauing she doth lacke,  
 That in this sort so strangely doth diuide her.  
 Vnto what Dame (participating kinde)  
 My verse her sad perplexitie shall shewe,  
 That in a softned and relenting minde  
 Findes not a true touch of that Mothers woe.  
 Yet all this while full quietly it slept,  
 (Poore little Brat incapable of care)  
 Which by that powerfull prouidence is kept,  
 Who doth this childe for better daies prepare.  
 See here an abiect vtterly forlorne,  
 Lest to destruction as a violent prey,  
 Whom man might iudge accursed to be borne,  
 To darke obliuion moulded vp in clay,  
 That man of might in after times should bee  
 (The bounds of fraile mortality that brake)  
 Which that Almighty gloriously should see,  
 When he in thunder on mount *Sinai* spake.

Now *Pharaoh's Daughter Tzermuth* young & faire,  
 With such choyce Maydens as she fauour'd most,  
 Needes would abroad to take the gentle ayre,  
 Whilst the rich yeere his braueries seem'd to boast :

Softly

Softly she walkes downe to the secret flood,  
 Through the calme shades most peaceable & quiet,  
 In the coole stremes to check the pampered blood,  
 Stir'd with strong youth and their delicious diet ;  
 Such as the Princeffe, fuch the day addressed,  
 As though prouided equally to paire her,  
 Either in other fortunately bleffed  
 She by the day, the day by her made fairer,  
 Both in the height and fulnesse of their pleasure,  
 As to them both fome future good diuining,  
 Holding a steadie and accomplish'd measure,  
 This in her perfect clearenesse, that in fhining.  
 The very ayre to emulate her meekenesse,  
 Stroue to be bright and peaceable as fhe,  
 That it grew iealous of that fodaine fleekenesse,  
 Fearing it ofter otherwife might be :  
 And if the fleet winde by fome rigorous gale  
 Seem'd to be mou'd, and patiently to chide her,  
 It was as angry with her lawnie vaile,  
 That from his fight it eniuously should hide her :  
 And now approching to the flow'rie meade  
 Where the rich Summer curioufly had dight her,  
 Which feem'd in all her iollitie arayde,  
 With Natures cost and pleasures to delight her :  
 See this moft bleffed, this vnusuall hap,  
 She the fmall basket sooner should espie,  
 That the Childe wak'd, and miffing of his pap,  
 As for her succour instantly did cry ;  
 Forth of the flagges fhe caus'd it to be taken,  
 Calling her Maids this Orphanet to fee,  
 Much did fhe ioy an Innocent forfaken  
 By her from perill priuiledg'd might be :  
 This moft sweet Princeffe pittifull and milde,  
 Soone on her knee vnfwathes it as her owne,  
 Found for a man, fo beautifull a Childe,  
 Might for an Hebrew easily be knowne :  
 Noting the care in dressing it bestow'd,

S

Each

Each thing that fitted gentlenesse to weare,  
 Iudg'd the sad parents this lost Infant ow'd,  
 Were as invulgar as their fruit was faire,  
 (Saith she) my minde not any way suggestes  
*An vnchaste wombe these lineaments hath bred,*  
 For thy faire brow apparently contests  
 The currant stampe of a cleane nuptiall bed :  
 She nam'd it *Moyses*, which in time might tell  
 (For names doe many mysteries expound)  
 When it was young the chance that it befell,  
 How by the water strangely it was found,  
 Calling Melch women that Egyptians were,  
 Once to the teat his lips he would not lay,  
*As though offended with their fullied leare,*  
 Seeming as still to turne his head away.

The little Girle that neere at hand did lurke,  
 (Thinking this while she tarried but too long)  
 Finding these things so happily to worke,  
 Kindely being crafty, wife as she was yong,  
 Madame (saith she) wilt please you I prouide  
*A Nurse to breed the Infant you did finde,*  
 There in an Hebrew dwelling here beside,  
 I know can doe it fitly to your minde :  
 For a right Hebrew if the Infant be,  
*(As well produce you instances I can,*  
*And by this Childe as partly you may fee,) It will not sucke of an *Egyptian*.*  
 The courteous Princesse offered now so faire,  
 That which before she earnestly desir'd,  
 That of her foundling had a speciall care,  
 The Girle to fetch her instantly requir'd.  
 Away the Girle goes, doth her Mother tell  
 What fauor God had to her brother showne,  
 And what else in this accident befell,  
 That she might now be Nurse vnto her owne.  
 Little it bootes to bid the Wench to ply her,  
 Nor the kinde Mother hearken to her sonne,

Nor

Nor to prouoke her to the place to hie her,  
 Which seem'd not now on earthly feete to runne :  
 Slow to her selfe yet hasting as she flew,  
 (So fast affection forward did her beare)  
*As though forewasted with the breath she drew.*  
 Borne by the force of nature and of feare,  
 Little the time, and little is the way,  
*And for her busynesse eithers speede doth craue,*  
 Yet in her haste bethinkes her what to say,  
 And how her selfe in prefence to behauie,  
 Slack shhee'l not seeme left to anothers trust  
 Her hopefull charge were happily directed,  
 Nor yet too forward shew her selfe she must,  
 Lest her sweet fraud thereby might be fyspected,  
 Com'n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,  
*And euery ioynt incessantly doth tremble,*  
 Gladnesse and feare each other so confound,  
 So hard a thing for Mothers to difsemble.  
 Saith this sweet *Termuth*, well I like thy beautie,  
 Nurse me this Childe (if it thy state behooue)  
 Although a Prince ile not enforce thy dutie,  
 But pay thy labour, and reward thy loue :  
 Though euen as Gods is *Pharaohs* high command,  
 And as strong Nature so precise and strict,  
 There rests that power yet in a Princesse hand,  
 To free one Hebrew from this strong edict :  
 That shall in rich abilliments be dight,  
 Deck'd in the Iems that admirabl'ft shine,  
 Wearing our owne roabe gracious in our sight,  
 Free in our Court, and nourished for mine :  
 Loue him deare Hebrew as he were thine owne,  
 Good Nurfe be carefull of my little Boy,  
 In this to vs thy kindenesse may be showne,  
 Some Mothers grieve, is now a Maydens ioy.  
 This while all mute, the poore astonish'd Mother,  
 With admiration as transpearced stood,  
 One bursting ioy doth so confound another.

Passion so powerfull in her rauish'd blood.  
 Whisp'ring some soft words which deliuered were,  
 As rather seem'd her silence to impart,  
 And being inforc'd from bashfulnesse and feare,  
 Came as true tokens of a gracefull heart.  
 Thus she departs her husband to content,  
 With this deare present backe to him she brought,  
 Making the time short, telling each euent,  
 In all shapes ioy presented to her thought.  
 Yet still his manly modesty was such  
 (That his affections strongly so controlde,)  
 As if ioy seem'd his manly heart to touch,  
 It was her ioy and gladnesse to behold :  
 When all reioyc'd vnmou'd thereat the whiles,  
 In his graue face such constancie appeares,  
 As now scarfe shewing comfort in his smiles,  
 Nor then reuealing sorrow in his teares :  
 Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,  
 Which though itsdain'd the pleasdnesse to confesse,  
 More in his lookes in fulnesse there did lie,  
 Than all their words could any way expresse.

*Iosephus.  
Vet. Come-  
ster.*

In time the Princesse playing with the Childe,  
 In whom she seem'd her chiefe delight to take,  
 With whom she oft the wearie time beguil'd,  
 That as her owne did of this Hebrew make :  
 It so fell out as *Pharaoh* was in place,  
 Seeing his daughter in the Childe to ioy,  
 To please the Princesse, and to doe it grace,  
 Himselue vouchsafes to entertaine the Boy :  
 Whose shape and beautie when he did hehold  
 With much content his Princely eye that fed,  
 Giuing to please it, any thing it would,  
 Set his rich Crowne vpon the Infants head,  
 Which this weake Childe regarding not at all  
 (As such a Babie carelesly is meete)  
 Vnto the ground the Diadem let fall  
 Spurning it from him with negle $\ddot{c}$ full feete.

Which

Which as the Priests beheld this ominous thing  
 (That else had past vnnoted as a toy.)  
 As from their skill report vnto the King,  
 This was the man that *Egypt* should destroy.  
 Tolde by the *Magi* that were learn'd and wise,  
 Which might full well the iealous King enflame,  
 Said by th'*Egyptian* ancient prophecies  
 That might give credite easlier to the fame.  
 She as discretee as she was chaste and faire,  
 With Princely gesture and with count'nance milde  
 By things that hurtfull and most dangerous were  
 Showes to the King the weakenesse of the Childe :  
 Hot burning coales doth to his mouth present,  
 Which he to handle simply doth not sticke,  
 This little foole, this retchlesse Innocent  
 The burning gleed with his soft tongue doth likke :  
 Which though in *Pharaok* her desire it wrought,  
 His babish imbecilitie to see,  
 To the Childe's speech impediment it brought,  
 From which he after neuer could be free.

The Childe grew vp, when in his manly face  
 Beautie was feene in an vnusuall cheere,  
 Such mixtures sweet of comelinesse and grace  
 Likely apparell'd in complexion cleere.  
 The part of earth contends with that of heauen,  
 Both in their proper puritie excelling,  
 To whether more preheminence was giuen,  
 Which should excell the dweller or the dwelling.  
 Mens vsuall stature he did farre exceede,  
 And euery part proportioned so well,  
 The more the eye vpon his shape did feede,  
 The more it long'd vpon the same to dwell :  
 Each ioynt fuch perfect Harmonie did beare,  
 That curious iudgement taking any lim  
 Searching might misse to match it any where,  
 Nature so fail'd in parallelling him :  
 His haire bright yellow, on an arched brow

Sate all the beauties kinde could euer frame,  
 And did them there so orderly bestow,  
 As such a feate of maiestie became.  
 As time made perfect each exteriour part,  
 So still his honour with his yeeres encreas'd,  
 That he fate Lord in many a tender heart,  
 With such high fauours his faire youth was blefs'd.

So fell it out that *Aethiop* warre began,  
 Inuading *Egypt* with their armed powers,  
 And taking spoiles, the Country ouer-ran  
 To where as *Memphis* vaunts her climing Towers,  
 Wherefore they with their Oracles conserre  
 About th'euent, which doe this anfwere make,  
 That if they would transport this ciuill warre,  
 They to their Captaine must an Hebrew take,  
 And for faire *Moyses* happily was growne  
 Of so great towardneffe and especiall hope,  
 Him they doe choofe as absolutest knowne  
 To leade their power against the *Aethiope*.  
 Which they of *Termuth* hardly can obtaine,  
 Though on their Altars by their Gods they vowe  
 Him to deliuer safe to her againe,  
 (Once the warre ended) safe as he was now.  
 Who for the way the *Armie* was to passe,  
 That by th'*Egyptians* onely was intended,  
 Most part by water, more prolixious was  
 Than present perill any whit commended :  
 To intercept the *Aethiopians* wrought  
 A way farre nearer who their Legions led,  
 Which till that time impaſſible was thought,  
 Such store of Serpents in that place was bred :  
 Deuis'd by Birds this danger to eschew,  
 Whereof in *Egypt* be exceeding store,  
 The Storke, and *Ibis*, which he wifely knew,  
 All kindes of Serpents naturally abhore.  
 Which he in Baskets of *Egyptian* reede,  
 Borne with his caridge easely doth conuay,

*And*

And where incampeth sets them forth to feede,  
 Which driue the Serpents presently away.  
 Thus them preuenting by this subtil course,  
 That all their succour sodainly bereft,  
 When *Aethiop* flies before th'*Egyptian* force,  
 Shut vp in *Saba* their last refuge left.  
 Which whilst with strait siedge they beleagred long,  
 The Kings faire Daughter haps him to behold,  
 And became fettered with affection strong,  
 Which in short time could hardly be controlde,  
*Tarbis* that kindled this rebellious rage,  
 That they to *Egypt* tributorie were,  
 When the olde King decrepit now with age,  
 She in his stead the soueraigntie did beare.  
 Vp to his Tower where the Camp might see,  
 To looke her new Loue euery day she went,  
 And when he hap'ned from the field to be,  
 She thought her blest beholding but his Tent,  
 And oftentimes doth modestly inuay  
 'Gainst him the Citie walled first about,  
 That the strong site shoul churlishly denay  
 Him to come in, or her for passing out,  
 Had the gates beene but softned as her breast  
 (That to behold her loued enemie stands)  
 He had ere this of *Saba* beene possest,  
 And therein planted the *Egyptian* bands :  
 Oft from a place as secretly she might  
 (That from her Pallace look'd vnto his Tent)  
 When he came forth appearing in his sight,  
 Shewing by signes the loue to him she ment.  
 For in what armes it pleas'd him to be dight,  
 After the Hebrew or th'*Egyptian* guise :  
 He was the brauest, the most goodly wight  
 That euer graced *Aethiop* with his eyes.  
 And finding meanes to parley from a place,  
 By night, her passion doth to him discouer,  
 To yeeld the Citie if he would embrace

*Comefor.*

Her

Her a true Princeffe, as a faithfull Louer.  
 The feature of so delicate a Dame,  
 Motiues ſufficient to his youth had beene,  
 But to be Lord of Kingdomes by the fame,  
 And of ſo great and obſolute a Queene,  
 Soone gently ſtole him from himſelfe away,  
 That doth to him ſuch rarieties partake,  
 Off'ring ſo rich, ſo excellent a prey,  
 Louing the treason for the Traytors fake.

But whilſt he liued in this glorious vaine,  
*Israel* his conſcience ofteentimes doth moue,  
 That all this while in *Egypt* did remaine  
 Vertue and grace o'recomming youth and loue.  
 And though God knowes vnwilling to depart,  
 From ſo high Empire wherein now he stood,  
 And her that fate ſo neere vnto his heart,  
 Such power hath *Israel* in his happie blood,  
 By ſkill to quit him forcibly he wrought,  
 As he was learn'd and traded in the starres,  
 Both by the Hebrewes, and th'*Egyptians* taught,  
 That were the firſt, the beſt Astronomers,  
 Two fundry figures makes, whereof the one  
 Caufe them that weare it all things paſt forget,  
 As th'other of all accidents foregone  
 The memory as eagerly doth whet.  
 Which he inſculped in two likely ſtones,  
 For rareneſſe of inualuable price,  
 And cunningly contriu'd them for the nones  
 In likely rings of excellent deuife :  
 That of obliuion giuing to his Queene,  
 Which foone made ſhow the violent effect  
 Forgot him ſtraight as he had neuer beene,  
 And did her former kindeneſſes neglect.  
 The other (that doth memorie affiſt)  
 Him with the loue of *Israel* doth enflame,  
 Departing thence not how the Princeffe wifſt  
 In peace he leaues her as in warre he came.

Comeſter  
*ex Vet.*  
*Script.*

But

But all the pleasures of th'*Egyptian* Court,  
 Had not such power vpon his springing yeeres,  
*As* had the sad and tragical report  
 Of the rude burdens captiu'd *Israel* beares,  
 Nor what regards he to be grac'd of Kings ?  
 Or flatred greatness idely to awaite ?  
 Or what respects he the negotiating  
 Matters comporting Emperie and State ?  
 The bondage and seruilitie that lay  
 On buried *Israel* (funke in ordurous flime)  
 His greeued spirit downe heauily doth way,  
 That to leane care oft leant the prosperous time  
*A* wretched Hebrew hap'ned to behold  
 Bruf'd with sad burdens without all remorse  
 By an *Egyptian* barb'rously controlde,  
 Spurning his pin'd and miserable corse  
 Which he beholding vexed as he stood,  
 His faire veines fwelling with impatient fire,  
 Pittie and rage so wrestled in his blood  
 To get free passage to conceaued ire,  
 Rescuing the man th'*Egyptian* doth refist :  
 (Which from his vile hands forcibly he tooke)  
*And* by a strong blowe with his valiant fist,  
 His hatefull breath out of his nostrils strooke,  
 Which through his courage boldly dare auerre,  
 In the proud power of his Emperious hand,  
 Yet from high honour deigneth to interre,  
 The wretched carkasse in the fmouldring sand.  
 Which then suppos'd in secret to be wrought,  
 Yet still hath Enuie such a iealous eye,  
*As* foorth the same incontinent it sought,  
 And to the King deliuered by and by,  
 Which soone gaue vent to *Pharo's* couered wrath,  
 Which till this instant reason did confine,  
 Opening a strait way, and apparant path  
 Vnto that greate and terrible designe :  
 Most for his safety forcing his retreat

T

When

When now affliction euery day did breed,  
 And when reuengfull tyrannie did threate  
 The greatest horrour to the Hebrew feed.  
 To *Midian* now his Pilgrimage he tooke,  
*Midian* earthes onely Paradice for pleasures,  
 Where many a soft Rill, many a sliding Brooke,  
 Through the sweet vallies trip in wanton measures,  
 Whereas the curl'd Groues and the flowrie fields,  
 To his free soule so peaceable and quiet  
 More true delight and choise contentment yeelds,  
 Than *Egipts* braueries and luxurious diet :  
 And wandering long he hap'ned on a Well,  
 Which he by pathes frequented might espie,  
 Bordred with trees where pleasure seem'd to dwell,  
 Where to repose him, eas'ly downe doth lie :  
 Where the soft windes did mutually embrace,  
 In the coole Arbours Nature there had made,  
 Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face  
 Through the calme cincture of the am'rous shade.  
 Till now it nigh'd the noone-stead of the day,  
 When scorching heat the gadding Heards do grieue.  
 When Shepheards now and Heardsmen euery way,  
 Their thirsting Cattell to the Fountaine drue :  
 Amongst the rest seuen Shepheardeffes went  
 Along the way for watring of their Sheepe,  
 Whose eyes him seemed such reflection fent,  
 As made the Flocks euen white that they did keepe :  
 Girles that so goodly and delightfull were,  
 The fields were fresh and fragrant in their viewe,  
 Winter was as the Spring time of the yeere,  
 The graffe so proud that in their footsteps grewe :  
 Daughters they were vnto a holy man,  
 (And worthy too of such a Sire to be)  
*Iethro* the Priest of fertile *Midian*,  
 Few found so iust, so righteous men as he.  
 But see the rude Swaine, the vntutour'd flauue,  
 Without respect or reu'rence to their kinde,

Away

Away their faire flocks from the water draue,  
 Such is the nature of the barb'rous Hinde.  
 The Maides (perceauing where a stranger fat)  
 Of whom those Clownes so basely did esteerne,  
 Were in his presence discontent thereat,  
 Whom hee perhaps imprudent might deeme.  
 Which he perceauing kindely doth entreat,  
 Reproues the Rusticks for that off'red wrong,  
 Auerring it an iniurie too great,  
 To such (of right) all kindenesse did belong.  
 But finding well his Oratorie faile,  
 His fists about him frankly he bestowes,  
 That where perswasion could not let preuaile,  
 He yet compelleth quickly by his blowes.  
 Entreates the Dam'sels their aboade to make.  
 (With Courtly semblance and a manly grace,)  
 At their faire pleasures quietly to take,  
 What might be had by freedome of the place.  
 Whose beautie, shape, and courage they admire,  
 Exceeding these, the honour of his minde,  
 For what in mortall could their hearts desire,  
 That in this man they did not richly finde ?  
 Returning sooner then their vsuall hower,  
 All that had hapned to their Fathers tould,  
 That such a man relieu'd them by his power,  
*As one all ciuill curtesie that could :*  
 VVho full of bountie hospitably meeke  
 Of his behauour greatly pleas'd to heare,  
 Forthwith commands his seruants him to seeke,  
 To honour him by whom his honour'd were :  
 Gently receiuess him to his goodly seat,  
 Feasts him his friends and families among,  
 And him with all those offices entreat,  
 That to his place and vertues might belong.  
 Whilst in the beauty of those goodly Dames,  
 Wherein wise Nature her owne skill admires,  
 He feeds those secret and impiercing flames,

Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires :  
 Wonne with this man this princely Priest to dwell,  
 For greater hire then bounty could deuise,  
 For her whose prayse makes praise it selfe excell,  
 Fairer then fairnesse, and as wisedome wife.  
 In her, her Sisters feuerally were seene,  
 Of euery one she was the rarest part,  
 Who in her prefence any time had beene,  
 Her Angell eye transpierced not his heart.  
 For *Zipora* a Shepheards life he leads,  
 And in her sight deceives the fubtill howres,  
 And for her sake oft robs the flowrie meades,  
 With those sweet spoiles t'enrich her rurall bowres.  
 Vp to mount *Horeb* with his flocke he tooke,  
 The flocke wife *Iethro* willed him to keepe,  
 Which well he garded with his Shepheards crooke,  
 Goodly the Shepheard, goodly were the Sheepe :  
 To feede and folde full warily he knew,  
 From Fox and Wolfe his wandring flockes to free,  
 The goodli'st flowers that in the meadowes grew  
 Were not more fresh and beautifull than hee.  
 Gently his fayre flockes leffow'd he along,  
 Through the Frim pastures freely at his leasure,  
 Now on the hills, the vallies then among,  
 Which seeme themselues to offer to his pleasure.  
 Whilst featherd *Siluans* from each blooming spray,  
 With murm'ring waters wistly as they creepe,  
 Make him fuch musicke (to abridge the way,)  
 As fits a Shepheard company to keepe.  
 When loe that great and fearefull God of might  
 To that faire Hebrew strangely doth appeare,  
 In a bush burning visible and bright  
 Yet vnconsuming as no fire there were :  
 With hayre erected and vpturned eyes,  
 Whilst he with great astonishment admires,  
 Loe that eternall Rector of the skies,  
 Thus breathes to *Moses* from those quickning fires,

Shake

Shake off thy Sandals (saith the thund'ring God)  
 With humbled feet my wondrous power to see.  
 For that the foyle where thou haft boldly trod,  
 Is most select and hallowed vnto me :  
 The righteous *Abraham* for his God me knew,  
*Iсаac* and *Jacob* trusted in mine Name,  
 And did beleue my Couenant was true,  
 Which to their feed shall propagate the fame :  
 My folke that long in *Egypt* had beene bard,  
 Whose cries haue entred heauens eternall gate,  
 Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,  
 Kneeling in teares at our eternall State.  
 And am come downe, them in the Land to see,  
 Where streames of milke through batfull Valleys flow,  
 And lushious hony dropping from the tree,  
 Load the full flow'rs that in the shadowes grow :  
 By thee my power am purposed to trie,  
 That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrewes bring,  
 Bearing that great and fearfull Embassie  
 To that Monarchall and Emperious King.  
 And on this Mountaine (standing in thy sight,)  
 When thou returnest from that conquered Land,  
 Thou hallow'd Altars vnto me shalt light,  
 This for a token certainly shall stand.

O who am I ! this wondring man replies,  
 A wretched mortall that I should be fent,  
 And stand so cleere in thine eternall eyes,  
 To doe a worke of such astonishment :  
 And trembling now with a transfixed heart,  
 Humbling himselfe before the Lord (quoth hee)  
 Who shall I tell the Hebrewes that thou art,  
 That giu'st this large commission vnto me ?  
 Say (quoth the Spirit from that impetuous flame)  
 Vnto the Hebrewes asking thee of this,  
 That 'twas, I AM : which onely is my Name,  
 God of their Fathers, so my Title is :  
 Diuert thy course to *Goshen* then againe,

T 3

And

And to divulge it constantly be bold,  
 And their glad eares attractiuely retaine,  
 With what at *Sinay* *Abrahams* God hath told :  
 And tell great *Pharo*, that the Hebrewes God  
 Commands from *Egypt* that he set you free,  
 Three iournies thence in Desarts farre abroad,  
 To offer hallow'd sacrifice to mee.  
 But he refusing to dismisse you so,  
 On that proud King Ile execute such force  
 As neuer yet came from the Sling, the Bow,  
 The keen edg'd Curt'lax, or the puissant Horfe ;  
 But if th'afflicted miserable fort  
 To idle incredulity inclin'd,  
 Shall not (quoth *Moyses*) credit my report,  
 That thou to me haft so great power assign'd.  
 Cast downe (faith God) thy Wand vnto the ground,  
 Which hee obaying searefully, beholde  
 The same a Serpent fudainly was found,  
 It selfe contorting into many a folde.  
 With such amazement *Moyses* doth surprise  
 With colde convulsions shrinking euery vaine,  
 That his affrighted and vplifted eyes  
 Euen shot with horrour, finke into his braine.  
 But being encourag'd by the Lord to take  
 The vgly taile into his trembling hand,  
 As from a dreame he fudainely doth wake,  
 When at the instant it became a wand.  
 By the same hand into his bosome shut,  
 Whose eyes his withered leprosie abhor'd,  
 When forth he drewe it seondly be'ng put,  
 Vnto the former puritie restor'd.  
 These signes he giues this sad admiring man,  
 Which he the weake incredulous should shewe,  
 When this fraile mortall freshly now began  
 To forge new causes, why vnfit to goe ?  
*Egypt* accusing to haue done him wrong,  
 Scantling that bountie Nature had bestow'd,

Which

Which had welnere depriu'd him of his tong,  
 Which to this office chieffely had beene ow'd.  
 When he whose wisdome Nature must obey,  
 In whose resistance reason weakely failes,  
 To whom all humane instances giue way,  
 Gainst whom not subtil Argument preuailes  
 Thus doth reprove this idle vaine excuse,  
 Who made the mouth ? who th'eie ? or who the eare ?  
 Or who deprives those organs of their vfe ?  
 That thou thy imbecillitie should'st feare ?  
 Thy brother *Aaron* commeth vnto thee,  
 Which as thy Speaker purposely I bring,  
 To whom thy selfe euen as a God shalt bee,  
 And he interpret to th'*Egyptian* King.  
 That when he at thy miracles shall wonder,  
 And wan with feare shall tremble at thy rod,  
 To feele his power that swayes the dreadfull thunder,  
 That is a iealous and a fearefull God.  
 Then shall mine owne selfe purchase me renowne,  
 And win me honour by my glorious deede  
 On all the *Pharo's* on th'*Egyptian* throne,  
 That this proud mortall euer shall succeede.

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THE

## THE SECOND BOOKE.

## ¶ The Argument.

*Moyses doth his message bring,  
Acts miracles before the King,  
With him the Magi doe contend,  
Which he doth conquer in the end,  
When by the extensure of the wand,  
He brings ten plagues vpon the Land,  
And in despight of Pharo's pride,  
From Goshen doth the Hebrewes guide.*

**VV**hen now from *Midian* *Moses* forward fet,  
With whom his wife & faire retinew went,  
Where on his way him happily hath met  
His brother *Aron* to the Lords intent,  
And to the Hebrewes in th'impatient hand,  
Of mighty *Egypt* all his power implies,  
And as the Lord expresly did command,  
Acteth his wonders in their pleased eyes.  
Those myracles mortality beholds  
With an astonish'd and distraughted looke,  
The minde that so amazedly enfolds,  
That euery sence the faculty forsooke.  
The little Infant with abundant ioy,  
To mans estate immediatly is sprung,  
And though the old man could not back turne boy,  
Casts halfe his yeeres so much becomming yong,  
Whilst mirth in fulneffe measureth euery eye,  
Each brest is heap'd vp with exceffe of pleasure,  
Rearing their spred hands to the glorious Skie,  
Gladly imbracing the Almighties leasurē.

Theſe

These Hebrewes entring the Egyptian Court,  
 Their great Commission publiquely proclaime,  
 Which there repulsed as a flight report,  
 Doth soone denounce defiance to the same.  
 Where now these men their miracles commend,  
 By which their power precisely might be tride,  
 And *Pharo* for his Sorcerers doth send,  
 By them the Hebrewes only to deride.  
 Where Heauen must now apparantly transcend  
 Th' infernall powers Emperiously to thwart,  
 And the bright perfect Deitie contend  
 With abstruse Magicke and fallacious Art.  
 Neuer was so miraculous a strife  
 Where admiration euer so abounded,  
 Where wonders were so prodigally rife,  
 That to behold it Nature stood confounded.  
 Casting his rod a Serpent that became,  
 Which he suppos'd with maruaile them might strike,  
 When euery Priest assaying in the same,  
 By his black skill did instantly the like :  
 Which *Pharo's* breast with arrogance doth fill,  
 Above the high Gods to exalt his power,  
 When by his might (t'amate their weaker skill)  
 The Hebrewes rod doth all the rods deuoure :  
 Which deed of wonder lightly he reiects,  
 His foward Spirit infatiatly elate,  
 Which after caus'd those violent effects  
 That fate on *Egypt* with the power of Fate.  
 When he whose wisdome ere the world did fare,  
 From whom not counsell can her secrets hide,  
 Forewarneth *Moses* early to prepare  
 T'accoft the proud King by the riuers side.

*What heavenly rapture doth enrich my braine,*  
*And through my blood extrauagantly flowes,*  
*That doth transport me to that endlesse maine,*  
*Whereas th' Almighty his high glories showes ?*  
*That holy heat into my Spirit infuse,*

*Wherewith thou wont'ſt thy Prophets to inspire,  
And lend that power to our delightfull Mufe,  
As dwelt in ſounds of that ſweet Hebruaack Lyre.  
A taskē vnuſuall I muſt now affay,  
Striuing through perill to ſupport this maſſe,  
No former foot did euer trac̄t a way,  
Where I propoſe vnto my ſelſe to paſſe.*

When *Moses* meeting the Egyptian King,  
Vrgeth a fresh the Israelites depart,  
And him by *Aaron* stoutly menacing,  
To try the temper of his ſtubborne heart.

*The 1.  
Plague.*

When loe the Torrent the fleet hurrying flood  
So cleere and perfect Christalline at hand,  
As a black lake or fetled marish stood  
At th'extenſure of the Hebrewes wand.  
Where Segs, ranck Bulrush, and the ſharpned Reed  
That with the fluxure of the wafe is led,  
Might be diſcern'd vnnaturally to bleed,  
Dying their fresh greene to a fullied red :  
Like iſſuing vlcers euyer little Spring,  
That being ripened voyd the filthy core,  
Their lothſome ſlime and matter vomiting  
Into the Riuers they enrich'd before :  
What in her banks hath batning *Nilus* bred,  
Serpent, or Fish, or ſtrange deformed thing  
That on her boſome ſhe not beareth dead,  
Where they were borne them laſtly burying ?  
That Bird and Beast incontinenly fly  
From the detefted and contagious ſtinke,  
And rather choose by cruell thirſt to dye,  
Then once to taste of this contaminate drinke,  
And vſefull Cifternes delicately fild,  
With which rich *Egypt* wondrouſly abounds,  
Looking as Bowles receiuing what was fpiled  
From mortall and immedicable wounds.  
That the faint earth euen poys'ned now remaines,  
In her owne ſelſe ſo grieuously deiected,  
Horrid pollution traualing her vaines.

The

The spungy foyle, that digging deepe and long  
 To foke cleere liquor from her plenteous pores,  
 This bloody issue breaketh out among,  
 As fickly menstrues or inueterate sores :  
 Seuen dayes continuing in this flux of blood,  
 Sadly fits *Egypt* a full weeke of woe,  
 Shame taints the brow of euery stew and flood,  
 Blushing, the world her filthiness to shew.  
 Yet sdaines proud *Pharo Israel* thus to free,  
 Nor this dire plague his hardned heart can tame,  
 Which he suppos'd but fallaces to bee,  
 When his Magitians likewise did the same.

When he againe that glorious Rod extends  
 'Gainst him that Heauen denieth thus to dare.  
 On *Egypt* foone a seconde plague that sents,  
 Which he till now seem'd partially to spare  
 The foyle, that late the owner did enrich  
 Him his faire Heards and goodly flocks to feed,  
 Lies now a leystell a or common ditch,  
 Where in their Todder loathly Paddocks breed.  
 Where as the vp-land montanous and hie  
 To them that sadly doe behold it showes,  
 As though in labour with this filthy frie,  
 Stirring with paine in the parturious throwes :  
 People from windowes looking to the ground,  
 At this stupendious spectacle amazed,  
 See but their sorrow ev ery where abound,  
 That most abhorring whereon most they gazed.  
 Their Trougues and Ovens Toadstooles now become,  
 That Huswifes wont fo carefully to keepe,  
 These loathsome creatures taking vp the roome,  
 And croking, there continually doe creepe.  
 And as great *Pharo* on his Throne is fet,  
 From thence affrighted with this odious thing,  
 Which crawling vp into the fame doth get  
 And him deposing fitteth as a King.  
 The wearied man his spirits that to refresh  
 Gets to his bed to free him from his feare,

Scarce

Scarce laid but feeles them at his naked flesh,  
 So small the succour that remaineth there.  
 No Court so close to which the speckled Toad  
 By some small cranny creepes not by and by,  
 No Tower so strong nor naturall aboad,  
 To which for safety any one might fly :  
*Egypt* now hates the world her so shoulde call,  
 Of her owne selfe so grieuously ashame'd,  
 And so contemned in the eyes of all,  
 As but in scorne she scarcely once is nam'd.  
 When this prophane King with a wounded heart  
 (His *Magi* though these miracles could doe)  
 Sees in his soule one greater then their Art,  
 Aboue all power, that put a hand thereto :  
 But as these plagues and sad afflictions ceas'd  
 At the iust prayer of this milde godlike man,  
 So *Pharoes* pride and stubbornesse encreas'd,  
 And his lewd course this head-strong Mortall ran.  
 Which might haue surelier setled in his minde,  
 (At his request which *Moses* quickly flew,  
 Leauing a stench so pestilent behinde)  
 As might preferue old sorrowes freshly new.  
*But stay my Muse in height of all this speed,*  
*Somewhat plucks back to quench this sacred heat,*  
*And many perils doth to vs areed*  
*In that whereof we seriously entreat.*  
*Lest too concise iniuriously we wrong*  
*Things that such state and fearfulnessse impart,*  
*Or led by zeale irregularly long,*  
*Infringe the curious liberties of Art,*  
*We that calumnious Critick may eschew,*  
*That blasteth all things with his poys'ned breath,*  
*Detracting what laboriously we doe,*  
*Onely with that which he but idely saith.*  
*O be our guide whose glories now we preach,*  
*That aboue Bookes must steere vs in our Fate,*  
*For neuer *Ethnick* to this day did teach,*

( *In* )

(In this) whose method we might imitate.

When now these men of miracle proceed,  
And by extending of that wondrous wand,  
As that resistlesse prouidence decreed,  
Thereby brings Lyce on the distemp'red Land :  
All struck with Lyce so numberlesse they lie,  
The dust growne quick in euery place doth creepe,  
The fands their want doe seconde supply,  
As they at length would suffocate the Deepe :  
That th'atoms that in the beames appeare,  
As they the Sunne through cranies shining fee,  
The forme of those detested things doe beare,  
So miserably the *Egyptians* bee :  
Who rak'd the brands that passed Euening burn'd,  
(As is the vse the Mornings fire to keepe)  
To these foule vermine findes the ashes turn'd,  
Couering the Harth, so thick thereon they creepe :  
Now Prince and pesant equally are dreſt,  
The costliest silkes and courſest rags alike,  
The worst goes now companion with the best,  
The hand of God fo generally doth ſtrike.  
The Kings Pauillion and the Captiues pad  
Are now in choice indifferent vnto either,  
Great, ſmall, faire, foule, rich, poore, the good and bad  
Doe ſuffer in this pestilence together,  
In vaine to cleanse, in vaine to purge, and pick,  
When euery Moath that with the breath doth rife,  
Forthwith appeareth venemously quick,  
Although fo ſmall ſcarce taken by the eyes.  
By which his wiſdome ſtrongly doth preuaile,  
VVhen this felfe-wife, this ouerweening man,  
Euen in the leaſt, the slighteſt thing doth faile,  
The very beggar abſolutely can,  
VVhen now theſe VVizards with transfixed hearts  
To make his glory by the fame the more,  
Confeffe a Godhead ſhining through their Arts.  
VVhich by their Magicks they deni'd before.

*The 3  
Plague.*

Yet this proud *Pharo* as oppugning fate,  
 Still doth resist that Maiestie fo hie,  
 And to himselfe doth yet appropriate  
 A supreame power his Godhead to deny.  
 When from his wilfull stubborneffe doth grow  
 That great amazement to all eares and eyes,  
 When now the Lord by *Aarons* Rod will shew  
 His mighty power euen in the wretched'ft Flies,  
 Varying his vengeance in as many kindes,  
 As *Pharo* doth his obstinacies vary,  
 Suting his plagues so fitly with their mindes,  
 As though their sinne his punishments did cary.  
 In Summer time as in an Euening faire,  
 The Gnats are heard in a tumultuous sound  
 On tops of hils, fo troubled is the ayre  
 To the disturbance of the wondring ground.  
 The skies are darkned as they yet doe houer  
 In so grosse clouds congested in their flight,  
 That the whole Land with multitudes they couer,  
 Stopping the stremes as generally the light.  
 O cruell Land, might these not yet thee moue?  
 Art thou alone fo destitute of feare?  
 Or doft thou meane thy vtmost to approue  
 How many plagues thou able art to beare?  
 Three haue forethreatned thy destruction fure,  
 And now the fourth is following on as fast,  
 Dost thou suppose thy pride can still endure?  
 Or that his vengeance longer cannot last?  
 These are as weake and worthleffe as the rest,  
 Thou much inseebled, and his strength is more,  
 Fitly prepar'd thee sadly to infest  
 Thy finnes so many, by their equall store.  
 This wretched creature man might well suppose  
 To be the leaft that he had need to feare,  
 Amongst the rest is terrifi'd with thofe  
 With which before none euer troubled were.  
 As we behold a fwarming cast of Bees

In

In a fwlne cluster to some branch to cleave  
 Thus doe they hang in bunches on the trees,  
 Pressing each plant, and loading eu'ry greaue.  
 The houses couered with these muſtr'ng Flies,  
 And the faire windowes that for light were made,  
 Eclips'd with horror, ſeeming to their eyes  
 Like the dimme twilight, or ſome ominous ſhade.  
 For humane food what *Egypt* had in ſtore,  
 The creatures feed on, till they burſting die,  
 And what in this vnhappy Land was more,  
 Their loathſome bodies laſtly putrifie.

O goodly *Gofthen* where the Hebrewes reſt,  
 How deare thy children in th'Almightyes fight,  
 That for their ſakes thou onely ſhould'ſt be bleſt,  
 When all theſe plagues on the *Egyptians* light ?  
 What promis'd people reſted thee within,  
 To whom no perill euer might aſpire,  
 For whose deare ſake ſome watchfull Cherubin  
 Stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire ?  
 Thou art that holy Sanctuary made,  
 Where all th'afflicted caſt aside their feare,  
 Whose priuiledges euer to inuade,  
 The Heauens command their horrors to forbear.  
 But ſince mans pride and iſolence is ſuch,  
 Nor by theſe plagues his will to paſſe could bring,  
 Now with a ſharpe and wounding hand will touch  
 The dearer body of each living thing :  
 To other ends his courses to direct.  
 By all great meaneſ his glory to aduaue,  
 Altreth the caufe by altring the effect,  
 To worke by wonder their deliueraunce.

As *Aaron* graſping aſhes in his hand,  
 Which ſcarcely caſt into an open aire,  
 But brings a murraine ouer all the Land,  
 With ſcabs and botches fuch as neuer were  
 What chewes the cud, or hoofe or horne alotted,  
 Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,

*The 5  
Plague.*

With

VVith this contagious pestilence is rotted,  
 So vniuersall's the Almightyes stroke.  
 The goodly Horfe of hot and fiery straine  
 In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,  
 That Ditch or Mound not lately could containe,  
 On the firme ground so scornfully that stood,  
 Crest-falne hangs downe his hardly manag'd head,  
 Lies where but late disdainfully he trod,  
 His quick eye fixed heauily and dead,  
 Stirres not when prick'd with the impulsive goad.  
 The Swine which Nature secretly doth teach,  
 Onely by fasting ficknesses to cure,  
 Now but in vaine is to it felse a Leech,  
 VVhose fuddaine end infallibly is sure.  
 VVhere frugall Shepheards reckoning wooll and lamb  
 Or who by Heards hop'd happily to winne,  
 Now sees the young-one perish with the damme,  
 Nor dare his hard hand touch the poysoned skinne.  
 Those fertile pastures quickly ouer-spread  
 VVith their dead Cattell, where the birds of prey  
 Gorg'd on the garbidge (wofully bestead)  
 Poisned fall downe as they would fly away.  
 And hungry dogs the tainted flesh refrain'd,  
 VVhereon their Master gormondiz'd of late,  
 VVhat Nature for mans appetite ordain'd,  
 The creature that's most rauenous doth hate.  
 Thus all that breathes and kindly hath encrease,  
 Suffer for him that proudly did offend,  
 Yet in this manner here it shall not ceafe,  
 In Beasts begun, in wretched man to end.  
 To whom it further violently can,  
 Not by th'Almighty limited to flake,  
 As Beast is plagued for rebellious man,  
 Man in some measure must his paine partake.  
 Those dainty breasts that open'd lately were,  
 VVhich with rich vaines so curiously did flow,  
 VVith Biles and Blaines most loathsome doe appeare,  
 VVhich

*The 6  
Plague.*

Which now the Dam'zell not desires to show,  
 Features disfigur'd onely now the faire  
 (All are deformed) most ill-fauour'd be,  
 Where beautie was most exquisite and rare,  
 There the least blemish easili'ft you might see.  
 For costly garments fashion'd with deuice  
 To forme each choise part curious eyes to please,  
 The sicke mans Gowne is onely now in price  
 To give their bloch'd and blistred bodies ease,  
 It is in vaine the Surgeons hand to proue,  
 Or helpe of Physicke to asswage the smart,  
 For why the power that ruleth from aboue  
 Croffeth all meanes of industrie and Art.  
*Egypt* is now an Hospitall forlorne,  
 Where onely Cripples and diseased are,  
 How many Children to the world are borne,  
 So many Lazars thither still repaire.  
 When those proud *Magi* as oppos'd to Fate,  
 That durst high Heau'n in eu'ry thing to dare,  
 Now in most vile and miserable state  
 As the mean'st Caitiue equally doe fare.  
 Thus stands that man so eminent alone,  
 Arm'd with his power that gouerneth the skie,  
 Now when the Wizards lastly ouerthowne,  
 Groueling in fores before his feete doe lie.  
 Not one is found vnpunished escapes  
 So much to doe his hungry wrath to feede,  
 Which still appeareth in as many shapes  
 As *Pharaoh* doth in tyrannies proceede.  
 Euen as some graue wise Magistrate to finde  
 Out some vile treason, or some odious crime  
 That beareth euery circumstance in minde,  
 Of place, of manner, instance, and of time :  
 That the suspected strongly doth arest,  
 And by all meanes inuention can deuise  
 By hopes or torture out of him to wrest  
 The ground, the purpose, and confederacies,

*A simile  
Gods iu-  
stice.*

Now flacks his paine, now doth the same augment,  
 Yet in his strait hand dotli containe him still,  
 Proportioning his allottted punishment  
 As hee's remoou'd or pliant to his will.  
 But yet hath *Egypt* somewhat left to vaunt,  
 What's now remaining, may her pride repaire,  
 But left she should perhaps be arrogant,  
 Till she be humbled he will neuer spare.  
 These plagues feeme yet but nourished beneath,  
 And euen with man terrestrially to moue,  
 Now Heauen his furie violently shall breath,  
 Rebellious *Egypt* scourging from aboue.

*The 7.  
Plague.*

Winter let loose in his robustious kinde  
 Wildly runnes rauing through the airie plaines,  
 As though his time of liberty assigr'd  
 Roughly now shakes off his impris'ning chaines.  
 The windes spet fire in one anothers face,  
 And mingled flames fight furiously together,  
 Through the mild Heauen that one the other chace,  
 Now flying thence and then returning thether.  
 No light but lightning ceafelesly to burne  
 Swifter than thought from place to place to passe,  
 And being gone doth sodainly returne  
 Ere you could say precisely that it was.  
 In one selfe moment darkenesse and the light  
 Instantly borne, as instantly they die,  
 And every minute is a day and night  
 That breakes and sets in twinkling of an eye.  
 Mountaine and valley suffer one selfe ire,  
 The stately Tower and lowlie coate alike,  
 The shrub and Cedar this impartiall fire  
 In one like order generally doth strike,  
 On flesh and plant this subtill lightning praies,  
 As through the pores it passage fitly findes,  
 In the full wombe the tender burthen flaines,  
 Piercing the stiffe trunke through the spungie rindes  
 Throughout this great and vniuersall Ball

The

The wrath of Heauen outragiously is throwne,  
 As the lights quickning and Celestiall,  
 Had put themselues together into one.  
 This yet continuing the big-bellied clouds,  
 With heate and moisture in their fulnesse brake,  
 And the sterne Thunder from the ayrie shrouds  
 To the fad world in feare and horrour spake.  
 The blacke storne bellowes and the yerning vault,  
 Full charg'd with furie as some signall giuen,  
 Preparing their artillirie t' assault,  
 Shoot their sterne vollies in the face of Heauen.  
 The bolts new wing'd with fork'd Æthereall fire,  
 Through the vast Region euery where doe roue,  
 Goring the earth in their impetuous ire,  
 Pierce the proud'st building, rend the thickest Groue.  
 When the breeme Haile as rising in degrees  
 Like ruffled arrowes through the aire doth sing,  
 Beating the leaues and branches from the trees,  
 Forcing an Autumne earlier than the Spring.  
 The Birds late shrouded in their safe repaire,  
 Where they were wont from Winters wrath to rest,  
 Left by the tempest to the open aire  
 Shot with cold bullets through the trembling brest.  
 Whilst cattell grasing on the batfull ground,  
 Finding no shelter from the showre to hide  
 In ponds and ditches willingly are drownd,  
 That this sharpe storne no longer can abide :  
 Windowes are shiuered to forgotten dust,  
 The flates fall shatt'red from the roose aboue,  
 Where any thing findes harbour from this gust,  
 Now euen as death it feareth to remoue.  
 The rude and most impenitirable rocke  
 Since the foundation of the world was laid,  
 Neuer before stir'd with tempestuous shooke,  
 Melts with this storne as sensibly afraid.  
 Neuer yet with so violent a hand,  
 A brow contracted and so full of feare,

God scourg'd the pride of a rebellious Land,  
 Since into Kingdomes Nations gathered were.  
 But he what Mortall was there euer knowne,  
 So many strange afflictions did abide  
 On whom so many miseries were throwne,  
 Whom Heauen so oft and angerly did chide ?  
 Who but relenting *Moyſes* doth relieue ?  
 Taking off that which oft on him doth light,  
 Whom God so oft doth punish and forgiue,  
 Thereby to proue his mercy and his might.  
 So that eternall prouidence could frame  
 The meane whereby his glory should be tride,  
 That as he please, miraculously can tame  
 Mans sensuall wayes, his transitorie pride.  
 But *Pharaoh* bent to his rebellious will,  
 His hate to *Israeſ* instantly renues,  
 Continuing Author of his proper ill,  
 When now the plague of Grashoppers ensues.

*The 8.  
Plague.*

Long ere they fell, on't face of Heauen they hong,  
 In fo vast clouds as couered all the skies,  
 Colouring the Sun-beames piercing through their throng,  
 With ſtrange diſtraſtion to beholding eyes.  
 This idle creature that is faid to ſing  
 In wanton Sommer, and in Winter poore,  
 Praiſing the Emmets painefull labouring,  
 Now eates the labourer and the heaped ſtore :  
 No blade of graffe remaineth to be feene,  
 Weed, hearb, nor flower, to which the Spring giues birth,  
 Yet eu'ry path euen barren hills are greene,  
 With thoſe that eate the greenenesſe from the earth.  
 What is moſt ſweet, what moſt extreamely fowre,  
 The loathſome Hemlock as the verdurous Roſe,  
 Theſe filthy Locuſts equally deuoure,  
 So doe the Heauens of euery thing diſpoſe.  
 The trees all barkleſſe nakedly are left  
 Like people ſtript of things that they did weare,  
 By the enforcement of diſastrous theſt,

Stan-

Standing as frighted with erected haire.  
 Thus doth the Lord her nakednesse discouer,  
 Thereby to proue her stoutnesse to reclaime,  
 That when nor feare, nor punishment could moue her,  
 She might at length be tempred with her shame.  
 Disrob'd of all her ornament she stands,  
 Wherein rich Nature whilome did her dight,  
 That the sad verges of the neighbouring lands  
 Seeme with much sorrow wondring at the sight.  
 But *Egypt* is so impudent and vile,  
 No blush is feene that pittie might compell,  
 That from all eyes to couer her awhile,  
 The Lord in darkenesse leaueth her to dwell.

Ouer the great and vniuerfall face  
 Are drawne the Curtaines of the horrid night,  
 As it would be continually in place,  
 That from the world had banished the light.  
 As to the sight, so likewise to the tuch  
 Th'appropriate obiect equally is dealt,  
 Darkenesse is now so palpable and much,  
 That as 't is seene, so easilly is felt.  
 Who now it hap'd to trauell by the way,  
 Or in the field did chance abroad to rome,  
 Loosing himselfe then wandred as a stray,  
 Nor findes his hostrie, nor returneth home.  
 The Cocke the Country horologe that rings,  
 The cheerefull warning to the Sunnes awake,  
 Missing the dawning scantles in his wings,  
 And to his Roost doth sadly him betake.  
 One to his neighbour in the darke doth call,  
 When the thicke vapour so the aire doth smother,  
 Making the voyce so hideous there withall,  
 That one's afeard to goe vnto the other.  
 The little Infant for the Mother shreekes,  
 Then lyes it downe astonished with feare,  
 Who for her Childe whilst in the darke she feekes,  
 Treads on the Babe that she doth holde so deare.

*The 9.  
Plague.*

Darkenesse so long vpon the Land doth dwell,  
 Whilst men amaz'd, the houres are stolne away,  
 Erring in time that now there's none can tell,  
 Which shoulde be night, and which shoulde be the day.  
 Three doubled nights the proud *Egyptian* lyes  
 With hunger, thirst, and wearinesse opprest,  
 Onely relieuued by his miseries,  
 By feare enforced to forget the rest.  
 Those lights and fires they laboured to defend  
 With the foule dampe that ouer all doth flowe  
 Such an eclipsed fullidnesse doth send,  
 That darkenesse farre more terrible doth shew:  
 When this perplexed and astonish'd King  
 'Twixt rage and feare distracteth in his minde,  
*Israel* to passe now freely limiting,  
 Onely their cattell to be staid behinde.  
 Commanding *Mosyes* to depart his sight,  
 And from that time to see his face no more,  
 Which this milde man doth willingly aquite  
 That he well knew would come to passe before.  
 That for the Droues the *Israelites* should leauue,  
 Forbid by *Pharaoh* to be borne away:  
*Israel* shall *Egypt* of her store bereave,  
 To beare it with her as a violent prey:  
 So wrought her God in the *Egyptians* thought,  
 As he is onely prouident and wise,  
 That he to passe for his choise people brought,  
 More than mans wisedome euer might deuise.  
 Touching their soft breasts with a wounding loue  
 Of those who yet they eniuously admir'd,  
 Which doth the happy *Iacobites* behoue,  
 To compasse what they instantly requir'd,  
 That euery Hebrew borrowed of a friend,  
 Some speciall Iewell fainedly to vse,  
 Euery *Egyptian* willing is to lend,  
 Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.  
 Now Closets, Chests, and Cabinets are sought

For

For the rich Iem, the raritie, or thing,  
 And they the happiest of the rest are thought,  
 That the high'ſt priz'd officiously could bring.  
 Rings, chaines, and bracelets, iewels for the eare,  
 The perfect glorious, and most lustrous ſtone,  
 The Carcanet fo much requested there,  
 The Pearle moft orient, and a Paragon.  
 What thing fo choice that curious Art could frame,  
 Luxurious *Egypt* had not for her pride ?  
 And what fo rare an *Israelite* could name,  
 That he but asking was thereof denide ?

When God doth now the Paffeouer command,  
 Whose name that ſacred mysterie doth tell.  
 That he paſſ'd o'r them with a ſparefull hand,  
 When all the firſt-borne of th'*Egyptians* fell,  
 Which ſhould to their posteritie be taught,  
 That might for euer memorize this deede,  
 The ſearfull wonders he in *Egypt* wrought,  
 For *Abrahams* off ſpring *Sarahs* promis'd feede.  
 A Lambe vnableſh'd, or a ſpotleſſe Kid,  
 That from the dam had wained out a yeere,  
 Which he without deformitie did bid,  
 Held to himſelfe a ſacrifice fo deere.  
 Roſted and eaten with vnleau'ned bread,  
 And with fowre hearbs ſuch viands as became,  
 Meate for the Eu'ning, that prohibited  
 The Morne enſuing partner of the fame.  
 Girding their loynes, ſhooes fastned to their feete,  
 Staues in their hands, and paſſing it to take,  
 In manner as to trauailers is meete,  
 A voyage forth immediately to make.  
 Whose bloud being put vpon the vtmoſt poſts,  
 Wherby his choſen *Israelites* he knew,  
 That night fo dreadfull, when the Lord of Hosts  
 All the firſt borne of the *Egyptians* flew.  
 Darkeneſſe inuades the world, when now forth went  
 The ſpoiling Angell as the Lord diſ will,

*The 10.  
Plague.*

And

And where the dore with blood was not besprent,  
 There the first borne he cruelly did kill.  
 Night neuer saw so tragicall a deed,  
 Thing so replete with heauinesse and sorrow,  
 Nor shall the day hereafter euer reade,  
 Such a blacke time as the insuing morrow.  
 The dawne now breaking, and with open sight  
 When euery lab'ring and affrighted eye  
 Beholds the slaughter of the passed night,  
 The parting plague protracted miserie.  
 One to his neighbour hastis his heedlesse feete,  
 To bring him home his heauie chance to see,  
 And him he goes to by the way doth meete,  
 As grieved and as miserable as he.  
 Who out of dore now hastily doth come,  
 Thinking to howle and bellow forth his woe,  
 Is for his purpose destitute of roome,  
 Each place with sorrow doth so ouerflow.  
 People awaked with this sodaine fright,  
 Runne forth their dores as naked as they be,  
 Forget the day, and bearing candle light  
 To helpe the Sunne their miseries to see.  
 Who lost his first borne ere this plague begun,  
 Is now most happy in this time of woe,  
 Who mourn'd his eld'st a daughter or a sonne,  
 Is now exempt from what the rest must doe.  
 To one that faines poore comfort to his friend  
 His Childe was young and neede the leffe be car'd,  
 Replies if his had liu'd the others end.  
 Withall his heart he could him well haue spar'd.  
 No eye can lend a mourning friend one teare,  
 So busie is the gen'rall heart of moane,  
 So strange confusione fits in euery eare,  
 As wanteth power to entertaine his owne.  
 Imparted woe (the heauie hearts relieve)  
 When it hath done the vtmost that it may,  
 Outright is murth'red with a second grieve,

To

To see one mute tell more than it can say.  
 The greatest blessing that the heart could giue,  
 The ioy of Children in the married state,  
 To see his curse the parent now doth liue,  
 And none be happy but th' unfortunate.

Whilst some for buriall of their Children stay,  
 Others passe by with theirs vpon the Beere,  
 Which from the Church meet Mourners by the way,  
 Others they finde that yet are burying there.

*Afflicted London, in sixe hundred three,*  
*When God thy sinne so grieuously did strike,*  
*And from th'infection that did spring from thee,*  
*The spacious Ile was patient of the like.*

*That sickly season, when I undertooke*  
*This composition faintly to supply,*  
*When thy affliction seru'd me for a booke,*  
*Whereby to modell Egypts miserie,*  
*When pallid horrour did possesse thy streete,*  
*Nor knew thy Children refuge where to haue,*  
*Death them so soone in euery place did meeke,*  
*Vnpeopling houses to possesse the graue.*

When wofull *Egypt* with a wounded heart  
 So many plagues that suffered for their stay,  
 Now on their knees entreat them to depart,  
 And euen impatient of their long delay.  
 Sixe hundred thousand *Israelites* depart,  
 Besides the Nations that they thence releas'd,  
 And Hebrew Babes the ioy of many a heart,  
 That *Sarahs* happie promises had bleff'd.  
 After foure hundred thirtie yeeres expir'd,  
 (Measuring by minutes many a wofull houre)  
 That day they came they thence againe depart,  
 By his eternall prouidence and power.  
 With all the jewels *Egypt* could afford  
 With them away that wisely they did beare,  
 Th'*Egyptians* aske not to haue backe restor'd,  
 All then so busie at their burials were :

Y

And

- Comester And *Iosephs* bones precisely thence conuay,  
 13. Exod. Whose Tombe by *Nyl's* oft Inundations drown'd,  
     (Yet the deceased straitlie to obay)  
     By *Moyfes* was miraculously found.
- Tetragram-* Who did in gold that powerfull word ingraue,  
*maton.* By which th'Almighty fully is exprest,  
     Which bare the metall floting on the wawe,  
     Till o'r his Coffin lastly it did rest.  
     As by a sheepe that shew'd them to the same,  
     To make them mindfull of the reuerent dead,  
     Which Beast thence-forth they called by *Iosephs* name,  
     And when they went from *Egypt* with them led.  
     But that he thus did finde his burying place,  
     As we tradition wisely may suspect,  
     We onely this as Historie embrace,  
     But else in faith as fabulous negle&t.
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The

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## THE THIRD BOOKE.

## ¶ The Argument.

*God drownes th' Egyptians in his ire,  
Doth march before his host in fire,  
From the hard rocks strikes gushing springs,  
Raines Quailes and Manna, conquers Kings,  
And fearefull plagues on them doth trie,  
For murmurring and idolatrie:  
Vnto the promis'd Land them brought,  
When it they fortie yeeres had sought;  
Balaam to bleffe them he doth send,  
Their good succeſſe, milde Moyses end.*

**T**hou which at home scorn'd *Pharaoh* and his force,  
And whose departure he did humbly pray,  
He now pursues with his *Egyptian* horse  
And warlike foote to spoile them on the way.  
Where his choice people strongly to protect,  
The onely God of Emperie and might,  
Before his host his standard doth erect,  
*A* glorious pillar in a field of light,  
Which he by day in fable doth vnfolde,  
To dare the Sonne his *Ardour* to forbeare,  
By night conuerts it into flaming golde,  
*A*way the coldnesse of the same to feare.  
Not by *Philistia* he his force will leade,  
Though the farre nearer and the happier way,  
His men of warre a glorious march shall tread  
On the vast bowels of the bloudie Sea.  
And sends the windes as Currers forth before

Y 2

To

To make them way from *Pharaohs* power to flie,  
 And to conuay them to a safer shore,  
 Such is his might that can make *Oceans* drie.  
 Which by the stroke of that commanding wand,  
 Shouldred the rough feas forcibly together,  
 Raifed as Rampiers by that glorious hand,  
 (Twixt which they march) that did conduct them thither.  
 The furly waues their Rulers will obay'd  
 By him made vp in this confused maffe,  
 Like as an Ambush secretly were laid,  
 To set on *Pharaoh* as his power should passe.  
 Which foone with wombes insatiably wide,  
 Loos'd from their late bounds by th'Almightyies power,  
 Come raging in, enclosing euery side,  
 And the *Egyptians* instantly deuoure.  
 The Sling, the stiffe Bow, and the sharpned Launce,  
 Floting confus'dly on the waters rude,  
 They which these weapons lately did aduance,  
 Perish in sight of thern that they purfude.  
 Clashing of Armours, and the rumorous sound  
 Of the sterne billowes in contention stood,  
 Which to the shores doe every way rebound,  
 As doth affright the Monsters of the flood.  
 Death is discern'd triumphantly in Armes  
 On the rough Seas his slaughterey to keepe,  
 And his colde felfe in breath of mortals warmes,  
 Vpon the dimpled bofome of the deepe.  
 There might you fee a Checkquer'd Ensigne swim  
 About the bodie of the enui'd dead,  
 Serue for a hearse or couerture to him,  
 Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head.  
 The warlike Chariot turn'd vpon the backe  
 With the dead horses in their traces tide,  
 Drags their fat carkasse through the fomie bracke  
 That drew it late vndauntedly in pride.  
 There floats the bard Steed with his Rider drownd,

*Whofe*

Whose foot in his caparison is cast,  
 Who late with sharpe spurs did his Courser wound,  
 Himselfe now ridden with his strangled breast.  
 The waters conquer (without helpe of hand)  
 For them to take for which they neuer toile,  
 And like a Quarrie cast them on the land,  
 As those they flew they left to them to spoile.

*In eightie eight at Douer that had beene,  
 To view that Nauie (like a mighty wood)  
 Whose sailes swept Heauen, might eas'lie there haue seene,  
 How puissant Pharaoh perisht in the flood.  
 What for a conquest strictly they did keepe,  
 Into the channell presently was pour'd  
 Castilian riches scattered on the deepe,  
 That Spaines long hopes had sodainly deuour'd.  
 Th'afflicted English rang'd along the Strand  
 To waite what would this threatning power betide,  
 Now when the Lord with a victorious hand  
 In his high iustice scourg'd th'Iberian pride.*

Hence three dayes march to *Mara* leades them on,  
 Where *Surs* wilde Desarts as the *Armie* past  
 Seemed as from their presence to haue flowne,  
 The mountaines stood so miserably agast.  
 Where for with drought they hardly are bested,  
 And the foule waters bitter as the gall,  
 That they should through this wildernesse be led  
 To thanklesse murmur ring presently they fall.  
 God pointeth *Moyses* to a precious tree,  
 Whose medc'nall branches cast into the lake,  
 Of that rare vertue he approu'd to be,  
 The waters sweet and delicate to make.  
 Not that his hand stands any way in neede  
 Of mediate meanes his purposes to bring,  
 But that in state his wisedome will proceede  
 To shew his power in euery little thing.  
 Nor *Metaphyfickes* fully him confine,  
 All measuring so immeasurably great,

That doth in Nature euery cause combine,  
 This A L L in him so amply hath receate.  
 Which might haue learn'd them in this helpeleffe case,  
 With tribulations willingly to meeet,  
 When men with patience troubles doe embrace,  
 How oftentimes it makes affliction sweete.  
 And his free bountie fully now they found,  
 As they from *Mara* for mount *Sina* made,  
 Pitching in *Elim* in that plenteous ground  
 Of pleasant fountaines and delicious shade.  
 But as at *Sur*, so they againe at *Sin*,  
 Before of thirst, of hunger now complaine,  
 Wishing they might in *Egypt* still haue bin,  
 Where neuer famine all their time did raigne.

When clouds of Quailes from the *Arabian* shore  
 Upon the Campe immediately are sent,  
 Which came so long and in such maru'lous store,  
 That with their flight they smother'd euery Tent :  
 This glads the Eu'ning, each vnto his rest,  
 With foules euen fated with these dainty Cates,  
 And the great goodnesse of the Lord confest,  
 That in like measure each participates.  
 The morne strewes *Manna* all about the host  
 (The meate of Angels mortals to refresh,  
 Candying the fresh grasse, as the Winters frost,  
 Neuer such bread vnto so dainty flesh.  
 O *Israel* pampered with this heauenly food,  
 Which else to Nations earthly he denies,  
 To raise thy spirits, to rectifie thy blood  
 With these so rare celestiall purities.  
 Then the fat flesh-pots they so much desire,  
 Whereton in *Egypt* gluttoning they fed,  
 When they came hungry home from carrying mire,  
 Which onely dulnesse, and grosse humours bred.  
 Yet in the sweetnesse and th' abundant store,  
 His power not so conclusiuely exprest,  
 But who tooke most not capable of more

Then

Then in his *Gomer* he that gathered leaſt.  
 By night corrupting, each day gath'ring new,  
 But for the Sabbath what they did prouide,  
 That day descended not that heauenly dewe,  
 That as that day was onely fanctifide.  
 Thence through thoſe Desarts desolate and drie,  
 They reach to *Raph'dem* where as they ſhould paſſe,  
 There was not found a fountaine farre nor nie,  
 Such want of water euery where there was.  
 Thither the Lord by *Moyſes* did them bring,  
 His force the faithleſſe *Israelites* might know,  
 For euen in the imposſibleſt thing,  
 He moft delights his wondrouſ might to ſhow.  
 Farre worſe than *Mara* in this fruitleſſe foile,  
 For there were waters (bitter though they were)  
 But here are none, though fought with ne're ſuch toile,  
 That they from murm'ring longer not forbearē.  
 Commanding *Moyſes* he ſhould take the Rod,  
 Wherewith in *Egypt* he ſuch wonders wrought,  
 For that moft wife, that ſecret-feeing God  
 Saw there were ſome thus reaſoned in their thought.  
 The misterie of that miraculuſ wand  
 He diſto plagues and fearefull things imply,  
 That *Aaron* yet ne're tooke it in his hand,  
 When worke of mercy was atchieu'd thereby.  
 Therefore bids *Moyſes* to this high intent,  
 The fame to vſe, they viſibly might fee,  
 That this which erſt had beeene the instrument  
 Of iuſtice, ſo of clemencie to be.  
 Which with a blow, the Cleeues in funder crackt,  
 As with an earthquake violently rent,  
 Whence came ſo strong and rough a Cataraſt,  
 That in the ſtones wore gutters as it went.  
 The Springs ſpout forth ſuch plenty, that withall  
 Downe the ſlope ſides it violently ſwept,  
 So diuers wayes, ſo various in the fall,  
 Through euery cranny the cleare water crept.

In

In Pailes, Kits, Dishes, Bafons, Pinboukes, Bowles,  
 Their scorched bosomes merrily they baste,  
 Vntill this very howre their thirstie soules  
 Neuer touch'd water of so sweet a taste.  
 Scarcelie suffic'd but in the very neck  
 Of this, 'tis bruted by the watchfull post,  
 That the neere-bordring eniuious *Amaleck*.  
 Was marching towards them with a mighty host,  
 When he forth *Iosua* from the rest doth draw,  
 A man selected, of couragious spirit,  
 Which *Moyes* with propheticke eye forefaw,  
 Should be the man, his roome that should inherit.  
 Commanding him to muster out of hand,  
 And draw his forces prefently to head,  
 Against that proud *Amalakite* to stand,  
 Which in the field a puissant Armie led.  
 Whilst on rocke *Horeb*, with erected hand,  
 Bearing the Rod vp to the glorious skie,  
 'Twixt *Hur* and *Aaron*, *Amrams* sonne doth stand,  
 Whilst both the hosts for victorie doe trie.  
 When blades are brandisli'd and the fight begun,  
 Warres thundring horror trumpets doe proclame,  
 With the reflection of the radiant Sunne,  
 Seemes to beholders as a generall flame.  
 Much courage and dexteritie that day  
 On either part fufficiantly is showne,  
 And on the earth full many a Souldier lay,  
 Thrusting through danger to make good his owne.  
 Here men might fee how many a strenuous guide  
 Striueth to make his enemie to bleede,  
 Now the fierce vaward, then the rereward plide,  
 As he perceiuthe the Battalians neede.  
 They fight the full day, he the Rod vpheld,  
 But when his strength by long continuing failes,  
 Where as before the *Israelites* had queld,  
 The aduerse proud *Amalakite* preuailes.  
 Whilst the two Hebrewes prouident of harmes,

Seeing

Setting graue *Moses* downe vpon a stone,  
And by their force support his wearied armes,  
Vntill the foe was lastly ouerthrowne.

*Iethro* the iust to whom report had told,  
Th'atchievement wrought by his renowned sonne,  
That all the world did tributary hold,  
By deeds in *Egypt* God by him had done :  
This good old man to consummate their ioyes  
In happy houre his sonne is come to see,  
Bringing his wife and his two little Boyes,  
*Moses* sent back in *Midian* safe to bee.  
Which by this time two proper Youthes are growne,  
Bred by their Grandfire with exceeding care,  
In all the host there hardly could be showne,  
That with those Boyes for beauty could compare.  
Such mirth and feasting as for them was seene,  
For this graue Father and this goodly Dame,  
Vnto this day in *Israel* had not beene,  
Since to kinde *Joseph* righteous *Jacob* came.  
The day mild *Moses* scarcely can suffice,  
To tell this man the troubles they had past,  
The wonders God had acted in their eyes,  
Since they in *Midian* kindly parted last.  
*Iethro* that mark'd the paines that *Moses* tooke  
In rising early, and in resting late,  
That did himselfe into all causes looke,  
And in his person censure each debate :  
This Princely Priest a man exceeding wise,  
And long experienc'd in this great affaire,  
(For at that time few States or Monarchies  
Whose gouernment he could not well declare)  
Reproves good *Moses* in this zealous deed :  
(Quoth he) me thinks thou dost not well in this,  
The course wherein I see thou dost proceed  
Trouble to thee and to the people is.  
Appoint out Judges, and inferiour Courts,  
Twixt the *Plebeians* and thy selfe to bee,

From them receiue those matters by report,  
 Speake thou to God and let them speake to thee,  
 In things important be thou still in place,  
 In lesser causes leauing them to deale,  
 So may you both your quietnes embrace  
 By an exact and perfect Common-weale.

Now when to *Sina* they approched neare,  
 God calls vp *Moyſes* to the mount aboue,  
 And all the rest commaundeth to forbear,  
 Nor from the bounds assignd them to remoue.  
 For who those limits loofely did exceede,  
 (Which were by *Moſes* mark'd them out beneath)  
 The Lord had irreuocably decreed  
 With darts or ftones should surely die the death.  
 Where as the people in a wondrous fright  
 (With hearts transfixd euen with froſen blood)  
 Beheld their Leader openly in fight  
 Paffe to the Lord, where he in glory stood.  
 Thunder and Lightning led him downe the ayre,  
 Trumpets celeſtiall sounding as he came,  
 Which ſtruk the people with aſtounding feare,  
 Himselue inuened in a ſplendorous flame.  
*Sina* before him fearfully doth ſhake,  
 Couered all ouer in a ſmouldring smoake,  
 As ready the foundation to forſake,  
 On the dread preſence of the Lord to looke.  
 Erect your ſpirits and lend attentiuē eare  
 To marke at *Sina* what to you is faid,  
 Weake *Moſes* now you ſhall not ſimply heare,  
 The ſonne of *Amram* and of *Iacobed*.  
 But he that *Adam* did imparadife,  
 And lent him comfort in his proper blood,  
 And ſaued *Noah*, that did the *Arke* deuife,  
 When the old world elſe perifh'd in the flood,  
 To righteous *Abraham*, *Canaan* franckly lent.  
 And brought forth *Iſaak* ſo extreamly late,  
*Iacob* ſo faire and many children fent,

*And*

And rais'd chaste *Ioſeph* to ſo high eſtate.  
 He whose iuft hand plagu'd *Egypt* for your fake,  
 That *Pharaohs* power ſo ſcornefully did mock,  
 Way for his people through the Sea did make,  
 Gaue food from Heauen, and water from the Rock.  
 Whilſt *Moſes* now in this cloud-couered hill,  
 Full forty dayes his pure aboade did make,  
 Whilſt that great God in his almighty will,  
 With him of all his Ordinances brake.  
 The Decalogue from which Religion tooke  
 The being : finne and righteouſneſſe began  
 The diſſerent knowledge : and the certaine booke  
 Of testimony betwixt God and man.  
 The Ceremoniall as Iudicious lawes,  
 From his high wiſdome that receiu'd their ground,  
 Not to be altred in the ſmalleſt clause,  
 But as their Maker wondrouſly profound.  
 The composition of that ſacred Phane,  
 Which aſ a Symbol curiouſly did ſhew,  
 What all his ſix dayes workmanſhip containe,  
 Whofe perfect modell his owne finger drew.  
 Whofe absence thence gaue leafure to their luſt,  
 Oppugning *Aaron*, Idols them to frame,  
 And by their power ſtill strengthen this diſgulf,  
 In him denouncing the Almightyes name.  
 A gold-made God how durſt you euer name,  
 For him ſo long had led you from the Skie,  
 In fight of *Sina* crowned with a flame,  
 His glory thence reſiding in your eye ?  
 Such things might melt mortality to fee,  
 That euen the very Elements did frignt,  
 He that in *Egypt* had perform'd for thee,  
 What made the world amazed at his miſt.  
 Thy foule tranſpierced ne'r before thou felſt,  
 But like a Quarry 't euen claue thy breast.  
 Comming from *Sina* when as thou beheld'ſt  
 Th'elected *Israel* kneeling to a Beauf.

Him fence forsooke, his sinewes strengthleffe are,  
 He came so much amazed there-withall,  
 The stony Tables slip'd him vnaware,  
 That with their owne weight brake them in the fall.  
 Downe this proud lump ambitioufly he flung  
 Into base dust dissoluing it with fire,  
 That since they for variety did long,  
 They should thereby euen surset their desire.  
 And sent the minerall through their hatefull throats,  
 Whence late those horrid blasphemies did flie  
 On bestiall figures when they fell to doate  
 In prostitution to idolatrie.  
 Now when this potion that they lately tooke,  
 This Chymick medicine (their deserued fare)  
 Vpon their beards, and on their bosome stooke,  
 He doth their slaughter presently prepare.  
 What's he himselfe to *Leuic* could allie  
 Before this Calfe not sinfully did fall,  
 Girds not his broad blade to his sinewie thie,  
 When he heares *Moyses* vnto Armes to call ?  
 Killing not him appointed he should slay,  
 Though they had slep'd in eythers armes before,  
 Though in one wombe they at one burthen lay.  
 Yea when this dead, though that could be no more ?  
 You whom not *Egypt's* tyranie could wound,  
 Nor Seas, nor Rockes could any thing denie,  
 That till this day no terrour might astound  
 On the sharpe points of your owne swords to die ?  
 When *Moyses* now those Tables to renew  
 Of that essentiall Deitie doth merit,  
 (Which from his hands he dissolutely threw  
 In the deepe anguish of his greeued spirit.  
 When forty dayes without all nat'rall food)  
 He on mount *Sina* fixed his abode,  
 Retayning strength and ferucur in his blood,  
 Rap'd with the presence of that glorious God.  
 Who in his high estate whilst he passed by

In

In the cleft rocke that holy man did hide,  
 Lest he should perish by his radiant eye,  
 When *Moyses* seeing but his glorious fide  
 Celestiall brightnesse ceased on his face,  
 That did the wondring *Israelites* amaze,  
 When he returned from that souereigne place,  
 His browes encircled with splendidious rayes.  
 That their weake sight beholding of the same,  
 He after couer'd from the common eyes,  
 Lest when for answere vnto him they came,  
 The lustyng people should idolatrize.

Might we those mustred *Israelites* admire  
 From plaines of *Sina* mighty *Moyses* led,  
 Or else to view that opulence desire,  
 To that rich Arke so freely offered.  
 The meruailous modell of that rarest pece  
 Th'ingrauings, caruings, and embrodieries tell,  
 The cunning worke and excellent deuice  
 Of neat *Aholiab*, and *Bezaliell*.  
 But we our *Moyses* seriously pursue,  
 And our strong nerues to his high praise applie,  
 That through this maze shall guide vs as a Clue,  
 And may his vertues absolutely trie.  
 Whose charge being weary of their mighty Armes,  
 And much offended they had march'd so long,  
 As oft disturbed with their sterne Alarmes,  
 Suppose by *Moyses* to haue suffered wrong.  
 When with the luggage such as lagd behinde,  
 And that were set the Cariages to keepe,  
 Gainst *God* and *Moyses* greeuously repinde,  
 Wanting a little sustinance and sleepe.  
 Who with their murm'ring moued in his ire,  
 That they so soone his prouidence mistrust,  
 Downe from his full hand flung that forcefull fire,  
 Which in a moment brus'd their bones to dust.  
 Other the mutt'ring *Israelites* among  
 When now to *Pharan* hauing come so farre

For flesh, fish, fallads, and for fruites doe long,  
*Manna* (they say) is not for men of warre.  
 Their glut'rous stomackes loath that heau'ly bread,  
 That with full Chargers hunger heere releues,  
 As by the belly when they strongly fed  
 On harty Garlicke and the flesh of Beeues ?  
 Milde man, what fearefull agony thee vex'd,  
 When thou thy God vnkindly didst vpbrayd ?  
 How greeuously thy suffring soule perplex'd,  
 When thou repin'st the charge on thee was layd ?  
 With God to reason why he should dispose  
 On thee that burthen heauy to sustaine,  
 As though he did his purposes enclose  
 Within the limits of mans shallow brayne.  
 To iudge so many marching euery day,  
 That all the flesh of Forrest and of flood,  
 (When the wilde Desarts scarcely yeeld them way)  
 Should them suffice for competence of food.  
 That thou shouldest wish that hand fo full of dread,  
 Thy lingring breath should sodainly expire,  
 Then that the clamorous multitude should spread,  
 These wicked flanders to incite his ire.  
 That God to punish whom he still did loue,  
 And in compassion of thy frailties feare,  
 The spirit he gaue thee lastly should remoue  
 To those thy burthen that should after beare.  
 O wondrous man ! who parallel'd thee euer ?  
 How large a portion diddest thou inherit ?  
 That vnto seuentie he should it diffeuer,  
 Yet all be Prophets only with thy Spirit ?  
 When loe a Cloud comes sailing with the winde  
 Vnto these Rebels terrible to see,  
 That when they now some fearefull thing diuin'd,  
 A flight of Quailes perceiued it to be.  
 A full dayes iourney round about the host,  
 Two Cubits thicknes ouer all they flowe,  
 That when by *Israel* he was tempted most,

His

His glory then most notably to shew.  
 The greedy people with the very sight  
 Are fill'd before they come thereof to taste,  
 That with such surfeit gluts their appetite  
 Their queasie stomacks ready are to cast.  
 Those that for Beefe in Gluttonie did call  
 Those the high'ft God his powerfules to trie,  
 Cloyes with the fowle that from the Heauens doe fall,  
 Vntill they stufse their stomachakes by the eye.  
 But whilſt the flesh betwixt their teeth they chew,  
 And fucke the fat ſo delicately ſweet,  
 (With too much plenty that euen fulſome grew  
 That lies ſo common troden with their feet.)  
 That God impartiall and ſo rightly iuft,  
 When he had giuen them more then they desire,  
 Dulie to puniſh their infatiate luſt,  
 Powres downe his plagues conuſing as his fire.  
 And with a ſtrong hand violently ſtrake  
 Their blood, diſtempered with luxurious diet,  
 That ſoone the ſores in groynes and arme-pits brake,  
 Thus could the Lord ſcourge their rebellious riot.  
*Aron and Miriam*, all too muſch it were  
 For grieve when *Moyſes* ready is to die ;  
 But you whom one wombe happily did beare  
 Gainſt your milde Brother needs muſt mutinie.  
 O vnkinde *Aaron* when thou fondly fram'dſt  
 That Beauft-like Idoll bowing *Israels* knee,  
 He then thee beg'd, that thou ſo baſely blam'dſt,  
 And did diuert the iudgement due to thee.  
 Immodeſt *Miriam* when the hand of might  
 Left thee with lothſome leproſie defil'd,  
 Contemn'd and abieſt in the vileſt fight,  
 From the great hoſt perpetually exil'd :  
 When thou hadſt ſpet the vtmoſt of thy ſpight,  
 And for thy ſinne this plague on thee was throwne,  
 He not forſooke thee but in heauie plighe  
 Kneeling to God obtain'd thee for his owne.

His

His wondrous patience euer was applide  
To those on him that causelesly complaine,  
Who did with comely carelesnesse deride  
What happy men should euermore disdaine.

When now the Spials for the promis'd soyle,  
For the twelue Tribes that twelue in number went,  
Hauing discouered forty dayes with toyle,  
Safely return'd as happily they went :  
Bringing the Figs, Pomgranates, and the Grapes,  
Whose verdurous clusters that with moisture fwell,  
Seeme by the taste and strangenesse of the shapes,  
*The place that bare them faithfully to tell.*  
That well express'd the nature of the earth,  
So full of liquor and so wondrous great,  
That from such wished fruitfulness in birth,  
Suck'd the sweet marrow of a plenteous teat.  
But whilst they stand attentiuely to heare  
The sundry soyles wherein they late had beene,  
Telling what Giants did inhabit there,  
What Townes of warre that walled they had seene.  
Of *Anacks* of-spring when they come to tell,  
And their huge stature when they let them see,  
And of their shapes so terrible and fell,  
Which were suppos'd the *Titanois* to bee.  
Their hearts funck downe, and though the fruits they saw  
By their rare beauty might allure their eyes,  
Yet this report their coward foules did awe,  
And so much daunt the forward enterprize,  
That they their God doe vtterly refuse,  
Against iust *Moses* openly exclaime,  
And were in hand a Captaine them to chuse  
To guide them back to *Goshen* whence they came.  
Not all the dread of the *Egyptian* dayes,  
What by milde *Moses* he to passe had brought,  
Nor seene by him done at the purple Seas,  
On their vile minds a higher temper wrought.  
Whom when of God he beg'd with bloody eyes,

And

And against Heauen did obstinatly striue,  
 Obtain'd so hardly their immunitiess,  
 Whose sinne seem'd greater then he could forgive.  
*Caleb* and *Iosua* you courageous men,  
 When bats and stones against your breasts were laid,  
 Oppose your selues against the other ten,  
 That expedition basely that diss Wade.

Quoth they to conquer as he did before  
 No more than men, what praise his puissance yeelds,  
 But he whose force the very Rocks did gore,  
 Can with the same hand cleave their brazen sheelds.  
 He that foresaw that this should be our seate,  
 And onely knew the goodnes of the same,  
 Poffeſſ'd the place with thoſe that were ſo greate  
 For vs to keepe it ſafely till we came.  
 For which the Lord did vowe that not a man  
 At *Sina* muſtred where ſuch numbers were,  
 Should liue to come to fruitfull *Canaan*,  
 Onely thoſe two ſo well themſelues that beare.  
 And for the baſenes of thoſe recreant Spies  
 Whose melting minds this impious flaundre bred,  
 And the vile peoples incredulities,  
 In that their God ſo strongly promised.  
 For fortie dayes diſcourie of the Land,  
 They fortie yeeres in wildernes ſhall waſt,  
 Conſum'd with plagues from his impetuous hand,  
 Vntill that age be abſolutely paſt.  
 Which ſcarfly ſpoke, but quickly tooke effect,  
 For thoſe ſo colde, and cowardly before,  
 Hearing the censure of their baſe neglect,  
 To make his vengeance and their ſinne the more.  
 Entriug the Land which *Moyses* them denies,  
 Their desp'reate will no better can afford,  
 Offering thoſe liues they did ſo lightly prize  
 Vnto the vengeance of the Heath'niſh fword.  
 And in the hoſt new factions daylie grewe,  
 When *Chores*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* riſe,

A a

Two

Two hundred men of fpeciall note that drew,  
 Whose strength gaue power to their confed'racies.  
 But the vast earth incontinently claue,  
 And on the sodaine hurried them to hell  
 With the shrill screame the shrieking people gaue,  
 The fainting Hoast into a feauer fell :  
 The rest of the Conspirators were left  
 (From the first's fall ensorcing their retire,  
 Of all the succours of the host bereft)  
 Consum'd to ashes with Heauens violent fire :  
 And those th'abettors of this vile attempt  
 That did milde *Moyſes* cruelly pursue,  
 From th'others sinne that could not be exempt,  
 Them with the dreadfull pestilence he flew.  
 That had not *Aaron* when all hope was fled  
 With holy Incense their atonement wrought,  
 Thrusting himselfe twixt th'liuing and the dead,  
 All had to ruine vtterly beene brought.  
 Where fourteene thousand and feuen hundred ranke  
 Vnder the burden of their odious sinne,  
 Which now was wax'd f'insufferably ranke,  
 It was high time his vengeance should begin.

When after this so terrible a thing,  
 Now that triumphant and miraculous wand,  
 Brings forth ripe Almonds, strongly witnesssing  
 In *Leuies* Tribe the Priesthood still to stand.  
 With leaues and blossomes brauely it doth flourish,  
 Some budding, some as instantly but blowne,  
 As when the fame the naturall rynd did nourish,  
 For *Moyſes* sake such Miracles were showne.  
 Forward to *Cadeſh* they their iourney cast,  
 Where the good *Miriam* makes her latest houre,  
*Miriam* the faire, the excellent, the chaste,  
*Miriam* that was of womanhood the flowre,  
 Here bids her Brothers louingly adue,  
 Who at her parting kisse her closing eyes,  
 Whose wondrous losse sufficiently to rue,

More

More is the grieve that teares cannot suffice.  
 Moyst are their eyes, their lips are shrunk with heat,  
 Their grieve within, as outward it appeares,  
 Their want of water in that place as great,  
 As it to them is plentifull of teares.  
 They at one instant mutinie and mourne,  
 Sorrowes creepe forth confusedly together,  
 The teares for her incontinent they turne  
 To words gainst *Moyſes* that did guide them thither.  
 Who from the rocke strooke water with the wand,  
 That man and beast might plenteously maintaine,  
 But he from rocks that fountaines can command,  
 Cannot yet stay the fountaines of his braine.  
 Much woe for *Miriam* these good men did make,  
 Whilſt there were two, that might bewaile this one,  
 But two departing for their muuall sake,  
*Moyſes* remaines to mourne himſelfe alone.  
*Aaron* the ancientſt of the Hebrew line,  
 Replete with naturall comelinesſe and grace,  
 (God-like fo farre as man might be diuine)  
 Endeth his dayes in this predeſt'ned place.  
 Which being forewarned to awaite his end,  
 And here the fate foretelling him to die,  
 That the good houre doth onely now attend,  
 Will'd to ascend the mountaine (being nie.)  
 With *Eleazer* his deare Childe he goes,  
 Led by milde *Moyſes* as the Lord decreed,  
 To his lou'd Sonne his garments to diſpose,  
 Him in the Priesthood pointed to ſucceed.  
 When turning backe to bid them all adue,  
 Who look'd as fast to bid this Lord farewell,  
 Fountaines of late fo fast from rockes ne'r flewe,  
 As the falt drops downe their ſad bosomes fell.  
 Not the obduratſt, not the ſtoniest hearts,  
 That in deepe forrow melting here forbeares,  
 Thoſe to whom Nature not thoſe drops imparts,  
 Spent what in ſighes, the other did in teares.

A a 2

Sated

Sated with sobs, but hungry with his fight,  
 Their watry eyes him earnestly pursue,  
 When to discerne him they no longer might  
 Where their fight ends, their sorrowes doe renue.  
 Com'n to the top, to the appointed place.  
 His Sonne in all his ornaments inuested,  
 Which the good *Aaron* meekely doth embrace,  
 And vnto him his offices bequested.  
 When they the time no longer could adiourne,  
 After embraces and a floud of woes,  
 (Which when one ceas'd the other tooke his turne)  
 From eithers eyes that on the other flowes  
 Now at the last point, at the gaspe of death.  
 He whom the whole world hath but such another,  
 Giues vp his latest, his most blessed breath,  
 In the deare armes of his beloued Brother.  
 So wisely worketh that eternall Being  
 By the still changes of their varying state,  
 (As to the end through the beginning feeing)  
 To build the frame of vnauoyded Fate.  
 When those giuen vp to their lasciuious wils,  
 Themselues in *Midian* wantonnesse that waste,  
 Whose fleshly knowledge sip'd those sugred ills,  
 Twenty foure thousand slaughtered at the last.  
 Of all those that in *Sina* numbred are,  
 I'th plaines of *Moab* mustered then againe,  
 Wafted by time, fire, pestilence, and warre,  
 Those promis'd two and *Moyse*s did remaine.

The time expir'd that they for *Aaron* mourn'd,  
 New conquest now, new comfort them doth bring,  
 Their former hope successiuelly return'd,  
 That seem'd before so sadly languishing.  
 When they the glorious victorie obtaine  
 The Plaines of *Horma* scattered all with shields,  
 Where *Arad* and his *Cananites* are flaine,  
 Not the least fight of many glorious fields.  
 With *Schon's* slaughter seconded againe,

And

And *Ogs* great fall of a Giganticke strength,  
 Whose bed of iron fash'on'd to containe  
 In breadth foure Cubits, doubling it in length :  
 The liuing remnant of the mighty race,  
 Of big-bon'd *Anack* terrible and dred,  
 Which long time batning in that fertile place,  
 Grew like the fat foile wherein they were bred.  
 Not Poets fictions of the *Phlaegrian* fields,  
 Whereas the Giants vp to Heauen would clime,  
 Heaping on mountaines not such wonder yeelds,  
 As did the men that liued in that time.  
 And fwe proud Kings fell in their recreant flight,  
 Before arm'd *Israel* on the *Midian* plaine,  
*Zur*, *Hur*, and *Eui*, men of wondrous might,  
*Reba* and *Rekem* valiantly slaine.  
 And as his strength crush'd mighty Kings to dust,  
 And cleft the helmes that thunder prooфе were thought,  
 That hand that help'd them, scourg'd their impious lust,  
 When his high iudgement to peruerit they fought.  
 And sent those Serpents (with their fiery stings,)  
 With inflammations that their flesh did swell,  
 Sharpely to scourge their trustlesse murmurings,  
 That still in infidelity did dwell.  
 Rare in this creature was his wondrous might,  
 That should effect the nature of the fire,  
 Yet to recure the forance by the fight,  
 Sicknesse might seeme the remedie t' admire.  
 Onely by mettall miracles to worke,  
 That Serpents shape, the Serpents hurt should heale,  
 To shew in him the mysteries that lurke,  
 And being so strange, as strangely doth reueale.  
 That the forg'd figure of so vile a thing  
 Should the disease so presently remoue,  
 Onely by th'eye a remedy to bring,  
 Deepe searching Magicke leaueth to approue,  
 As *Balaams* beast did *Balacks* hast delay,  
 And the full purpose of the Prophet brake,

A a 3

When

When he beheld the Angell by the way,  
 Burst out from beast, and to his Master spake :  
 Whose execration able to astound  
 The funne, when he his Sommers height did boast,  
 And with a word could instantly confound  
 The world, were it a congregated host.  
 He whose wife lips could Oracles compile,  
 And iudgements irreuocable did passe,  
 Should be confounded by the thing most vile,  
 By that base creature, the dull worthlesse Asse,  
 Ruling his mouth as with a Riders bit,  
 Bidden by *Balaack* to denounce their fall :  
 Doth all his dreadfull Minaces acquit,  
 Sounding their blessing and their enemies fall.

When this milde man that onely did remaine,  
 Of those from *Egipt* that the Lord did bring,  
 Which he in Iustice sundry wayes had flaine,  
 For their false worship and their murmuring.  
 Since he remisfe at *Meriba* was prou'd,  
 And there his zeale not ardently exprest,  
 The Lord did sweare (though him he dearely lou'd)  
 He should not come to *Canaan* as the rest.  
 And now approaching *Abaris* (the place)  
 From whence he might that promis'd Country see,  
 (So much the Lord good *Moyses* pleas'd to grace)  
 But there his dayes must consummated be :  
 When this great Prophet zealously had blesſ'd,  
 Each feu'rall Tribe with a particular good,  
 Whose parting, them with forrow so oppress'd,  
 That shedding teares, their eyes shed drops of blood.  
 To *Nebo* feated admirably hie,  
 (The Spirit prepares him safely to retire)  
 Which thrusts his head into the cloudie skie,  
*Pisga* so proudly thither dare aspire.  
*Pisga* the height of *Abaris*, and this  
 The height of *Pisga* ouer all doth stand,  
 That as the eye of mighty *Abaris*

Sur-

Suruayeth the imparallelled Land.  
 Where goodly *Gilead* vnto him he shoues  
 As farre as euer he could looke to *Dan*,  
 The length and breadth how euery way it goes,  
 Till her brow kisse the calme *Mediteran*.  
 - Where the sweet *South* layes forth her swelling brest,  
 With a pleas'd eye he silently furuay'd,  
 To that faire Citie whose high Towers doe rest  
 Vnder the Palme trees most delicious shade.  
 When this meeke man approaching to his death,  
 In death eu'n pleas'd faire *Canaan* to behold,  
 Whilst he had vse of his expiring breath,  
 Thus his last farewell mildly doth enfolde.  
*Israel* (quoth he) deare *Israel*, now adue,  
*Moyses* no more is, that your Leader was,  
*Iosua* and *Caleb* none but onely you,  
 Of the last age must ouer *Jordan* passe.  
 Th' *Egyptian* horrours yet t'was I did see,  
 And through those strange calamities did wade,  
 And *Israels* charge imposed was on mee,  
 When they (but then) had scarcely learn'd to dade.  
 Forty two iourneyes haue I straitly past  
 Since first this glorious Pilgrimage begun,  
 In wrath or mercy where as first or last,  
 Some wondrous thing hath happily beene done.  
 M' immortall Maker that so oft haue seene  
 (That God of wonder :) these complaints not boot,  
 In yonder fields so delicate and greene,  
 That may not set my miserable foot.  
 Thus leaning backe against the rising Clieu,  
 Raising his faint hands to the hopefull skies,  
 Meeke as the morning neuer seene to striue,  
 Great'it of the Prophets the good *Moyses* dies,  
 An hundred twenty hardly passed yeares,  
 His naturall vigour no whit did aflare,  
 His eye as bright, his body then appeares,  
 As in the height and Summer of his age.

Who

*Who being dissolu'd the Angels did interre  
 Neere to *Bethpeor* in the vallied ground,  
 But yet so secret kept his Sepulcher  
 That it by mortall never should be found.  
 Lest that his people (if the place were knowne)  
 (Seeing by him the miracles were done,  
 That euer to Idolatrie were prone,)  
 Vnto his bones a worshipping should runne.  
 One that God grac'd so many sundry wayes,  
 No former age hath mentioned to bee,  
 Arrived at the period of his dayes  
 The future time in *Israell* shalll not see.*

---

Dauid

---

# D A V I D

A N D

# G O L I A H.

**O**Vr sacred Muse, of *Israels* Singer sings,  
 That heauenly Harper, whose harmonious Srings  
 Expeld that euill Spirit which *Saul* possest,  
 And of his torments often him releast;  
 That Princely Prophet *David*, whose high Layes,  
 Immortall God, are Trumpets of thy praisē,  
 Thou Lord of hosts be helping then to me,  
 To sing of him who hath so fung of thee,  
 What time great *Saul* after so bloody fights,  
 Return'd a victor of th'*Amalakites*,  
 (Two hundred and ten thousand men at armes  
 Vnder his conduct) had reueng'd the harmes  
 Done to Gods chosen people, when as they  
 Came back from *Egypt*, troubled on their way :  
*Saul* with their blood had now manur'd the Plaines,  
 Leading King *Agag* (as a flaue) in chaines :  
 But for that *Saul* this *Agags* blood had spar'd,  
 And 'gainst the will of the Almighty dar'd  
 To faue that man he shoulde put to sword,  
 For disobeying the Almighties word,  
 Their larded Fatlings keeping for a prey,  
 Which he commanded to be made away :  
 For which the liuing God displeased, swore

B b

To

To holy *Samuel*, *Saul* should raigne no more ;  
*Samuel* Gods Prophet, by whose holy hand  
The Oyle was pour'd (by his diuine command)  
Vpon the head of comely *Saul* when he  
Was chosen ouer *Israel* to be :  
But for that place another God had pointed,  
Which should by *Samuel* likewise be anointed :  
And this was *David* his most deare delight,  
The sonne of *Ishay* the iust *Bethlemite*.  
Meane while this Youth like a poore Shepheard clad,  
(Of whom fuch care the God of *Israel* had)  
His fathers flock was following day by day  
Vpon a Desart neare at hand that lay ;  
Whose wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he  
From rauenous vermine hourely vs'd to free,  
His onely armes, his Sling and Sheephooke were,  
Other then those he had not vs'd to beare,  
With these a Woolfe oft comming from the wood,  
Or fubtill Fox, that forrag'd for his food,  
He quickly flew : or if a Beare opprest  
With cruell hunger, hapned to molest  
His feeding flocks, he with fuch bangs him plyde,  
That with the prey euen in his teeth he dyde ;  
Or if a Lion as his faire flock graz'd,  
Hapt to assayle it, he no whit amaz'd  
At his sterne roaring, when his clutches caught  
At this braue Shepheard, but such blowes him raught  
Till by the beard that kingly beast he shooke,  
And from his iawes the trembling Wether tooke ;  
And if it chanc't that sometime from the ayre  
An Eagle stoop'd a Lambe away to beare,  
He with a stone that from his Sling he threw,  
Downe from the clouds would fetch her as she flew.  
His curled Tresses on his shoulders hung,  
To which the dewes at Morne and Eue so clung,  
To the beholders that they did appeare  
As nature threded Pearle with euery hayre :

The

The Bees, and Waspes, in wildernesses wilde  
 Haue with his beauties often bin beguild,  
 Roses and Lillies thinking they had seene,  
 But finding there they haue deceiued beene,  
 Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,  
 That those two Sunnes would shortly get a spring ;  
 His Lippes in their pure Corrall liueries mock  
 A row of Pales cut from a Christall Rock,  
 Which stood within them, all of equall height.  
 From top to toe each limbe so cleane and straight,  
 By euery ioynt of his that one might try,  
 Or giue true lawes to perfect Symmetry ;  
 The vermine (oft) his Sheepe that would surprize  
 Became so charm'd with th'splendor of his eyes,  
 That they forgot their rauine, and haue layne  
 Downe by his flocks, as they would glad and faine  
 Keepe them from others, that on them would prey,  
 Or tend vpon them, that they should not stray.  
 Whether in Cotes he had his flock in hould,  
 Or for the Fallowes kept them in the foulde,  
 He was not idle, though not taking paines,  
 Celestiall Lyricks singing to the Swaines,  
 And often sitting in the silent shade,  
 When his faire flock to rest themselues were layde,  
 On his Lyre tuned such harmonious Layes,  
 That the Birds pearcht vpon the tender sprayes,  
 Mad at his musick, straine themselues so much  
 To imitate th'vnimitable tuch,  
 Breaking their hearts, that they haue dropt to ground,  
 And dy'd for grieve in malicing the sound.  
 Sometimes a Stag he with his Sling would slay,  
 Or with his Sheephooke kill a Boare at bay,  
 Or runne a Roe so long (he was so fleet)  
 Till it lay trembling, breathlesse, at his feet,  
 Sometimes againe, he practised a fight,  
 That from the Desart, should a Dragon light  
 Vpon his Sheepe, the Serpent to assayle,

How by cleere skill through courage to prevaile.  
 Then with a small stone throwne out of his Sling  
 To hit a swallow on her height of wing,  
 And home at night when they their Sheepe shoulde driue,  
 The sluggish Sheepheards lastly to reuiue,  
 He tooke his Harpe so excellently strung,  
 In a broad Bauldrick at his backe that hung,  
 And on the same stroke fuch mellodious straines,  
 That from the Couerts as the neighboring Plaines,  
 The Ecchoes wakt with sweetnesse of his notes,  
 Which each to other diligently rotes ;  
 And thus his time the Lords beloued past ;  
 Till God to *Samuel* calling at the last ;

*Samuel* faith he, to *Bethlem* take thy way,  
 To *Ijhays* house, and to that old man say,  
 Out of his loynes that I will chuse a King,  
 And when his Sonnes before thee he shall bring,  
 Chuse out that man that I shall thee appoint,  
 With sacred Oyle and see thou him anoint,  
 For of them all, he's knowne to me right well  
 The fitst to guide my people *Israel*.

*Samuel* replies, my God, if *Saul* shall know  
 Vpon what businesse I to *Bethlem* goe,  
 Except my blood him nothing will suffice.  
 Take thou a Heyfer, God againe replies,  
 And giue it out thou purposedly dost goe  
 To sacrifice ; as God doth counsell, so  
 The holy Prophet a&ts, and comming thither,  
 The noblest of people get together,  
 Doubting the Lord had angry with them bin,  
 And had sent *Samuel* to reproue their sinne ;  
 But peace to all the holy Prophet cries,  
 And then preparing to the sacrifice.  
 The Rites perform'd, he bids old *Ihay* bring  
 His Sonnes before him whilst the offering  
 Smoak'd on the Altars (and the Elders there  
 Stood round about with reuerence and feare)

For

For in his houshold he a King must chuse.  
*Ishay* who inight not Gods command refuse,  
 Cals *Eliab* out for *Samuel* to see,  
 Who at the first thought surely this was he,  
 Till God to *Samuel* said, doe not deceiue  
 Thy selfe (weake man) but thy election leave,  
 Thou canst not fee the foule of man, as I  
 Who fearch the heart, and euery thought can try.  
 His seconde sonne *Abniadab* then came,  
 But this not he that *Samuel* must name ;  
 Then cals he *Shamma* his thirde sonne, but yet  
 This was not he th'Almighty's turne must fit,  
 He cals for more till he had counted seauen,  
 To none of these yet must the Oyle be giuen :  
 Before the Prophet brother stood by brother,  
 A tweluemonths growth one iust before another ;  
 Like seauen braue blossom'd Plants, that in the spring  
 Nature prepar'd forth goodly fruit to bring :  
 So comely all, that none in them could read  
 Which one of them should any one exceed,  
 If he exceld for louelinesse of face,  
 Another for his person and his grace  
 Match'd him in full, as nature meant to shew  
 Her equall bounties how she could bestow.  
 There he beholds one brother tall and straight,  
 Another that was wanting of his height,  
 For his complection and his curious shape,  
 Well neare out went him, nature let not scape  
 Ought she could doe, in them each limbe to fit  
 To grace the other that was next to it.  
 When *Samuel* askes if these were all he had,  
*Ishay* replies, onely his yongest Lad  
 That in the Desart on his flocks doth tend,  
*Samuel* commands away for him to send,  
 For till he came he vow'd he would not sit,  
 Out of the place nor would he stirre a whit.

Before graue *Samuel David* soone is brought,

Vpon the Prophet which most strongly wrought  
When he beheld him beautifull and tall,  
Of goodly prefence, and well shap'd withall,  
His cheeke a mixture of such red and white,  
As well with wonder might attract the sight,  
A sprightfull aspect, and so cleere an eye,  
As shot a lightning at the standers by,  
His euery gesture seene it in to bring  
The maiesty that might befit a King ;  
All those rare parts that in his brothers were  
Epitomiz'd, at large in him appeare ;  
And (in his eare) God doth the Prophet tell,  
This *David* shall be King of *Israel*.  
Whom with the sacred Oyle (instead of *Saul*)  
*Samuel* anointed there before them all :  
Which hauing done, to *Rama* takes his way,  
Left *Saul* for him the country shoulde forelay :  
When Kingly *David* of his owne accord,  
Though he were then th'anointed of the Lord,  
And though his Sheephooke might his Scepter be,  
This holy Youth so humble is, that he  
Will back toth' fields his fathers flock to keepe,  
And make his subiects, (for a while) his Sheepe.

The powerfull spirit of God, redoubled grew  
Dayly in *David*, and his fame now flew  
O'r all the Region, how he was belou'd  
Of Gods high Prophet, and by him approu'd ;  
Field, Towne, and City, with his name doe ring,  
The tender Virgins to their Timbrels sing  
Dittys of him, and in their rurall playes,  
The homely Sheepheards in their Roundelayes  
Record his acts, and build him shady Bowers,  
The Maydens make him Anadems of flowers,  
And to what sport himselfe he doth apply,  
Let's follow *David*, all the people cry.

An euill spirit then sent by God possest  
Enraged *Saul*, so greeuously opprest

With

With melancholly, that it craz'd his wits,  
 And falling then into outragious fits,  
 With cramps, with stiches and convulsions racket,  
 That in his pangs he oft was like to act  
 His rage vpon himselfe, so rauing mad,  
 And foone againe disconsolate and sad ;  
 Then with the throbs of his impatient heart  
 His eyes were like out of his head to start,  
 Fomes at the mouth, and often in his paine  
 O'r all his Court is heard to roare againe ;  
*As the strong spirit doth punish or doth spare,*  
 Euen so his fits or great, or lesser are,  
*That Israel now doth generally lament*  
*Vpon their King Gods greeuous punishment.*  
 When some which saw this spirit possessing *Saul*,  
*Amongst themselues a counsell quickly call,*  
*To search if there might remedy be found*  
 For this possession, each man doth propound  
 His thought of curing, as by Physick some,  
 Each man speakes what into his minde doth come,  
 But some whose foulnes were rauished more hie,  
 Whose composition was all harmony,  
 Of th'Angels nature and did more partake,  
 By which as *Seers* prophetickly they spake ;  
*(With holy Magick for some spirits inspir'd*  
*Which by a cleere Diuinity are fier'd,*  
*And sharpned so, each depth and hight to try,*  
*That from their reach and visiblity*  
*Nature no secrets shuts, and heauen reueales*  
*Those things which else from reason it conceales)*  
 Those men conclude the spirit that thus had harm'd  
 Their soueraigne *Saul*, with Musick must be charm'd.  
*And hauing heard of Israels deare delight,*  
*Beloued *David* the braue *Bethlemite*,*  
 What wondrous things by Musick he had done,  
 How he fierce Tigars to his hand had wonne,  
 Had layd the Lion, and the Beare to sleepe,

And

And put fuch spirit into his silly sheepe  
 By his high straines, as that they durft oppose  
 The Woolfe and Fox, their most inueterate foes :  
 Of this Musitian they informe the King,  
 And all assure him, their was no such thing  
 For him as Musick, and this man was he  
 That his Physitian in this kinde must be.

When *Saul* dispatcht his messengers away  
 To aged *Ishay*, that without delay,  
 His yong'ſt sonne *David* should to Court be ſent :  
 The ſpeedy Poſt relating the intent  
 To the old man : which in his heart was glad,  
 For at the firſt he great ſuſpition had,  
 That angry *Saul* might elſe haue bin acquainted,  
 By *Samuels* hand his ſonne had bin anointed,  
 And therefore cauſed *David* to be ſought,  
 As of his death he direly had forethought.

The good old man o'r ioy'd with this good newes,  
 Cals home his darling from his teeming Ewes,  
 And to the care of *Israels* God commends  
 His loued boy, and kindly by him ſends  
 Of Bread and Wine a preſent to the King.  
 They him no ſooner to *Sauls* preſence bring,  
 But *Davids* beauty ſo extreamly tooke  
 The doting King, that in each glance or looke,  
 He thought he ſaw high valour mixt with truth,  
 And neare his perſon takes the louely Youth,  
 And who but *David* then with mighty *Saul*  
 His onely fauorite is, his all in all ?

Not long it is e'r *Saul* the ſpirit doth feele  
 To stirre within him, and begins to reele,  
 And ſuddainly into a Trance he fals,  
 And with his hands lyes grasping at the wals,  
 When *David* takes his well-tun'd Harpe in hand,  
 By which his ſpirit he meaneth to command ;  
 His quauering fingers he doth now aduance  
 Aboue the trembling ſtrings, which gin to dance

At

At his most cleere tuch, and the winged sound  
 About the spacious Roome began to bound,  
 The Aers flew high, and euyer dainty straine  
 Betteres the former, which doth so detaine,  
 The ears of those stood by, that they heare not  
*Sauls* sad complaints, and fuddainly forgot  
 To lift or stirre him, and the standers by,  
 Were so intransen with the melody,  
 That to a holy madnesse some it brought,  
 Others againe a Prophecy it wrought.  
 The Wyery cords now shake so wondrous cleere,  
 As one might thinke an Angels voyce to heare  
 From euyer quauer, or some spirit had pent  
 It selfe of purpose in the Instrument ;  
 The harmony of the vntuned'ft string  
 Torments the spirit which so torments the King,  
 Who as he faintly, or he strongly groanes,  
 This braue Musitian altreth so his tones,  
 With sounds so soft, as like themselues to smother,  
 Then like lowd Ecchoes answering one the other :  
 Then makes the spirit to shift from place to place,  
 Still following him with a full Diapase :  
 Thus day by day as th'euill spirit opprest  
 Diseased *Saul*, *David* himselfe addrest,  
 T'awayte the houres, before the King to play,  
 Vntill he made th'vnruly fiend obay  
 The force of Musick, more then that to feare  
 But the least found of *Davids* Harpe to heare.  
 When now the King by *Davids* cunning cur'd,  
 Old *Ishais* Sonne who thought he had indur'd  
 Restraint too long, gets leauue of *Saul* to goe  
 To *Bethlem* back (Gods holy will was so)  
 He rather chose to view his well-shorne Sheepe,  
 His yeaning Ewes, and late-falne Lambes to keepe,  
 Then on a Bed of filke himselfe repose,  
 And the delights of the fresh fields to lose.

Cc

When

When now *Philistia* horribly enragd,  
 With Gods owne people had it felse engag'd,  
 With a reuengefull deadly hand to fmite  
 The still-preseru'd oft-troubled *Israelite*,  
 Who had in Battaille many times before  
 Vpon the earth spilt her vnhallowed gore.  
 Grim-visag'd warre, more sternely doth awake,  
 Then it was wont, and furiously doth shake  
 Her lightning fword, intruding with the force  
 Of men of warre both skilfull foot and horse.  
 Two mighty nations are now vp in armes,  
 And to both sides the Souldiers come in swarmes :  
 The fields with Ensignes, as t'were flowers are deckt  
 Which their refulgence euery way reflect  
 Vpon the Mountaines and the vallies nie  
 And with their splendor seemes to court the skie.  
 Two mighty Armys on the playne appeare,  
 These *Isralites*, and those *Philistians* were ;  
 Their great Commanders, proued men of warre :  
 Their long experience, who had fetcht them farre,  
 To order fights as they occasion found  
 T'offend the foe, by fitting with the ground,  
 Which chosen *Israels* infantry doth call,  
 In this defensiu'e warre to follow *Saul*.  
 And aged *Isha* faithfully to show  
 The loue of *Saul*, and *Israel* he doth owe,  
 His eldeſt three into the Army ſent,  
 That to the field, as well appointed went,  
 As on their brauery they that bare them moſt,  
 Nor was there, in the *Israelitish* hofte  
 Three goodlier men, eſpecially when they  
 Were in their Armes, the moſt vncloſed day  
 That euer ſhone, tooke not with ſuch delight  
 The glad beholders, as the wondring fight  
 Of theſe braue Youths, ſtill as they marched by.

Now in the fields the mighty Armies lye  
 On the wide champaine, each in others fight ;

But

But as the Trumpets showte them out to fight,  
 From the Philistians hoste a Gyant came,  
 Whose splendrous Armes shone like a mighty flame  
 Against the funne ; *Goliah* nam'd of *Gath* ;  
 The onely Champion that *Philistia* hath :  
 This huge Colossus, then sixe Cubits height  
 More by a handfull : and his ponderous weight.  
 Wheresoe're he made but any little stay,  
 Shew'd that his bredth, it answered euery way.  
 Neuer such might in mortall man there was,  
 From head to foot at all poynts arm'd with brasse,  
 Fiuе thousand fheckles his prou'd Curats way'd,  
 Vpon whose temper, wondrouſ cost was layd :  
 His Shield and Harnesse well might load a Teame,  
 His Lance as big as any Weauers beame ;  
 Whose very Pyle vpon the poysē contain'd  
 A hundred fheckles, he a leſſe disdain'd :  
 His Browes like two ſteepe Penthouſes hung downe  
 Ouer his eye-lids, and his angry frowne  
 Was like a cloud, when it like Pitch appeares,  
 And ſome ſterne tempeſt in its boſome beares.  
 His voyce was hoarfe, and hollows, yet ſo ſtrong,  
 As when you heare the murmuring of a throng  
 In ſome vaste arched Hall, or like as when  
 A Lordly Lyon angred in his den,  
 Grumbles within the earth, ſuch his reſembled,  
 That when he ſpake, th' affrighted hearers trembled :  
 His Squire before him marching to the field,  
 Who for this Champion bare a ſecond shield.  
 Vpon two eafeiſe hils the Armies laye  
 A valley 'twixt them in the middle way :  
 Into the midſt of which, *Goliah* came,  
 And thus doth to the *Israelites* proclaine,  
 If there be found in all your host quoth he,  
 A man ſo valiant, that dare fight with me,  
 If I ſhall fall vnder his mighty ſword,  
*Israel* ſhall then be the *Philistinas* Lord :  
 But if I by my puiffance ſhall preuaile

Cc 2

Ouer

Ouer your Champion (that shall me affaile)  
 Then as our flaues, of you we will dispose;  
 And vse at pleasure, as our conquered foes,  
 For he that's God of the *Philistians*, boasts  
 Himselfe more powerfull then your Lord of hosts.  
 Which challenge thus, not onely troubled *Saul*,  
 But bred amazement through the host in all.  
 For forty dayes thus vs'd he forth to goe,  
 Offring by combate to decide it fo.

Old *Ishay* now desiring much to heare,  
 Of his three Sonnes (in what estate they were)  
 Doubting lest they some needfull things might want,  
 As in the Army, victuals might grow fcant ;  
 Wherefore he cals yong *Dauid* from his sheepe,  
 And to another giues his charge to keepe.  
 My Boy quoth he, haste to the Campe and fee  
 In what estate my Sonnes your Brothers be :  
 Beare them parch corne, and cakes, though homely food,  
 Yet simple cates may doe poore Souldiers good :  
 And to the Generall, ten fine Cheefes beare,  
 Such in the Campe are not found euery where.  
 And if for need t' haue pawn'd ought of esteeme,  
 Take money with you, and their Pledge redeeme.  
*Dauid*, make haste, for I desire to know  
 'Twixt the two puissant hosts, how businesse goe.

No maruaile *Dauid* in his heart were glad,  
 That he fuch cause to viewe the Armies had :  
 From his braue thoughts, and to himselfe he told,  
 The wondrous things that he shoulde there behold.  
 The rare Deuices by great Captaines worne,  
 The fие-sald Plumes their Helmets that adorne.  
 Armours with stones, and curious studs enricht,  
 And in what state they their Pavilions pitcht,  
 There shoulde he fee their marshalling a warre,  
 The iron-bound Chariot, and the armed Carre :  
 As where consisted either armies force,  
 Which had aduantage by their foot or horse :

The

The feuerall weapons either nation beare,  
 The long Sword, Bow, the Polax and the Speare :  
 There the *Philistian* gallantry, and then  
 His *Israels* brauery answering them agen :  
 And heare them tell th' aduentures had bin done,  
 As what braue man had greatest honour wonne.

*David* bestirres him prently, and packes  
 Vp his prouision, puts it into sackeres,  
 And by his Seruant on his Mule doth laye,  
 Then towards *Sauls* Army takes the ready way.  
 And his no tedious iourney so contriues,  
 That in shourt time he at the Campe ariues :  
 And at his comming, instantly bestowes  
 His needfull prouant, to the charge of those  
 That tend the Carriage, and of them doth learne  
 (As neere as he could make them to discerne  
 By his description) *Ihas* Sonnes, who led,  
 And in the Army where they quartered :  
 By whose direction he his Brothers sought,  
 And told them what prouision he had brought :  
 And to all three, their Fathers pleasure show'd,  
 And how the Cheeses he would haue bestow'd.  
 As they were talking, suddainly a noyse  
 Ran through the Army, and the generall voyce,  
 Was the *Philistian*, the *Philistian* see,  
*Goliah* comes, ordain'd our scourge to be.  
 Who as his vsed manner was, defies  
 The host of *Israel*, and thus loudly cryes,  
 Bring downe your Champion, that with me dares fight,  
 And this our warre shall be decided st freight :  
 But *Israels* God, for feare drawes backe his hand,  
 Nor is there one against me that dare stand.

Which *Dauid* hearing, his yong bloud doth rise,  
 And fire was feene to sparkle from his eyes :  
 His spirits begin to startle, and his rage  
 Admits no reason that may it asswage :  
 No nerue of his, but to it selfe doth take

*A* double strength, as though his arme could shake  
 The Iron Lance that great *Goliah* beares :  
*And* beate his brazen Shield about his eares.  
*His* strugling thoughts now being set a worke,  
*Awake* that flame, which lately seem'd to lurke  
 In his meeke breast, which into passion breakes,  
*And* to himselfe thus Princely *Dauid* speakes.

Despised nation, *Israe*l quoth he,  
 Where be those valiant men that liu'd in thee,  
 What are our soules in lesser moulds now cast,  
 Then at the first, with time or doe they waste ?  
 What flaued people, but we can stand by,  
 And heare this base *Philistian* Dogge defie  
 God and his people, must he stand to boast  
 His strength and valour, and in all the hoast  
 No man dare vndertake him ; might I proue  
 My Manhood on him, I should soone remoue  
 The worlds opinion, and both hosts shoud know  
 Hee's but a Dogge, on vs that raileth so :  
 And to one standing neere him, thus he spake,  
 Of this huge Beast, what wonder doe ye make :  
 What shall be done to that one man that shall  
 Fight with this Gyant, and before ye all,  
 His pride and horrid blasphemies shall quell,  
 And take this shame away from *Israel* ?  
 When one that heard him, quickly thus replyes,  
 He by whose hand this huge *Goliah* dyes,  
 For Wise to him, *Sauls* Daughter shall be giuen,  
 One of the goodliest Creatures vnder heauen ;  
 And yet this further, his reward shall be  
 His Fathers house in *Israel* shall goe free.  
 With this yet *Dauid* closeth not his eare,  
 But of some other likewise doth enquire  
 For his reward, the Gyant that should slay,  
 The formers words, which like a lesson say,  
 None of them thinking, this yet scarcely man,  
 Should strike to death the proud *Philistian*.

His

His Brother *Eliab*, now which ouer-heard,  
 Young *Dauids* questions, and was much afeard  
 His ouer-daring spirit might draw him on:  
 To worke their shame, and his confusion :  
 Thinkes with himselfe, it greatly him behouues,  
 To checke his boldnesse, and him thus reprooues.  
 Fond Boy, quoth he, why stand'ſt thou to enquire  
 After these things, thy businesſe lyes not here :  
 I would not (sure) but you the Campe shoulde view,  
 A Sheepe-Coate Sir, would better fute with you :  
 Who haue you left, after your Flocke to looke,  
 Your Scrip (no question) or your shepheards Crooke.  
 Sirra, my Father sent you not to vs,  
 About the Army to lye loytering thus :  
 I thinke 'tis time to get you on your way,  
 Our Father thinkes that we inforce your stay.

*At Eliabs* speeches, *Dauid* somewhat mou'd  
 To heare himselfe thus scornefully reprou'd :  
 Brother quoth he, few words might haue suffic'd,  
 Had you but knowne how lightly they are priz'd  
 Of me, these speeches you would haue forborne,  
 Vpon some other and haue spent your scorne.  
 I come to view the Campe, you say, 'tis so,  
 And I will view it better ere I goe.  
 Why may not I, as well as other men,  
 I'le goe when I shall please, and not till then ?  
 When time may me more liberty alow,  
 I may beare Armes perhaps as you doe now :  
 Looke to your warfare, and what is your owne,  
 Good Brother *Eliab*, and let me alone :  
 For of my selfe I know how to dispose,  
 And thus away refolued *Dauid* goes.  
 And as he went, still as he heares the cry  
*After Goliah*, still more hie and hie,  
 His spirit is mounted, and his oft demand,  
 What his reward shoulde be, whose valiant hand  
 Should kill *Goliah*, through the Army went,

And

And was the common talke in euery Tent,  
 (But in the most bred sundry doubts and feares,  
 When as they way'd his tenderneffe of yeares)  
 Vntill his Fame, by going, getting strength  
 In *Sauls* Pauilion is cry'd vp at length :  
 Who with much speed, sent out to haue him sought,  
 And to his prefence caus'd him to be brought.  
*Who* with a constant and delightfull cheere,  
 Comes to the King, and doth to him appeare  
*With* such a sprightfull, and maiesticke grace,  
 As victory were written in his face :  
 And being by *Saul*, demanded if 'twere he,  
 That *Israels* Champion vndertooke to be ;  
 He with a meeke smile, boldly doth reply,  
 I am the man my Soueraigne, 'tis euen I :  
 My Leege quoth he, be not at all dismaid,  
 Nor let Gods chosen *Israel* be afraid.  
 This mighty Monster in the peoples fight,  
 So terrible, whose shape doth so affright  
 The multitude, I doe no more esteeme,  
 Then if a Dwarfe, nor he to me doth seeme  
 But such a thing, my onely enuy's this,  
 That he is not much greater then he is.  
 The more his strength, the more his fall will be,  
 And *Israels* God more glorifi'd in me.

Quoth *Saul* againe, thou art of tender age,  
 And in respect of him a very Page ;  
 Beside, the other Armes that he doth beare,  
 Thou art not able to lift halfe his Speare :  
 If he strike at thee, and thy body misse,  
 Yet on his side, there this aduantage is,  
 The winde of his huge weapon hath the force  
 To driue the breath out of thy slender Coarse :  
 And this vaste man, beside his wondrous might,  
 No man as he, so skilfull is in fight ;  
 Expert in all, to Duels that belong,  
 Train'd vp in Armes whilst yet he was but yong.

The

The better, answered *David*, if his skill  
 Equall his strength, for what is it to kill  
 A common man? a common thing it were,  
 Which hapneth euery day, and euery where;  
 But for a Giant such a one as he,  
 Vpon the Field to be subdu'd by me,  
 This to all Nations shall be thought a thing  
 Worthy of *Israels* God, and *Israels* King.  
 I haue slaine a Lion and Beare, quoth he,  
 And what is this vncircumcif'd to me  
 More then a Beast. That onely God of might  
 By whose great power I conquered these in fight,  
 In spight of humane strength and greatnessse, can  
 Giue to my hands this proud Philistian.

When *Saul* thus fees that there was in his foule  
 That courage which no danger could controule,  
*A* valour so invincible and hie,  
*As* naturally enabled him to flye  
*Aboue* all thought of perill, and to beare  
 Him quite away beyond the bounds of feare;  
 He caul'd an *Armour* for him to be brought,  
 But first of all a garment richly wrought  
 He puts vpon the braue youth and then bad  
 That in those goodly *Armes* he should be clad  
 Which put vpon him as to stirre he stries,  
 He thinkes him selfe in Manakle, and Giues,  
*Their* ponderousnesse him to the earth doth preffe  
*These* *Armes* doe make his *Actiuenesse* fare leſſe  
 For he before had not bin vi'd to these,  
 Nor him at all their boistrouſnesſe can please,  
 His Gorget gauld his Neck, his Chinne beneath,  
 And most extreamly hindred him to breath,  
 His Curats fit too close vpon his fide,  
 He in no hand his Helmet can abide,  
 It is ſo heauy, and his Temples wrings,  
 His Pouldrons pinch him, and be cumbrous things,  
 His Gaunlets clumsie, and doe wring his Wrists,

D d

And

And be so stiffe he cannot clutch his Fists ;  
 His Guyfes they so strong and stubborne be,  
 That for his life he cannot bend his knee ;  
 He knew not how to beare his brazen Shield,  
 Such weapons Sheepheards were not vs'd to weeld,  
 Their weight and their vnwildernes was such,  
 And they restraint his nimblenesse so much,  
 That he prayd *Saul* of these he might be freed,  
 It is not Armour that must doe the deed,  
 Let me alone, faith he, and Ile prouide  
 My selfe of Armes, this quarrell to decide.

When forth he goes, shot for his Sling to looke,  
 And neare the Campe he finds a perling Brooke,  
 Whose shallow fides with Pebbles did abound,  
 Where seeking such as massy were and round,  
 He picks out fiew, away with him to bring,  
 Such as he knew would fit his trusty Sling,  
 And in his Scrip them closely doth bestow,  
 By which he vowes *Goliahs* ouerthrow.

When swift report throughout the Army runnes,  
 That youthfull *David* one of *Ishaes* sonnes,  
 A very stripling, and the yong'ſt of eight,  
 With the Philistian was that day to fight ;  
 That great *Goliah* which ſo oft had brau'd  
 Defeited *Israel*, and the combat craud  
 With any one ſhe to the field could bring,  
 Now for it was ſo pertinent a thing,  
 As that their freedome or ſubiection lay  
 On the ſuccesse of this vnequall Fray,  
 Th'euent thereof ſtruck euery one with feare,  
 But his ſad brethren moft perplexed were,  
 And to themfelues thus ſay they : O that we  
 So long ſhould draw our lothed breath, to ſee  
 That by the pride of this accursed Boy,  
 Despised *Israel* ſhould no more enioy  
 Her ancient glories, but be made a flauue  
 To proud *Philiftia* ; and our fathers graue

Slandred

Slandred by him ; his Family and Name  
 Branded by *David* with perpetuall shame.  
 Curst be the time that he was hither sent,  
 Curst be the time he came into our Tent.  
 And now and then they purposed to fly,  
 Nor would they stay to see their brother dye,  
 But at the very point to take their way,  
 Bethinke themselues, it better were to stay,  
 To seeke his scattered limbis to peeces hew'd,  
 And see them in some obscure earth bestow'd.

In this sad manner whilst they murm'ring were,  
*David* is busied listning still to heare  
 Of great *Goliah* : scarce can he refraine  
 From calling for him ; now in euery vaine  
 His blood is dancing, and a sprightly fire  
 Takes vp his bosome, which doth him inspire  
 Which more then humane courage, nor he can  
 Conceiue a terror to proceed from man,  
 His nerues and finewes to that vigor grow,  
 As that his strength assures him he can throw  
 Through thicker Armes, then mortall yet could weeld.  
 Vpon the suddaine, when through all the field  
 The word was heard, *Goliah* now appeares,  
 Which *Davids* heart in such strange manner cheeres,  
 As that he feeles it caper in his breast.  
 When soone that huge vncircumcised beast,  
 As he was wont, betweene the hostis doth come,  
 And with his harsh voyce, like an vnbrac'd Drum,  
 Cals to the host of *Irael*, where's your man  
 You cowardly Nation, where's your Champian  
 To vndertake me, bring him to the field,  
 Or to *Philistia* your subiection yeeld.  
 It was full Summer, and the day so cleere,  
 As not a little cloud did once appeare,  
 In view of either Army, the free Sunne,  
 That t'wards the noonsted halfe his course had runne,  
 On the Philistian darting his cleere rayes,

D d 2

His

His bright refulgent Armes so fundry wayes  
 Reflects the beames, as that he seemes to all  
 Like that in painting we a Glory call,  
 And from his Helmet sharpnig like a Spyre,  
 He lookt like to a Piramid on fire.

And now before yong *David* should come in,  
 The host of *Israel* somewhat doth begin  
 To rouze it selfe ; some climbe the nearest Tree,  
 And some the tops of Tents, whence they might fee  
 How this vnarm'd Youth himselfe would beare  
 Against th'all-armed Giant (which they feare)  
 Some get vp to the fronts of easie hills ;  
 That by their motion a vast murmure fills  
 The neigbouring Valleys, that th'enemy thought  
 Something would by the *Israelites* be wrought  
 They had not heard of, and they long'd to see  
 What strange or warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soone they saw a goodly Youth descend  
 Himselfe alone, none after to attend,  
 That at his need with armes might him supply,  
*As* merely carelesse of his enemy.  
 His head vncouered, and his locks of hayre  
*As* he came on being play'd with by the ayre  
 Tost to and fro, did with such pleasure moue,  
*As* they had beene prouocatius for loue :  
 His sleeues stript vp aboue his elbowes were,  
 And in his hand a stiffe short staffe did beare,  
 Which by the leather to it, and the string,  
 They easily might discerne to be a Sling ;  
 Suting to these he wore a Sheepheards Scrip,  
 Which from his side hung downe vpon his Hip.  
 Thoſe for a Champion that did him disdaine,  
 Cast with themfeues what ſuch a thing ſhould meane,  
 Some ſeeing him ſo wonderouſly faire,  
*(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare)*  
 Their verdict gaue that they had ſent him ſure  
*As* a choice bayte their Champion to allure ;

Others

Others againe, of iudgement more precife,  
Said they had fent him for a sacrifice.  
And though he seem'd thus to be very yong,  
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,  
And with a comely and vndaunted grace,  
Holding a steady and most euen pace,  
This way, nor that way, neuer stood to gaze,  
But like a man that death could not amaze,  
Came close vp to *Goliah*, and fo neare  
As he might easily reach him with his Speare.

Which when *Goliah* saw, why Boy quoth he,  
Thou desperate Youth, thou tak'st me sure to be  
Some Dog (I thinke) and vnder thy command,  
That thus art come to beat me with a wand :  
The Kites and Rauens are not farre away,  
Nor Beasts of rauin that shall make a prey  
Of a poore corpse, which they from me shall haue,  
And their foule bowels shall be all thy graue.

Vncircumcised flauē quoth *Dauid* then,  
That for thy shape, the monster art of men :  
Thou thus in braffe com'st arm'd into the field,  
And thy huge Speare of braffe, of braffe thy Shield :  
I in the name of *Israels* God alone,  
That more then mighty, that eternall one,  
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to feare,  
Nor once respect the Armes that thou dost beare.  
Slauē, marke the earth whereon thou now dost stand,  
I'le make thy length to measure so much land,  
As thou lyest groueling, and within this houre  
The Birds and Beasts thy carkasse shall deuoure.

In meane time *Dauid* looking in his face,  
Betweene his temples, saw how large a space  
He was to hit, steps backe a yard or two,  
The Gyant wondring what the Youth would doe,  
Whose nimble hand, out of his Scrip doth bring  
A pebble stone, and puts it in his Sling,  
At which the Gyant openly doth ieere,

D d 3

And

And as in scorne, stands leaning on his Speare,  
 Which giues yong *Dauid* much content to see,  
 And to himselfe thus secretly saith he.  
 Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,  
 And haue at all *Philistia* at a cast.  
 When with such flight the shot away he sent,  
 That from his Sling as 't had beene Lightning went ;  
 And him so full vpon the forehead smit,  
 Which gaue a cracke, when his thicke scalpe it hit,  
 As t' had bin throwne against some Rocke or Post,  
 That the shrill clap was heard through either host.  
 Staggering a while vpon his Speare he leant,  
 Till on a sodaine, he began to faint ;  
 When downe he came, like an old o'regrowne Oake,  
 His huge Roote hewne vp by the Labourers stroke,  
 That with his very weight, he shooke the ground,  
 His brazen armour gaue a iarring sound  
 Like a crackt Bell, or vessell chanc't to fall  
 From some high place, which did like death apall  
 The proud *Philistians*, (hopelesse that remaine)  
 To see their Champion great *Goliah* slaine :  
 When such a shout the host of *Israe*l gaue,  
 As cleft the clouds, and like to men that rauie,  
 (o'rcome with comfort) crye, the Boy, the Boy,  
 O the braue *Dauid*, *Israels* onely ioy :  
 Gods chosen Champion, O most wondrous thing,  
 The great *Goliah* slaine with a poore Sling :  
 Themselues in compasse nor can they containe,  
 Now are they silent, then they shouthe againe.  
 Of which no notice, *Dauid* fecmes to take,  
 But towards the Body of the dead doth make ;  
 With a faire comely gate, nor doth he runne,  
 As though he gloried in what he had done.  
 But treading on th' vncircumcised dead,  
 With his foot, strikes the Helmet from his dead ;  
 Which with the sword, ta'n from the Gyants side,  
 He from the body quickly doth diuide.

Now

Now the *Philistians* at this fearefull sight,  
 Leauing their Armes, betake themselues to flight,  
 Quitting their Tents, nor dare a minute stay,  
 Time wants to carry any thing away,  
 Being strongly rowted with a generall feare ;  
 Yet in pursute, *Sauls* Army strikes their Reare,  
 To *Ekron* walles, and flew them as they fled :  
 That *Sharams* plaines lay couered with the dead :  
 And hauing put the *Philistines* to foyle,  
 Backe to the Tents retire, and take the spoyle  
 Of what they left, and ransacking they cry,  
 A *Dauid, Dauid*, and the victory,

When straight waies *Saul*, his Generall *Abner* sent  
 For valiant *Dauid*, that incontinent  
 He shoulde repaire to Court, at whose command  
 He comes along, and beareth in his hand  
 The Gyants head, by th'long hayre of his crowne,  
 Which by his actiue knee, hung dangling downe.  
 And through the Army as he comes along,  
 To gaze vpon him, the glad Souldiers throng :  
 Some doe instile him *Irael's* onely light,  
 And other some the valiant *Bethlemite*.  
 With Coniayes all salute him as he past,  
 And vpon him their gracious glances cast.  
 He was thought base of him that did not boast,  
 Nothing but *Dauid, Dauid*, through the host.  
 The Virgins to their Timbrels frame their layes,  
 Of him : till *Saul* grew iealous of his praise :  
 But for his meed doth to his Wife receiue  
*Sauls* louely Daughter, where 'tis time I leave.

*FINIS.*

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